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THE LIFE OF WELLINGTON.



Ballantyne Press
BALLANTYNE, HANSON AND CO.
EDINBURGH AND LONDON



OF

WELLINGTON

By W. H. MAXWELL

New Edition

REVISED, CONDENSED AND COMPLETED

WITH TWELVE ILLUSTRATIONS IN PERMANENT PHOTOGRAPHY
NUMEROUS ENGRAVINGS ON WOOD, AND PLAN OF
THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO

LONDON
BICKERS & SON, LEICESTER SQUARE
1883

PREFACE.

THE need of some life of Wellington to form a fitting pendant and companion to Southey's "Life of Nelson" has been generally acknowledged, and various reasons might be given for its not having been yet produced. The chief cause of this absence of an authoritative popular account of the greatest English general is to be found in the great amount of material which must be mastered, and the extreme difficulty of understanding complex military operations. It has seemed to the Editor that it would be better and less ambitious to try and compile the popular life he believes imperatively wanted, upon the basis laid by another, than to attempt to write a new work. He selected Maxwell's "Life of Wellington" as the best basis to work upon, from its uncontested superiority in both accuracy and brilliancy of style over Wright's and other similar compilations. He has in no way attempted to rewrite Maxwell, but has always left his *ipsissima verba*, except in places where more recent information has enabled him to make some trifling improvement. He has also added a short chapter on the political career of the Duke. The work

has been very laborious, since every reference had to be looked out, and very many books re-read, yet the Editor will feel amply rewarded if he has succeeded in producing a readable life of his hero, and a work which will bear comparison with Southey's "Life of Nelson."

H. M. S.

OXFORD, 1883.

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LIFE OF WELLINGTON.

CHAPTER I.

BIRTH—FAMILY—FIRST CAMPAIGN.

ARTHUR WELLESLEY, the greatest English general of the age, and the conqueror of Napoleon, was the third son, who arrived at manhood, of the first Earl of Mornington, in the peerage of Ireland.* His grandfather, Richard Colley, had inherited the large estates of his kinsman Garret Wesley or Wellesley, and after sitting in the Irish House of Commons for many years as M.P. for Trim, the family borough, had been created Lord Mornington in the peerage of Ireland. The father of Arthur Wellesley had been more distinguished for his knowledge of music than anything

* The Duke of Wellington's brothers and sister were :—

1. Richard, born 1760, succeeded as Earl of Mornington; created Marquess Wellesley, 1799; died 1842.
2. William, born 1763, took the name of Pole; created Lord Maryborough, 1821; died 1845.
3. Arthur, born 1769, the *Duke of Wellington.*
4. Gerald-Valerian, born 1770; in holy orders, Prebendary of Durham, and Chaplain to the Queen; died 1848.
5. Henry, born 1773, created Lord Cowley, 1828; died 1847.

Anne, born 1767, married first in 1790 to Hon. H. Fitzroy, and second in 1797 to C. C. Smith, Esq.; died 1844.

else, but had nevertheless been created Earl of Mornington in 1760, and when he died in 1781 he left his estates heavily encumbered, and a large family of five sons and one daughter to the care of their mother.

Richard, the eldest son, and second Earl of Mornington, was at Christchurch, Oxford, when his father died, but immediately came over to Ireland to make what arrangements he could for his brothers and sister. William, the second son, had in 1778 succeeded to the estates of a kinsman named Pole, and was thus provided for. Arthur, the next son, was taken from the diocesan school at Trim, where he was then at school, and, though only twelve years old, was sent to the military school at Angers in France to prepare for the army, and at Angers Arthur Wellesley remained six years. When he returned to England in 1787 to enter his profession, he found that his eldest brother, Lord Mornington, had offered himself and been returned for the borough of Beeralston, and obtained place under Mr. Pitt. He was subsequently elected a representative of the royal borough of New Windsor, and named one of the Commissioners for Indian Affairs. This appointment, in some degree, led the way to his future promotion: and an event, at the time occasioning but trifling notice, influenced no doubt his own subsequent success, and still more decidedly directed the fortunes of his distinguished brother.

On the 7th of March 1787, Arthur Wellesley obtained his first commission, being gazetted to an ensigncy in the 73d regiment; and on the 25th of the following December, he was promoted to a lieutenancy in the 76th. In the succeeding month he exchanged into the 41st, and on the 25th of June was appointed to the 12th Light Dragoons. On the 30th of June 1791, he was promoted to a company in the 58th foot; and on the 31st of October 1792, obtained a troop in the 18th Light Dragoons.

At the general election which occurred during the summer of 1790, he was returned to the Irish Parliament for Trim, a borough whose patronage belonged to the house of Morning-

ton. His personal exterior must have been very different from what those who have only seen him in after-life would imagine. Sir Jonah Barrington describes him as "ruddy-faced, and juvenile in appearance;" adds, "that he was popular among the young men of his age and station;" and, alluding to his parliamentary *début*, he observes, "his address was unpolished; he spoke occasionally, and never with success; and evinced no promise of that unparalleled celebrity which he reached afterwards."

That Barrington was a very superficial observer, the following anecdotes will prove:—

"The first time I ever visited the gallery of the House was on the opening of the session of 1793, and I was accompanied by a friend, a barrister of high standing, and a person of acknowledged judgment. He was one of a celebrated society, termed 'The Monks of the Screw,' and consequently was on intimate terms with all the leading men of the day, including Grattan, Cuffe (afterwards Lord Tyrawly), Langrishe, Parnell, Wolfe, &c. &c. As each member entered the House, my friend named them in succession, and generally at the same time rapidly sketched their characters. A young man, dressed in a scarlet uniform with very large epaulets, caught my eye, and I inquired who he was. 'That,' replied my friend, 'is Captain Wellesley, a brother of Lord Mornington's, and one of the aides-de-camp of the Lord Lieutenant.' 'I suppose he never speaks,' I added. 'You are wrong; he does speak sometimes, and when he does, believe me, it is always to the purpose.' The subject which occupied the attention of the House that night, was one of deep importance in Irish politics. A further concession to the claims of the Roman Catholics had been recommended in a speech from the throne, and an animated debate resulted. Captain Wellesley spoke on the occasion; and his remarks were terse and pertinent, his delivery fluent, and his manner unembarrassed. I particularly recollect a casual allusion to parliamentary reform produced from him the parenthetic observation,—'By-the-by, were such a measure introduced, I should most strenuously oppose it.'

"On another occasion, I was present when a property qualification for Members of Parliament was first brought under the consideration of the House. The Hon. John Monk Mason opposed it. He held a large roll of papers in his hand, which he flourished vehemently, to the manifest alarm of the members immediately beside him. In winding up his speech, he emphatically concluded by saying, 'I give my determined opposition to this invidious measure, in the name of all the younger brothers in the house,'—striking Captain Wellesley, who sat beside him, so sound a whack between the shoulders with his parchment baton, as to be heard distinctly in the gallery. The occurrence produced an instant and uproarious burst of laughter through the House."

The appointment of Captain Wellesley to the staff of the Marquis of Buckingham had placed him in the household of the Viceroy, and as aide-de-camp, required his constant attendance at the Castle. The Irish court, at that period, was celebrated alike for its hospitality, its magnificence, and its dissipation. The princely display of the Lords-Lieutenant of those days entailed a heavy expenditure upon the numerous *attachés* of the court, and too frequently plunged young men of high family and limited fortunes in very distressing embarrassments. Captain Wellesley's patrimony was small—his staff appointment more fashionable than lucrative; and it is not surprising that, soon after he had come of age, he found himself involved in pecuniary difficulties. At the time, he lodged in the house of an opulent bootmaker, who resided on Lower Ormond Quay. The worthy tradesman discovered accidentally that his young inmate was suffering annoyance from his inability to discharge a pressing demand. He waited on Captain Wellesley—told him that he was apprised of his embarrassments—mentioned that he had money unemployed, and offered a loan, which was accepted. The obligation was soon afterwards duly repaid; and the young aide-de-camp was enabled, in a few years, to present his humble friend to an honourable and lucrative situation. Nor did death cancel the obligation; the Duke's patronage, after his parent's death, was extended

the son of his early friend, for whom he obtained a valuable appointment.

The professional advancement of Captain Wellesley was steadily progressive. On the 30th of April 1793, he was gazetted major of the 33d foot, on the resignation of Major Gore; and on the 30th of the following September he succeeded to the lieutenant-colonelcy of the regiment, *vice* Lieutenant-Colonel Yorke, who retired from the service.

At last he was to see real service on the field, for the 33d was included among the regiments which received orders to proceed to Brittany to assist a royalist rising against the French Republic under the command of General the Earl of Moira. Ardent, however, as Lieutenant-Colonel Wellesley was for an opportunity of meeting an enemy in the field, and that too, in the command of a battalion, one cause alloyed his satisfaction, and occasioned him painful uneasiness. His circumstances were embarrassed—he wanted means to discharge his debts—and he determined not to quit the country and leave unsatisfied creditors behind him. It is true that his parliamentary privilege secured him from personal annoyance; but to have obligations he was unable to discharge, to one with his sensitive feelings, was intolerable. One course only was left, and without hesitation he adopted it. He called upon a gentleman with whom he had extensive dealings, enumerated his debts, stated his inability to pay them, and proposed to allocate the whole of his disposable income for their discharge, that the whole might be liquidated by degrees. The honourable proposition was accepted, a power of attorney left with Mr. Dillon, that gentleman accepting the trust, which he continued to hold until the last shilling of Colonel Wellesley's liabilities was discharged. Adversity tests principles severely. A man, exempted from financial inconveniences, can only conjecture how far his firmness would have enabled him to overcome, with scanty resources, a pecuniary embarrassment. Yet he who was indebted to a tradesman for assistance, and by a rigid limitation of his personal expenses was enabled to pay off his debts, lived to be possessor of a princely income,

after, by the integrity of his name alone, supporting an army in the field, when his military chest was almost left without a guinea.

The intended descent upon the French coast, however, was never effected. The plan, from the very outset, had met with considerable opposition; and the employment of some *emigrés* as officers of artillery, added to the appointment of two upon his personal staff, rendered Lord Moira exceedingly unpopular. But the failure of the Duke of York in the Netherlands caused the attempt on Brittany to be abandoned. The destination of the troops, now on board transports, was consequently changed; and instead of proceeding to the coast of France, the troops were ordered to sail directly for Ostend.

A gloomier prospect never opened on an army about to take the field. Tournay had already surrendered—the Duke, forced from his position before Oudenarde, was falling back on Antwerp—and Lord Moira prudently determined to withdraw the garrison from Ostend, and unite himself, by forced marches, with an Austrian corps under Clairfayt. Indeed, no other course remained; the Prince of Coburg had sustained a severe defeat; and Clairfayt himself was preparing to abandon Ghent, and join the main body of the allies.

In pursuance of his plan, Lord Moira issued orders for the embarkation of the garrison; and although this service was ably executed in a single day, the French, by rapid marches, brought their advanced guards to the city gates, before the last of the English troops had filed from the sally-port.

Lord Moira, in the meantime, had taken the route of Ecloo and Ghent; and, though moving in dreadful weather, and in the face of a superior force, his march was successfully executed. The rain, during the entire time, fell in torrents; and as the troops were unprovided with camp equipage of any kind, they suffered equally from fatigue and the inclemency of the weather. The enemy pressed them closely, and on the 6th of July they were vigorously attacked at Alost. With their accustomed impetuosity the French penetrated the place

—a sharp *mêlée* occurred in the streets—the British troops behaved most gallantly, and the French were bravely repulsed. In this affair, Colonels Vandeleur and Doyle were much distinguished, and both severely wounded.

The unfortunate campaign of the Duke of York carries with it nothing but distressing reminiscences; indeed, from first to last, it is but a history of disasters—a record of brave exertions ineffectually struggling with ill fortune. On the 12th, his Royal Highness was attacked in front of Mechlin, and the reinforcement brought him by Lord Moira alone enabled him to hold his ground. This success was temporary; a second attempt was made and repulsed; but, forced by vastly superior numbers, the allies retreated upon Antwerp. Here Lord Moira resigned his command, and immediately returned to England; and the regiments which had formed his separate corps were drafted into the different brigades, and incorporated with the army of the Netherlands.

The retreat continued—first on Breda, and afterwards to Bois-le-Duc. Nothing particular occurred, excepting occasional alarms produced by affairs between the outposts, until on the 14th of September, when the French having unexpectedly crossed the morass at Peil, threw themselves suddenly upon the British right, and completely cut off 1500 of the contingent of Hesse Darmstadt. This success endangered the whole of the position: for Boxtell, the advanced post of the allies, having been carried, it became necessary to recover that village, or at once abandon a line of operations, of which the key was now in possession of the enemy. To attempt the former the royal duke decided,—and for this service, two battalions of the guards, the 12th, 33d, 42d, and 44th of the line, a brigade of guns, and some squadrons of dragoons, were selected; the whole under the command of Lieutenant-General Abercromby.

On a close reconnaissance, made early on the morning of the 15th, the French appeared so formidably posted as to induce the English commander to suspend his order for attack, until he despatched an aide-de-camp to the Duke of

York to demand further instructions. His Royal Highness persevered in his original determination, and directed an immediate movement of the troops; but at the same time left all ulterior operations, after a first attack, to Abercromby's own discretion.

On clearing the village of Schyndel, the mounted pickets of the enemy were observed, drawn up upon a plain of considerable extent, skirted by a thick grove of fir-trees. The English dragoons advanced to drive them in, supported by the two regiments of guards, with the 33d and 44th—the 12th and 42d being held by Abercromby in reserve. The French hussars retired leisurely, and the British as boldly advanced, until the opening of a numerous artillery, which the former had masked within the fir-wood, betrayed the immediate presence of the enemy in force, and of course rendered it necessary on the part of the assailants to fall back on their reserve. At first, the regressive movement was steadily effected; but, as the ground became more difficult and the road narrowed, the light cavalry got mobbed with a household battalion, and the whole were thrown into confusion. The French hussars advanced to charge; and, for a minute, the situation of the embarrassed troops was most alarming. Perceiving the disorder, Colonel Wellesley deployed the 33d into line, immediately in rear of the household troops. Opening his centre files, he permitted the broken cavalry to retire, and then closing up his ranks again, occupied the road, and held the enemy in check. The French advanced with their usual confidence; and the 33d, reserving their fire, waited coolly until the enemy were forming for a charge. At that moment the regiment received their colonel's order, and delivered a close and searching volley, that fell with murderous effect into the crowded ranks of the French; and their rapid and well-directed fusillade completed the enemy's repulse. In turn, the French were obliged to fall back in confusion; and the English retreat was effected without any molestation, excepting a slight cannonade that, from its distance, was ineffective.

The British still continued retiring; and in the middle of September, they occupied one bank of the Maes, while French pickets were posted on the other. The success of the latter was everywhere progressive. The fortress of Creve Cœur, commanding the sluices of Bois-le-Duc, surrendered after a few shells had been thrown in on the 9th of October.

Autumn was over; and winter, which usually ends active operations, and allows the wearied soldiery a period of repose, was the season when the French had determined to make decisive efforts for the subjugation of the Low Countries. The time was wisely chosen,—a country intersected by canals, and in every place capable of being maintained, requires a power of aggression on a scale proportionate to its means of defence. But winter removed all the advantages which a difficult country gives to a retiring army: a frozen surface removed the obstacles which dykes and inundations at other seasons would present; and the French could now turn their immense levies upon an enemy of inferior strength, already disheartened by defeat, and abandoned by worthless confederates.

The allied forces were not long permitted to remain unmolested in their cantonments behind the Meuse; at daylight, on the 19th of October, the right wing of the army was furiously attacked, and the advanced posts of Dutzin and Apelthern were simultaneously assaulted. The light cavalry of the Prince de Rohan were driven back—and the 37th regiment, to avoid being cut off, was obliged to retire along the Waal. From the similarity of their dresses, a body of French hussars were mistaken for those of Rohan, and allowed to advance upon the 37th. Too late the error was discovered: the enemy charged—the infantry were embarrassed by the unexpected attack—and, assailed in unfavourable ground, before the regiment had extricated itself from the confined space by which it had to retire, a serious loss in prisoners, besides a considerable number in killed and wounded, was sustained.

The impression made upon the right of the position,

added to certain intelligence that the enemy had crossed the Meuse at Ruremond in force, and, by occupying Cleves, endangered the left flank of the allies, induced the Duke of York to pass the Waal in order to preserve, as long as it was possible, his communications with the fortress of Grave.

This was the last movement of the army while under the direction of his Royal Highness. He was recalled on the 2d of December, and succeeded by Count Walmoden as commander-in-chief.

Immediately after his appointment, the Hanoverian general determined to act upon the offensive; and a combined attack by the allied forces upon those of the French was arranged. The allies were formed into three columns, of which two were intended to operate on the left and centre of the French, while the third should turn their right at Tuyl. Owing to the badness of the roads, Lord Cathcart, with the left, did not reach the point of attack in sufficient time to act simultaneously with the columns on the right and centre. Dundas, however, finding that Werdenberg had been abandoned during the night, decided on advancing at once on Tuyl. His attack was boldly made; and though the approaches to the place were exposed to a flanking fire from the works at Bommel, and defended by a strong abattis,* the town was carried by the assailants, and the French driven across the ice, with a considerable loss in men, besides four pieces of artillery which fell into the hands of the allies.

This was but a momentary gleam of success. After suffering a vigorous siege, a heavy bombardment, that nearly reduced the place to ruins, obliged the garrison of Grave to capitulate, and the French were thus enabled to recross the Waal, and occupy Tuyl again. To check the farther advance of the enemy, Dundas resolved, at all hazards, to maintain himself at Meteren. The post was occupied by a wing of the 33d, and a squadron of hussars, with two light field-pieces. But as Meteren was considerably advanced, and the Hessian pickets

* Trees felled, and laid in a line, with their branches extending outward.

had been retired, as a post it was completely isolated, and open to an enemy's attack.

It was the intention of General Walmoden, with the united corps of Dalwick and Dundas, at daylight next morning to have attacked the enemy, and driven them once more across the river. But, in becoming assailant, the allied commander was anticipated by the French; for, on the afternoon of the 4th, the enemy advanced on Meteren, and in such force, as eventually obliged Colonel Wellesley to fall back upon the British lines.

The impetuosity with which the French came on at first bore down all opposition, and for a moment they obtained possession of the guns. But the remainder of the 33d coming opportunely to his assistance, Colonel Wellesley was enabled to charge into the village, repulse the enemy, and retake the cannon; and, although pressed closely by the infantry, and threatened by the hussars, he succeeded with trifling loss in retiring upon the post of Geldermalsen, where, with the 42d and 78th Highlanders, the 33d maintained themselves, although efforts were repeatedly made by the enemy with fresh troops, to carry the place. Night ended the contest; and the French abandoned the attack, after sustaining a sanguinary repulse from a force in every arm their inferior.

The inclemency of the season increased; and a threatening movement of the French on Gorcum, evincing a disposition on their part, notwithstanding the winter promised to be severe, of continuing active operations, decided General Walmoden on retiring behind the Leck, and taking a position there, extending from Wageningen to Cuylenberg. A sudden thaw, however, suspended the retreat; and to maintain their position on the Waal, the enemy's advanced posts were attacked, and driven with some loss behind the village of Geldermalsen. But the weather changed again, the frost set in with heavy snow, a retreat was unavoidable, and on the 16th of January the columns commenced their march.

The sufferings endured by the British army during the continuance of this harassing movement, have been frequently

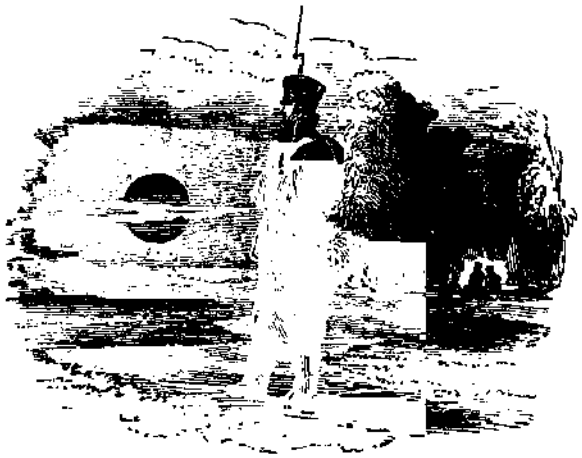
described by those who shared its dangers and privations. Retreats more recently effected, during the subsequent struggles on the Continent, have thrown its horrors in the shade; but still the hardships sustained by the allies, from want and cold, have seldom been exceeded. A desperate season, long and rapid marches, dark nights, broken roads, and an unfriendly population, rendered this regressive movement one of the most calamitous on record. The casualties of each day's march increased alarmingly; weak men were gradually left upon the road; and the hardiest, as the retreat continued, began to lag behind, and fell into the hands of the enemy, or perished for want of shelter. The commissariat was bad,—the medical department worse. A military writer, who was present during the whole of the retreat, says: "Removing the sick in waggons without sufficient clothing to keep them warm, in that rigorous season, had indeed sent some hundreds to their graves; whilst the shameful neglect that then pervaded the medical department, rendered the hospitals nothing better than slaughter-houses for the wounded and the sick."

On the evening of the 27th the allied columns reached Deventer, after a distressing march. A halt there was imperatively called for, to afford the exhausted soldiers a period of repose. But this brief indulgence was denied: the French, powerfully reinforced, and numbering, by the best information, nearly 50,000 men, were advancing by forced marches, in the full expectation of overtaking and cutting off the English brigades, whose numerical and physical inferiority appeared now to mark them out an easy conquest. On the 29th the retreat was resumed; and such stores and ammunition as could not, for want of means of transport, be removed, were here destroyed, and thus prevented from falling into the hands of the enemy.

In the commencement of his military career, there was nothing to excite the hopes of a youthful soldier; and from Colonel Wellesley's opening campaign, some experience and but little glory could be gained. The most profitable school

in war is often found a rough one; but if privations are repaid by conquest, the end achieved more than compensates the labour. The disastrous campaign in Holland had no results but constant disappointment, and the tide of victory had turned against the arms of England ere Wellesley's first field was fought. Before the raw levies of the French Republic the best troops in Europe were constantly receding. Step by step, the British and their allies were forced from the Low Countries,—everywhere the French arms were triumphant,—and victory followed fast on victory, until Europe was nearly at the mercy of France.

In this season of defeat, could Wellesley have imagined that, in the zenith of their fame, it was reserved for him to stay that career of conquest, and win from the victors of an hundred fields, the laurels they had so profusely acquired? Such, however, was the case; and the commander of the worn-out rear-guard in Holland was destined to direct the closing charge at Waterloo!



CHAPTER II.

ARRIVAL IN INDIA—CAMPAIGN AGAINST TIPPOO SULTAN—CAPTURE OF SERINGAPATAM.

THE British brigades, on returning to England after their unfortunate campaign, might have been said, in the words of Francis the First, nearly to "have lost everything but their honour." In effective strength the regiments were seriously reduced; for of those who returned to their native shores a large proportion, rendered *hors-de-combat* by past suffering, were of necessity invalided and discharged. A number of the artillery horses were unserviceable; the cavalry required an extensive remount; but the threatening aspect of affairs had roused the energies of the nation, and immense exertions were consequently made to recruit the regiments to their full establishments, and place the army once more in a fit state for active service.

Among other corps, the 33d, after its return home, had laboured to replace the casualties of the late campaign; and Colonel Wellesley's exertions had proved so successful, that in a short time his regiment was reported effective. Ministers having decided on fitting an expedition for the West Indies, an order was sent for the embarkation of the 33d. Colonel Wellesley accordingly joined the fleet, under the command of Admiral Christian, and proceeded with the troops.

In the autumn of 1795, the admiral put to sea, and from

the very start encountered a succession of bad weather, that, for severity and continuance, has remained unparalleled. After persevering for five weeks, the men-of-war and transports were so seriously damaged by sea and storm, that no alternative was left but to bear up for Portsmouth. In the interim between the departure and return of the expedition, the government had partially altered their intended plans regarding the West Indies. The sailing of many of the regiments, including the 33d, was countermanded, and Colonel Wellesley ordered to Poole, where he continued until the following spring. There the regiment completed its recruiting, and received orders of readiness for the East Indies. In April 1796, the 33d sailed; and after stopping for refreshments at the Cape, where their colonel, whom illness had detained, rejoined his corps, it proceeded for its destination, and disembarked at Calcutta, early in February 1797.

Soon after the arrival of Colonel Wellesley in the East, an expedition against the island of Manilla was planned, and the preparations were so far effected that the first division of the troops destined for this service had not only embarked, but actually sailed for Prince of Wales' Island, where the whole of the expedition had been ordered to assemble. Sir James Craig had been appointed to the command; and two king's regiments, the 12th foot, under Colonel Harvey Aston, and the 33d, under Colonel Wellesley, were included in the corps under orders of embarkation. But intelligence, received by an overland despatch from England, caused the expedition to be abandoned. This, as it turned out, was a most fortunate occurrence. Aware how much the military establishment must be weakened by the removal of a large proportion of the troops, the Sultan of Mysore had determined to seize an opportunity so favourable for the execution of his designs. The sailing of the fleet was to have been the signal for him to take the field; and no disposable force the Indian government could command would have saved the Carnatic from invasion.

Indian affairs were indeed in a most perilous position: the native princes were ready to revolt; and French influence was

employed, at their respective courts, to foment the disaffection towards the English, and hold out promises of assistance, and that on such an extended scale, as should enable them to throw off a yoke they secretly detested, and recover the provinces, of which the conquests of a century had dispossessed them. The longer duration of British dominion in the East depended on the adoption of a course of policy that should combine boldness with discretion. Sir John Shore had been recalled; and no little difficulty arose at home in finding a suitable successor. A choice, however, was happily made; and, fortunately for Britain, to the Earl of Mornington, Colonel Wellesley's eldest brother, the government of India was confided.

The noble lord landed from "La Virginie" frigate on the 17th of May; and proceeding to Calcutta, was there received by the proper authorities, and inducted to his high command with the customary formalities. Lord Mornington lost no time in correctly ascertaining his existing relations with the native princes; and certainly, in a position more fraught with danger, no Governor-General had ever been placed before.

Although the British interests were threatened on many points, the great cause of all alarm centred in the capital of Mysore. The Sultan was a deadly and a dangerous enemy. Taught from a child to detest the English, he seemed to have inherited, with the musnud, his father's hatred of the British name. The war that Hyder had commenced, Tippoo continued, until, deprived of foreign assistance by the Treaty of Paris, he was obliged to accept terms which he had formerly declined. The splendid success that attended the invasion of Mysore in 1792, while it reduced his resources one-half, confirmed him in an undying antipathy to the conquerors. Hence the policy of his after-life was directed to one steady purpose, the overthrow of British influence in India—and even in the visions of the night, as it afterwards appeared, he dreamed only of the destruction of the infidels.

Previous to the appointment of Lord Mornington, and while his communications with Sir John Shore were of the friendliest description, Tippoo had secretly despatched envoys to the

Isle of France, to effect an alliance with the French, and obtain their assistance in the grand attempt he was maturing against the English. The extent of his own military preparations could not be concealed, and the suspicions of the Presidency of Madras, in consequence, had been already strongly excited. But the Sultan's embassy transpired; and the whole tenor of his negotiation was disclosed, by a proclamation from the French Governor of the Mauritius.

Convinced, by every circumstance, that Tippoo was only manœuvring to gain time, to enable him to receive the assistance and supplies promised by the French republicans, Lord Mornington commenced preparations for war, and applied himself assiduously in strengthening his former alliances with the Nizam and the Peishwa, the most powerful native princes in the south of India. In a fresh treaty with the former, conditions offensive and defensive were included; and it was especially stipulated that the French mercenaries, who officered the army of the Nizam, should be immediately dismissed. Although the demand was acceded to, its execution was attended with considerable difficulty. But a mutiny having broken out among the sepoys, the object was cleverly effected. A movable column was despatched from Fort William, reached Hyderabad by forced marches, and, assisted by the Nizam's cavalry, surrounded the infantry, arrested the officers, and disarmed the sepoys. This successful blow annihilated the French influence in the Carnatic; and the intelligence of Nelson's glorious victory of the Nile, which reached Calcutta on the 31st of December, relieved the Governor-General from all apprehension of the Sultan's receiving assistance from abroad. His preparations to take the field were now nearly completed; and after waiting in vain for a satisfactory answer to his remonstrance, the army was ordered to advance, —a step preparatory to a formal declaration of war. Lord Mornington, in person, repaired to Madras, to be in more immediate communication with General Harris, the commander-in-chief,—the scene of operations having been already selected, and no alternative being left but an appeal to the sword.

The early confidence placed in the new Governor-General by the British residents was very strikingly evidenced on his arrival. A large advance of money was necessary for the public service; and so much did the presence of his Excellency stimulate the exertions of the civil servants of the Company at Madras, that, with the assistance of Sir Alured Clarke, Vice-President of the Council at Calcutta, twenty lacs of rupees were obtained at once, and the movement of the army was not delayed for an hour.

Yet, while Lord Mornington prepared for a crisis that was easily foreseen, to the very last the avenue to a bloodless adjustment was left open. While he assured the Sultan, in his letter of the 9th of January, that his falsity was known, and his treacherous negotiations with the French government at the Mauritius established beyond a doubt, he still held out the olive branch to the offender. "Under all these circumstances," alluding to Tippoo's gross violation of subsisting treaties, "we are ready to renew and confirm the bonds of amity, on such conditions as shall preclude the continuance of those jealousies, which must subsist so long as a final and satisfactory adjustment of all the causes of suspicion be delayed."

The season in which operations in the Mysore country should commence had already set in. No reply whatever had been vouchsafed to the last letter of the Governor-General; and, as the reduction of Seringapatam had been determined upon, the failure of Lord Cornwallis in 1791, from the sudden rising of the Cauvery, induced Lord Mornington to take a decisive step, and issue a declaration of war at once. This was accordingly done on the 22d of February 1799.

In the November of the preceding year (1798) all the disposable troops had been asembled and encamped at Wallajahbad, under the orders of Colonel Wellesley, with whom the general superintendence remained until February following, when General Harris arrived to assume the personal command of the army, which had proceeded to Vellore. The attention which Colonel Wellesley had bestowed on the discipline and

wellbeing of the troops, and in practising them in combined field movements, with the admirable system he adopted for supplying the bazaars, which were kept constantly well provided, attracted general notice and approbation; and when General Harris joined the army to take command, after receiving the reports of the heads of corps and departments, he was so pleased with all Colonel Wellesley's arrangements, that he conceived it to be an imperative duty to publish a general order conveying commendation of the merits of Colonel Wellesley during his temporary command.

The *corps d'armée*, directed immediately against the capital of Tippoo Sultan, embraced the armies of the Carnatic and Cananore, and the contingent of the Nizam. The army of the Carnatic exceeded 20,000 men, of whom 4300 were Europeans, and 2600 cavalry. The Cananore, or western army, numbered 6400, of whom 1600 were Europeans. The Nizam's comprised a British detachment, serving with his Highness under Lieutenant-Colonel Dalrymple, 6500 strong, the same number of the Nizam's infantry, and a large body of horse. The whole might be reckoned at 16,000. Besides these, the southern Carnatic army, 4000 strong, and the Barramahl corps, about 5000, marched from their respective cantonments, to co-operate with the commander-in-chief. The army of the Carnatic was under the immediate command of Lieutenant-General Harris; the western, or Cananore army, under General Stuart; and that of the Nizam, under Colonel Wellesley, the cavalry being under that prince's minister, Meer Allum.

An Indian campaign was never opened by an army in such force, or equal effectiveness. The European regiments were healthy and serviceable; and the native troops emulated the British in gallantry, and in the hour of trial were not inferior to their European comrades either in discipline or fidelity. The organisation of the Indian army was indeed perfect in every arm, and its attachment to the British government most ardent. Previous to that period, the native regiments had been but partially officered by Europeans; and, excepting

a captain-commandant, adjutant, surgeon, and six or eight subalterns, the duties of the battalions were generally performed by Mahometans and Hindoos. Their gallantry in the field, their obedience in camp, or when marching, to the orders of their officers, and the internal harmony with which they lived among themselves, rendered these corps both manageable and trustworthy.

The army of the Carnatic, which had been concentrated at Vellore, received orders to cross the frontier of the Mysore country on the 3d of February; but preparatory arrangements for the movement of an army so large as the Madras, delayed its march until the 11th. The contingent of the Nizam, which marched from Hyderabad on the 26th of December, had already reached Chittoor; and General Harris was particularly anxious to get forward, to unite his own with the troops of Meer Allum. The junction was effected on the 18th at Killamungalum; and the Nizam's contingent being strengthened by the addition of the 33d European regiment, was formed into a separate corps, and the command given to Colonel Wellesley.

General Harris was not only invested with unrestricted military command, but was empowered to exert all the civil authority which would have belonged to the Governor-General in his situation. He was further provided with a political and diplomatic commission, composed of Colonel the Hon. A. Wellesley, Lieutenant-Colonel Barry Close, Lieutenant-Colonel Agnew, and Captain Malcolm, with Captain Macaulay as secretary. This commission was not, however, entitled to act except in obedience to the orders of the General.

The progress of the grand army was, from many causes, necessarily slow. The bullock department was found quite unequal to the duties of the commissariat; which, from the enormous number of camp followers attached to the army of the Nizam, amounting to 20,000 Brinjarries, and at least as many servants, required such a supply of stores and provisions to be brought forward, as far exceeded the means of transport the greatest exertions could procure. This host of non-com-

batant attendants, with the immense quantity of baggage which an Indian army carries with it when it takes the field, not only embarrassed the marching of the troops, but required careful dispositions to cover it, when moving through a wooded country so favourable to desultory attacks. It has been a subject of surprise, why the Sultan did not avail himself more of these advantages. Without hazarding an action, he might, by constant demonstrations in front, and frequent feints upon the flanks and rear, have cut off stragglers, captured stores when loosely guarded, and seriously impeded the movement of the allies towards his capital; an occurrence particularly to be dreaded, as the rainy season might shortly be expected to set in. Beyond wasting forage and provisions, destroying villages in the line of march, and occasionally showing his light cavalry in front and flank, he made but one serious attempt, and that was on the rear-guard of the Nizam. In this he so far succeeded as to cut off some seventy of the sepoys, most of whom were killed or wounded, before prompt assistance from Colonel Wellesley repulsed the assailants, and rescued the survivors of the companies.

While the grand army was moving by Talgautporam, Kankanhilly, and Sultaun-pet, to Mallavelly, it will be necessary to notice briefly the earlier operations of the Sultan. At the commencement of his march, the last letter addressed by Lord Mornington to Tippoo had been forwarded by General Harris. Although the concluding paragraph of the Governor-General's despatch still left negotiation open, the advance of the army showed clearly that nothing short of unconditional submission on the Sultan's part could now avert hostilities. The crossing of his frontier involved, in Tippoo's mind, like the passage of the Rubicon, a succession of hasty operations, alike past remedy or recall. His capital was threatened—and he had no alternative, he considered, but to attack himself, or remain to be assailed. He chose the former—broke up from his cantonments, intending to fall with his whole force upon the army of the Carnatic—but, suddenly changing his plans, he hurried with the *élite* of his infantry to meet the

division of the West, which, from its inferior numbers, he calculated on easily defeating.

On the 21st of February General Stuart marched from Cananore, and reached the Poodicherrum Ghaut on the 25th. The expected arrival of the army of the Carnatic induced the General to take a position close to the frontier; and on the 2d of March his right brigade, consisting of three native battalions, commanded by Colonel Montressor, were halted at Seedaseer, near the boundary of the Coorga country, seven miles from Periapatam. The remainder of Stuart's corps, with the artillery and commissariat, were cantoned at Seedapore and Amoontoonaur, the one eight, and the other twelve miles in rear of the advanced position.

This detachment of his corps by General Stuart was unavoidable, from the whole of the adjacent country being overrun with jungle. The occupation of Seedaseer was indispensable, as it commanded a view of the Mysore country nearly to the gates of Seringapatam, and enabled the Cananore army to communicate with the Carnatic, the moment their advanced pickets should appear.

On the morning of the 5th of March, a spacious encampment, with one green tent in the centre, was discovered in front of Periapatam. This circumstance of course occasioned an immediate inquiry; and couriers, directly from Seringapatam, assured General Stuart that the Sultan had moved all his effective strength "to oppose the progress of the Madras army." Stuart's advanced brigade was, however, strengthened by a fourth battalion; and the 5th of March passed quietly over.

On the 6th, it was reported that Tippoo was actually in front of the right brigade at Seedaseer; and an immediate attack soon confirmed it. A deep jungle lay between him and the British—and at nine o'clock he passed through the brushwood undiscovered, and threw himself furiously on the front and flanks of Montressor's brigade. Though surprised, and assailed under very discouraging circumstances by a force immensely superior in point of numbers, the sepoys

behaved with veteran steadiness, and fought most gallantly. Every effort made by Tippoo to shake their formation failed. For five hours these native regiments sustained furious and repeated attacks unsupported; and not until General Stuart, after considerable opposition from the Mysore troops who had gained the rear of Montressor, came up and relieved this hard-pressed brigade, did the fiery Sultan desist from the assault. The loss of the British, compared with that of the Sultan, was trifling—the whole European and native casualties amounting only to one hundred and forty-three. It was impossible to ascertain the exact loss sustained by the enemy; but it must have been heavy, as in the course of so long an action they were often exposed in crowds to the fire of grape-shot and volleys of musketry. Several men of distinction were killed, and some wounded officers were made prisoners.

The Sultan, after his defeat, retired hastily on Periapatam, while the grand army of the Carnatic approached the capital by slow and steady marches. On the 24th, General Harris, having crossed the Madoor, encamped on the same ground that the Mysore forces had previously occupied, and received here an official account of Tippoo's attack on the Bombay army, and his subsequent retreat.

The intelligence of the Sultan's discomfiture was, for many reasons, most gratifying. With every advantage that ground and numbers could bestow, he had suffered a signal defeat. He had commenced hostilities,—the result to his army was most discouraging; and the failure of his first effort proved but an ill-omened forerunner of the closing of his own life and dynasty!

On moving from Sultaun-pet to Mallavelly, on the morning of the 27th of March, the army of the Sultan of Mysore was discovered in great force, posted on some high grounds to the westward of the town. At ten o'clock, Tippoo opened a distant cannonade, at the same time threatening with his cavalry the British pickets on the right: a supporting corps was pushed forward by General Harris, and a general action resulted. "The infantry line of the enemy was on commanding ground

in rear of his artillery. His cavalry advanced under cover of his cannon, and a cutcherie or brigade of infantry was pushed forward in front of each flank of his line, mixed with many rocket-men. The right wing of the army, under my command, formed on the pickets of the right; Colonel Wellesley's division advanced, from a considerable distance on the left, to attack the right flank of the enemy; and Major-General Floyd, with the 19th, and two regiments of native cavalry, moved between these corps; the 25th Dragoons and a native regiment keeping in check a body of the enemy's cavalry which had assembled on our right, while the left wing of the army, and a regiment of native cavalry, remained halted to protect our stores and baggage. The weak state of the artillery bullocks considerably retarded the advance and formation of our line, with which they were unable to keep pace. A small body of horse, profiting by this circumstance, made a daring charge on the 1st European brigade; they were received with firmness, and repulsed with considerable loss."* In deploying, from the irregularity of the ground a space between the brigades was left unoccupied; and Tippoo considered that by this opening a cavalry attack could be attempted with success. The Sultan's horse charged with great boldness; and "many of the light cavalry succeeded in penetrating the intervals in the British line, and passing so far beyond it as to fall in with General Harris and his staff, with some of the officers of which they even exchanged pistol-shots. It is scarcely necessary to add, that to these adventurous men there was 'no return,' and that they all paid the forfeit of their temerity with their lives."†

The brunt of the battle was principally borne by the infantry of the Nizam, and the cavalry under General Floyd, which supported them. The enemy's division exhibited considerable boldness, and advanced with a steadiness not often met with in Asiatic troops. The Kerim Cutcherie, the Sultan's favourite regiment, was particularly distinguished. Coming boldly for-

* General Harris's despatch, Seringapatam, 5th April 1799.
† Hook's Life of Baird.

ward, and advancing in excellent order, it halted in front of the 33d, and coolly delivered its fire; the volley was returned with effect, and Colonel Wellesley's regiment lowered their bayonets and advanced. That imposing movement, European troops have rarely withstood—Asiatic, never. The Mysoreans wavered, broke, and turned; while Floyd's cavalry dashed into their disordered ranks, and accomplished with the sabre what the bayonet would have inevitably effected.

Tippoo witnessed this destruction of his best regiment by a corps scarcely one-third its number, and having withdrawn his guns, abandoned the field to the conquerors. The retreat was so rapid, that the Sultan's army were soon beyond the range of the British cannon, and General Harris returned to his camp—a total want of water in his front rendering it necessary to occupy the same ground on which he had encamped on the preceding night.

The defeat of Mallavelly, following so fast on his discomfiture at Seedaseer, had a marked effect upon a mind like Tippoo's, swayed even in the most trifling concerns by fortunate or unpromising commencements. His subsequent operations were marked by irresolution and bad judgment; and from the day of his first disaster he seemed, to use Eastern phraseology, "a doomed man;" no change in the tide of his fortunes afterwards gave a hope,—the Sultan's days were numbered.

On the morning of the 28th of March, General Harris resumed his movements, having decided on crossing the Cauvery by the ford at Sosilay, after the country in his front had been carefully reconnoitred, and reported free from the presence of an enemy. He ascertained also, that the Sultan had been totally mistaken as to the line of march by which the British would approach the capital; for, erroneously believing that the route of General Harris would be that of Arakera, he had despatched thither the main body of his army, determined to oppose their advance on his capital, by risking a decisive battle. Tippoo's was a fatal oversight. He uncovered the best road to Seringapatam; and, unchecked

by the presence of an enemy, the march of the British divisions was leisurely effected. The villages through which they passed were amply stocked with provisions,—stacks of forage everywhere were standing in the fields. Not a musket was heard, and the march seemed rather a military movement through a friendly country, internally at peace, than an advance upon an enemy's capital, covered by a force of 50,000 men.

On approaching the Cauvery, hundreds of the peasants, with cattle, sheep, and goats, in number exceeding computation, were discovered grouped around the ditch which encircles the town of Sosilay. This unexpected addition to his commissariat was of paramount advantage to General Harris. Abundant supplies were thus procurable from the natives, without trenching on his own stores. He could also command large resources already collected in the Coorga country, secure his convoys from the southern districts and the Barramahl, and, by holding Sosilay, keep open his communications with the army of Cananore. Leaving a battalion to protect his rear, the British general passed the river. No difficulty was experienced; for, though three hundred yards in breadth, the ford across the Cauvery was scarcely three feet deep, with clear water and a hard gravelly bottom, that facilitated the passage of the guns and field equipage. It being ascertained on the 31st that the Sultan, with his whole cavalry, had crossed to the southern bank of the river, and despatched his guns and infantry to Seringapatam, orders were issued for marching early in the morning; and on the evening of the 1st of April, the allied army bivouacked within four leagues of the capital of Mysore.

On the following day the march was resumed, the army advancing by its left. The cavalry of the Nizam, however, delayed the general movement so much, that evening found the allies a league only in advance of their position of the preceding night. No annoyance was given by the Sultan, although his cavalry occasionally showed themselves on some high grounds in front of the columns; and Tippoo was per-

sonally employed all day in reconnoitring his enemy from a hill that commanded a full view of the whole line of march.

The result of the Sultan's observation was a determination to attack the English, and hold the heights in front of their encampment. A strong body of cavalry, with twenty guns, was accordingly sent across the river, supported by an infantry corps of 17,000 men. But during the night Tippoo changed his intentions, withdrew his entire corps, and took up a position under the eastern and southern faces of the walls, destroying the villages nearest the fortress, and anticipating, as it would appear, a similar method of approach to that by which Lord Cornwallis had invested Seringapatam in 1792. But the point chosen by the engineers for their operations was the north-west angle of the place; and on the junction of the Bombay army, on the evening of the 14th, with that of the Carnatic and Nizam, the siege was vigorously carried on.

The army had encamped at a distance of 3500 paces from the western face of the works, having on the right the contingent of the Nizam, *en potence*, resting on a height, and the extreme left on the Cauvery. In front, there were several ruined villages and rising grounds, with an aqueduct running in an easterly direction, within 1700 yards of the fort, and winding towards the right, until it reached a thick wood, called the Sultaun-pet. The whole of this ground was broken and irregular, affording to Tippoo's skirmishers and rocket-men a safe cover, from which the advanced pickets could be seriously annoyed. Otherwise the British camp was favourably situated—five large groves of cocoa, areka, bamboo, and other trees furnished within the lines an abundant stock of materials for a siege,—an advantage no other position near Seringapatam could have afforded. The place was now tolerably healthy; the water pure and abundant; and it possessed all the security of an entrenched camp.

Owing to the facility which the Sultaun-pet and adjacent enclosures offered the Sultan's troops to annoy the besiegers, the broken ground in front of the position was examined by Gene-

ral Baird with a part of his brigade on the night of the 5th. The whole was found unoccupied; and the general returned to the camp, after scouring the wood in all directions, without discovering an enemy.

Aware of its advantages, the Mysoreans, early on the ensuing morning, reoccupied the wood and ruined village, from both of which they kept up a teasing fusillade, with an occasional discharge of rockets. Some of the latter fell within the tents of the British encampment, and it became advisable to dislodge the enemy from the whole line of posts which they had formed among the enclosures.

The command of the troops was given to Colonel Wellesley; and the 33d and 2d Bengal regiments, with the 12th and two battalions of sepoys, under Colonel Shaw, assembled at nightfall, and advanced, the one against the wood, and the other to seize the aqueduct and ruined village. Both these services were partially achieved; Colonel Shaw carried and held the village, and Colonel Wellesley forced the enclosure of the wood. The enemy, anticipating the attack, had however strengthened their posts, and immediately opened a tremendous fire of musketry and rockets. The night was extremely dark, and the interior of the wood, everywhere intersected with canals for irrigating the betel plants, confused the assailants, and rendered in the deep obscurity any advance impracticable. No alternative was left but to withdraw the troops, and return to the camp. Unfortunately, twelve of the grenadier company of the 33d lost their way, and were made prisoners, and Colonel Wellesley, who was far advanced in the wood, was struck on the knee by a spent ball, and narrowly escaped falling into the hands of the enemy, having wandered for several hours in the darkness before he could regain the camp.

On the following morning, General Harris directed the attack to be renewed. To Colonel Wellesley the assault upon the Sultaun-pet was again intrusted, while Colonel Shaw was directed to drive the enemy from the aqueduct, and Colonel Wallace to seize with the flank companies of

the 14th and two companies of sepoys a strong village which protected the right flank of the enemy's posts.

The combined attack was crowned with perfect success. After a few rounds from his guns, Colonel Wellesley pushed boldly forward, entered the wood, and, having already turned it in flank, drove out the enemy, and obliged them to retire with some loss, and in great disorder. Shaw's attack on the village, assisted by Colonel Wallace, who had succeeded in his object, was bravely executed; and that once seized, the assailants were enabled to attack the aqueduct, the enemy's strongest position. The attempt was made in gallant style, and the Sultan's troops were driven from all the enclosures they had strengthened, and from which they had previously caused a very serious annoyance. The enemy were thus obliged to abandon the whole line of their defences, which, reaching from the wood to the river, had formed a chain of posts nearly two miles in extent.

The Sultan, alarmed by the closer investment of the fortress, either to ascertain the exact objects of the besiegers, or to delay their operations, despatched a vakeel* on the 9th, with the following letter to General Harris :—

"The Governor-General, Lord Mornington Bahauder, sent me a letter, the copy of which is enclosed—you will understand it. I have adhered firmly to treaties. What, then, is the meaning of the advance of the English armies, and the occurrence of hostilities? Inform me. What need I say more?"

A brief and unsatisfactory reply was returned next morning by the commander-in-chief:—

"*April* 10, 1799.

"Your letter, enclosing copies of the Governor-General's letter, has been received. For the advance of the English and allied armies, and for the occurrence of hostilities, I refer you to the several letters of the Governor-General, which are

* A native envoy.

sufficiently explanatory of the subject. What need I say more?"

Probably despairing of effecting anything by diplomacy when the enemy appeared conscious of his strength, and determined to permit no overtures, however specious, to divert him from following up his opening successes, Tippoo discontinued his correspondence with General Harris.

Immediately after establishing his posts in front of Seringapatam, the commander-in-chief detached General Floyd, with four regiments of cavalry (one European), and five battalions of infantry, and 2000 of the Nizam's horse, to Periapatam, to unite with the Bombay army, and secure its advance. The service was ably executed, and the junction with General Stuart effected safely on the 10th.

Both these armies, with large supplies, having safely reached headquarters, the siege was vigorously pressed on. A sortie, made on the morning of the 22d, had been repulsed; and a parallel opened within 750 paces of the works. The progress of the batteries was rapid; the approaches had reached within 200 paces of an entrenchment, still in possession of the enemy; and, on the 26th, General Harris determined to drive them from that post, as a preparatory step to a yet closer investment of the fortress.

Colonel Wellesley, commanding in turn of duty in the trenches, was ordered to direct the attack; and proper dispositions were accordingly made to storm the entrenchments at sunset.

The troops ordered for the assault moved forward in two columns. During the previous hour, the fire of the English batteries had been turned entirely on the enemy's works, and, ceasing when the advance of the storming party was observed, it was then directed on an angle of the fort, from whose guns the assailants had most annoyance to apprehend.

The attack had been arranged with excellent judgment, and was most gallantly executed. The entrenchments were stormed, occupied by the assailants, and, before daylight, tolerably secured from the fire of the enemy.

Although his previous attempt at negotiation had been so brief and unsuccessful, the alarming position in which he was placed became every day more apparent to the Sultan, and induced him to resort to diplomacy again. On the 20th he thus addressed the commander-in-chief:—

"In the letter of Lord Mornington it is written, that the clearing up of matters at issue is proper, and that, therefore, you having been empowered for the purpose, will appoint such persons as you judge proper for conducting a conference, and renewing the business of a treaty. You are the well-wisher of both Sircars.* In this matter, what is your pleasure? Inform me, that a conference may take place. What can I say more?"

To the Sultan's letter, General Harris replied on the 22d. He accompanied his answer with a copy of terms on which a treaty should be based. The French were to be sent, within forty-eight hours, to the British camp; half his dominions to be surrendered, the allies to select whichever half they pleased; all disputed claims to be relinquished on the Sultan's part; a free communication with the Carnatic and coast of Malabar to be guaranteed; all prisoners released; and, lastly, a payment of two crores † of sicca rupees made by two instalments, one in money or bullion on the spot, and the other in six months from the signing of the treaty. As security for due fulfilment of all these articles, four of Tippoo's sons, with four of his chief sirdars, were demanded as hostages.

To these demands the Sultan returned no answer. The siege progressed, and the success of the attack on the evening of the 26th upon the entrenchments probably induced Tippoo, who saw that the crisis of his fate was hurrying on with ominous rapidity, to make another effort to avert a catastrophe which now appeared almost inevitable. On the morning of the 28th, a vakeel reached the tent of the com-

* A government or province.

† A crore of sicca rupees = £1,000,000.

mander-in-chief, bearing the following epistle from the Sultan:—

"I have the pleasure of your friendly letter, and understand its contents. The points in question are weighty, and without the intervention of ambassadors cannot be brought to a conclusion; I am, therefore, about to send two gentlemen to you, and have no doubt that a conference will take place; they will personally explain themselves to you. What more can I write?"

The letter bore evident marks of haste, and had neither date nor address. The reply of General Harris was a simple reference to his former communication to the Sultan, accompanied by an intimation, that no vakeel need present himself again, unless to deliver the hostages and money. The siege operations had nearly reached completion, the Sultan's overtures never having caused their relaxation for a moment.

On the 30th a battery was unmasked, and commenced breaching the bastion; and on the 2d of May another was completed, and opened a heavy fire on the curtain to the right. Several guns of large calibre were gradually got to work; and the old masonry, unable to support this well-served and sustained cannonade, began to yield. Masses of the wall came down into the ditch. A breach in the fausse-braye* was reported practicable—and on the 3d of May the face of the bastion was in such a state of ruin, that preparations were made for an immediate assault; and in a brief letter, orders to that effect were given next morning to Major-General Baird, who had volunteered to command the storming party.

The troops ordered for the assault were composed of both Europeans and natives. They were selected from the armies of the three Presidencies, with 200 of the Nizam's contingent: the whole amounting to 4476. The right column, under

* The *fausse-braye* is an outer work, for securing the covered way and fosse. It has generally a *terre-plein*, of 16 to 24 feet, nearly level with the field, and defended by a parapet. *Bastions* form the angular portions of a fortification, and *curtains* are the connecting walls which unite them with each other.

Colonel Sherbrooke, consisted of the flank companies of the Scotch brigade, and De Meuron's regiment, the King's 73d and 74th, eight companies of coast, and six of Bombay sepoys, with 50 artillerymen and a detachment of gun lascars. The left column, under Lieutenant-Colonel Dunlop, comprised six European flank companies of the Bombay army, the King's 12th and 33d regiments, ten flank companies of sepoys, and 50 artillerymen and their gun lascars. The whole were placed before daylight in the trenches, and noon was properly chosen as the best hour of attack.

"At one o'clock the troops moved from the trenches, crossed the rocky bed of the Cauvery, under an extremely heavy fire passed the glacis and ditch, and ascended the breaches in the fausse-braye and rampart of the fort; surmounting, in the most gallant manner, every obstacle which the difficulty of the passage and the resistance of the enemy presented to oppose their progress. Major-General Baird had divided his force, for the purpose of clearing the ramparts to the right and left; one division was commanded by Colonel Sherbrooke, the other by Lieutenant-Colonel Dunlop; the latter was disabled in the breach, but both corps, although strongly opposed, were completely successful." *

Although the river had been carefully examined during the preceding night, and the proper place by which the troops should effect their passage marked out by inserting stakes in the sand, Sherbrooke's column, swerving to the right, got into deep water, and the progress of the whole was retarded. Baird, observing the difficulty, rushed on close to the forlorn hope—cheered the men forward; and, in six minutes, the British colours were flying above the breach.

So far the assault had been successful — the breach was won; and the assailants, flushed with earlier advantage, pressed boldly forward; while the defenders, partially taken by surprise, were astounded to see the Cauvery crossed with little loss, and the rampart carried without a check. But

* Despatch of General Harris.

unforeseen difficulties were behind, which accident fortunately assisted British valour to surmount.

When General Baird had reached the top of the breach, he discovered, to his inexpressible surprise, a second ditch, full of water, within the outer wall. The almost insurmountable difficulty of overcoming this unexpected impediment staggered him, and he exclaimed, "Good God! how shall we get over this?" Fortunately, however, in leading the troops along the ramparts, he discovered some scaffolding which had been raised for the use of the workmen who had been repairing the wall. Having immediately taken advantage of the opportunity which thus luckily presented itself, he crossed the inner ditch, and proceeded by the ramparts to the other side of the fort, where the two columns were to meet, and enter the body of the town.

The capture of the ramparts and their immediate occupation by the fresh battalions who followed to support the storming parties rendered success certain. To refresh the troops, and prevent the unnecessary slaughter of an immediate assault upon the palace, where Tippoo was supposed to have retired, and which would be as gallantly defended as attacked, Baird gave orders to suspend further operations for a short period. During this halt, two battalions of sepoys came up; the storming parties were sufficiently refreshed; the Sultan had time allowed him to see how bootless any further resistance must prove; and Major Allan was despatched with a flag of truce, to demand an unconditional surrender of the palace and all that it contained.

To the last hour of his life the Sultan would never believe that Seringapatam could be carried by assault, and that the attempt would be made in open day. Although the troops chosen for the attack had been marched to the trenches before there was sufficient light to betray the movement of a body of such unusual strength, it was impossible to conceal them altogether from the enemy's view, and Meer Ghoffar reported the circumstance to his master. Tippoo coldly noticed the intelligence, and took no measures to



oppose an attack, which the sirdar assured him might be momentarily apprehended. The Sultan resumed his seat; in a few minutes a breathless messenger informed him that the columns were crossing the river; and the roar of cannon and musketry confirmed the fatal news.

Rising from table, where dinner had been laid under a thatched shed on the northern face of the works, he performed his ablutions coolly, and called for his horse and arms. At that moment the death of his best officer, Meer Ghoffar, was announced. The Sultan paid a tribute to the bravery of his favourite, named his successor, and rode forth never to return.

Having reached the inner wall, Tippoo gave his horse to an attendant, and, mounting the ramparts, placed himself behind a traverse that commanded the approaches from the breach. His servants were provided with carbines, which they occasionally handed to their master, who fired repeatedly at the assailants, and, as it was asserted afterwards, with fatal effect. But the storming party, having carried part of the ramparts, were actually entering the body of the place, and the Sultan was obliged to retire hastily, accompanied by his personal attendants.

Fatigued, suffering from intense heat, and pained by an old wound, Tippoo mounted his horse, and retreated slowly along the northern rampart. The British were momentarily gaining ground, the garrison in every direction flying, while a spattering fusillade, and occasionally a wild huzza, told that the victors were everywhere advancing. Instead of quitting the city, as he might have done, the Sultan crossed the bridge over the inner ditch, and entered the town. The covered gateway was now crowded with fugitives, vainly endeavouring to escape from the bayonets of their conquerors, who were heard approaching at either side. A random shot struck the Sultan: he pressed his horse forward, but his passage was impeded by a mob of runaways, who literally choked the gloomy arch. Presently a cross fire opened, and filled the passage with the dead and wounded. Tippoo's horse was killed, but his

followers managed to disengage him, dragged him exhausted from beneath the fallen steed, and placed him in his palanquin. But escape was impossible; the British were already in the gateway; the bayonet was unsparingly at work, for quarter at this moment was neither given nor expected. Dazzled by the glittering of his jewelled turban, a soldier dashed forward and caught the Sultan's sword-belt. With failing strength Tippoo cut boldly at his assailant, and inflicted a trifling wound. The soldier, irritated by pain, drew back, laid his musket to his shoulder, and shot the Sultan dead. His companions, perceiving the struggle, rushed up; the palanquin was overturned, the bearers cut down, the body of the departed tyrant thrown upon a heap of dead and dying, and his corpse, despoiled of everything valuable, left among his fallen subjects—naked, unknown, and unregarded.

Soon after this catastrophe had occurred, Major Allan, having proceeded to the palace, found part of the 33d regiment under arms before the gateway, and some of the family of the Sultan in the balcony above, in a state of dreadful alarm. On being admitted by the commandant, and introduced to Tippoo's sons, the major endeavoured to remove their apprehensions by an assurance that he would remain with them himself, and secure them from danger. Presently General Baird was announced; and after confirming Major Allan's promise of protection, he inquired "where the Sultan was?" The princes declared themselves ignorant of everything respecting their father, from the time he quitted the pandal* for the ramparts; but, supposing that Tippoo might be still concealed within the palace, the general commenced a careful search, a guard having been previously placed around the zenana,† to protect the women and prevent the Sultan's escape, should he have retired thither for security.

But the search was soon discontinued. The commandant reluctantly informed General Baird and Colonel Wellesley that it was reported his master had been wounded in the

* The Oriental term for an open shed.

† The women's quarter.

northern gateway of the fort, and that he was still lying there, and volunteered to conduct them to the spot.

On arriving at the place, the entrance was found choked with the dead and dying; and from the number of corpses heaped irregularly around, it was necessary to remove numbers of the slain soldiers—a disgusting and tedious operation. The light had failed, the archway was low and gloomy, and torches were obtained. Presently, the Sultan's horse was recognised, his palanquin was afterwards discovered, a further search proved successful, and the body itself was found. The heat had not yet left the corpse; and though despoiled of sword and belt, sash and turban, the well-known talisman that encircled his right arm was easily recognised. This amulet, formed of some metallic substance of silvery hue, was surrounded by magic scrolls in Arabic and Persian characters, and sewed carefully in several pieces of richly flowered silk. The eyes were unclosed, the countenance wearing an appearance of stern composure, that induced the lookers-on for a time to fancy that the proud spirit of the haughty Sultan was still lingering in its tenement of clay. The pulse was examined—its throbs were ended, and life was totally extinct.

During the evening, the young princes were removed for security from the city to the British camp, and precautionary measures were taken by General Baird to restrain violence and plundering, and restore tranquillity. The 33d and 74th regiments were quartered within the palace, sentries placed around the zenana, and a guard mounted over the treasury: while General Baird stretched himself on a carpet, and slept as soundly as if no unusual event had been transacted. There lay the conqueror of Seringapatam, surrounded by his victorious soldiers, and dispensing protection to the helpless family of the fallen Sultan. There he lay, on whose breath hung life and death. Yet but a few years back, and within three hundred yards of the spot he rested on, that man had occupied a dungeon, dragging on a cheerless captivity, and waiting until the poisoned cup should be presented by "the bondsman of a slave," or the order delivered for his midnight murder.

As might have been expected after the storming of a defended place, the troops indulged in licentiousness and revelry—and during the night there were frequent alarms, many of them, of course, groundless. At one time, it was reported that the city was on fire; at another, that the soldiers were murdering the inhabitants. Presently the general was awakened, and informed by an officer that the treasury of the late Sultan was at that moment being plundered. The intelligence was true. The door generally used had been duly provided with a guard; but the discovery of a private entrance enabled the plunderers to gain access to the treasure. When Colonel Wallace reached the spot, he found the place crowded with soldiers, who were carrying off quantities of jewels and gold coin. Of course, prompt measures were used to recover the stolen valuables, and secure the place from any future attempt, but no estimate could be formed of the property that had been abstracted, and, from circumstances which afterwards transpired, the loss of treasure, on this occasion, must have been enormous.

Immediately on ascertaining the capture of the city, General Harris despatched a brief letter to Lord Mornington. Great difficulty occurred in effecting its safe transmission, as the country between Seringapatam and Fort George was overrun by the adherents of the dead Sultan, and hordes of those irregular banditti who infest in India the roads contiguous to scenes of war, and consequently to scenes of plunder. The letter, however, was conveyed safely to its destination. It was hidden in a sealed quill—intrusted to a native courier—and on the 11th it reached the Governor-General.

"CAMP, SERINGAPATAM, *May* 4, 1799.

"MY LORD,—I have the pleasure to inform you, that this day, at one o'clock, a division of the army under my command assaulted Seringapatam; and that at half-past two o'clock the place was completely in our possession. Tippoo Sultan fell in the assault. Two of his sons, the Sultan Padsha and Mayen ud Deen, are prisoners, with many of the principal

sirdars. Our success has been complete; I will forward to your Lordship details hereafter.—I have the honour to be, &c. &c., G. HARRIS."

On the morning of the 5th, Colonel Wellesley relieved General Baird, and took command of the fortress. Cowle-flags, or flags of protection, were hoisted, and notice given that severe examples would be made of any persons detected in plundering houses or molesting the inhabitants. Four men were executed for marauding, and this well-timed severity, and the extreme activity of Colonel Wellesley, speedily restored confidence and good order. Those who had fled from the city during the night of the storm took courage and returned. The bazaars were promptly opened for the sale of merchandise and provisions, and three days after the fall of Seringapatam, the main street was so crowded as to become almost impassable, and the town exhibited rather the appearance of an eastern fair than a place so recently carried by assault.

The campaign may be reduced to three events—the battles of Seedaseer and Mallavelly, and the defence of Seringapatam. In the first affair, all was in the Sultan's favour; numerical superiority, favourable ground, the detached positions in which the different brigades of the Bombay army were placed—and hence their partial surprise. All these advantages should have enabled Tippoo to have effected, at least, the destruction of Colonel Montressor's division. Yet here he was disgracefully defeated. His stand at Mallavelly was most injudicious, for a fair field held out to him no prospect of success. Of the conduct of the siege we have spoken already. Had Tippoo fallen back to Chittledroog, or some other of his hill forts, the monsoon might have set in, and the rainy season interrupted opérations, and saved him for the time, and had Meer Ghoffar been intrusted with the command at Seringapatam, there is little doubt that the capital would have been more vigorously defended.

An occurrence at the opening of the siege has been made

a subject of frequent discussion, and to an unimportant event a most absurd consequence has been attached. We allude to Colonel Wellesley's night attack upon the Sultaun-pet. Baird, it will be recollected, on the preceding evening had scoured the wood in all directions, and this there was nothing to prevent; for the whole chain of posts had been previously withdrawn by the enemy. Yet, although undisturbed, the general lost his way, and an accidental discovery of the fact alone prevented him from marching directly into the Sultan's lines, a mistake which might have involved most serious consequences.

On the night of the 5th, matters stood very differently. The whole chain of posts was strongly occupied, and the wood and aqueduct, ruined village, enclosures, and broken ground, crowded with musketeers and rocket-men. To penetrate a thick plantation, and cross a surface intersected with deep canals, in a night intensely dark, and exposed to a converged fire, was not to be effected. The 33d, consequently, retired with trifling loss; and next morning, with a similar force and broad daylight to direct it, Wellesley achieved with comparative ease a task, which, had it been attempted a second time by night, would have proved most probably a more disastrous failure. In a diary of the late General Harris, he thus notices Baird's expedition:—"He missed his road coming back, although one would have thought it impossible: *no wonder night attacks so often fail.*" If General Baird, then, without the discharge of a carbine to distract him, and provided with an astronomer and pocket compass, contrived to go astray, what could be expected from Colonel Wellesley, who had neither the one nor the other to direct him? Had he both, however, it may be doubted whether the result would have been different. Men moving quietly in the dark may consult the stars, and "read their high decree;" but nothing disturbs planetary observation more than a shower of musketry accompanied by a flight of rockets.

The failure of the attack on the Sultaun-pet lay in the design, and not the execution. A night assault was for every

reason injudicious. Darkness equalises men; and in a *mêlée* discipline has little advantage — for there all depends on physical strength and personal determination. Success, therefore, hangs on a hundred accidents; and, with his knowledge of the ground, the native, with his pike and matchlock, was just as formidable as the best-trained European soldier.

The failure on the Sultaun-pet, however, had one useful result; for it decided—if any doubt existed—the time at which the assault upon the city should be made. Had Seringapatam been assailed at night, it would, in all human probability, have turned out a sanguinary failure, — for Bhurtpore proved afterwards how desperately an Indian fortress may be defended.

Let it not be supposed that we undervalue the conquest of the capital of Mysore. Politically viewed, its consequences were of paramount importance. No better testimony can be adduced than that of Lord Mornington, who, in a communication to the Indian Government, thus expressed his opinion:— "The fall of Seringapatam, under all the circumstances which accompanied that event, has placed the whole of the kingdom of Mysore, with all its resources, at the disposal of your government; and the only power in India to which the French could look for assistance, or which could be deemed formidable to your interests, is now deprived of all vigour, if not entirely extinct." It was also a glorious triumph of British gallantry, and Baird ably conducted an attack, in which he was most bravely supported. But let it be recollected, that there were twenty-two thousand trained soldiers, "either within the fort or the dependent entrenchments," and that the assailants only reckoned four thousand five hundred bayonets. Had, therefore, the Sultan been advised by Meer Ghoffar and his French engineers, and showed himself less a fatalist and more a soldier, removed his scaffolding, and retrenched the breach, the assault on the 4th could never have succeeded, and the reduction of Seringapatam would have cost more blood than Badajos, Ciudad Rodrigo, or San Sebastian.

CHAPTER III.

GOVERNOR OF SERINGAPATAM—PURSUIT OF DHOONDIAH WAUGH—WAR WITH THE MAHRATTAS—BATTLES OF ASSYE AND ARGAUM.

IT was particularly desirable, that the successful issue of the siege of the capital of Mysore, should be followed up by the pacification of the country. By temperate measures this object was most likely to be achieved; and when Colonel Wellesley was appointed to the command of Seringapatam, he used every means to conciliate the adherents of the late Sultan, and restore the general confidence of the whole native population. The surrender of Tippoo's eldest son, Futteh Hyder, of Purneah, his dewan or minister, and Meer Cummin ud Deen, assisted much in bringing round a general submission of the other sirdars. Circular letters were addressed to the commanders of the Sultan's hill forts, requiring their surrender; which demand was in every instance obeyed. The army was promptly disbanded,—the numerous cavalry retiring to their respective homes, and the French mercenaries of Lally and Chapuy being sent into the Carnatic, prisoners of war.

A regular garrison was established in Seringapatam, and a commission was issued by the Governor-General, to partition the conquered territories among the allies, according to preliminary treaties. The commissioners nominated by Lord Mornington were Lieutenant-General Harris, Lieutenant-

Colonel Barry Close, the Hon. Colonel Wellesley, the Hon. Henry Wellesley, and Lieutenant-Colonel Kirkpatrick, with Captains Malcolm and Munro as secretaries.

The commission assigned large districts to the Nizam, who had fulfilled his engagements, and also to the Peishwa, who had not, bordering on their own territories, and annexed the fine province of Canara, on the sea-coast, to the East India Company's domains. But what was to be done with the nucleus of Tippoo's country? It could not with safety be handed over to Tippoo's grandson, who had been brought up to hate the English. Lord Mornington decided to take the lineal descendant of the old Hindoo Rajah of Mysore, whom Tippoo's father had deposed, from his imprisonment, and to set him upon the throne of his ancestors. The new rajah was but five years old, but was immediately enthroned in the old city of Mysore in the presence of General Harris and Colonel Wellesley.

With the inauguration of the young rajah, the labours of the commission terminated, and it was immediately dissolved. To Colonel Wellesley the command of the troops in Mysore was confided, and his appointment was officially announced on the 11th of September 1799.

At Seringapatam headquarters were established. Though the light and airy palace of the Dowlat Bagh was used by Colonel Wellesley for an occasional residence, everything was done to gratify the feelings and conciliate the prejudices of the vanquished. The mosque, where the remains of Hyder Ali and Tippoo Sultan were deposited, was rigidly respected,—kinkaubs from the tomb of Mecca ornamented the mausoleum, fresh flowers were daily strewn upon the floor, and an English guard protected the devotees who visited the last resting-place of the Sultans of Mysore, a place sanctified in their sight by all those holy associations which the true followers of the Prophet are taught to venerate.

Within the Dowlat Palace one hall was painted with different scenes, imagined from the defeat of Colonel Baillie. Although these subjects could be anything but gratifying to

the feelings of Colonel Wellesley, painfully recalling as they did the slaughter of the bravest band that ever perished beneath the overwhelming masses of a tyrant—still, they were not only respected by the British governor, but one, which had been accidentally damaged, was restored at his private expense.

No wonder, then, that Colonel Wellesley's fortunate appointment to the command of the Mysore troops, and the conciliatory measures he adopted, brought about the happiest results; while "his active superintendence, discernment, impartiality, and decision, in the arduous and important duties of the civil, as well as the military, administration of the command, were such as to have fully warranted his brother's judicious selection, and deserved and obtained the gratitude of the conquered people." *

The country above the Ghauts was tranquil, all apprehension from French efforts to disturb it had subsided, and Colonel Wellesley had ample leisure to turn his attention chiefly to the civil administration of the extensive province over which he had been placed. But the insecurity of Eastern quiet has ever been proverbial, and it was to be instanced again by a sudden appearance of danger, and that from a quarter whence none could have been reasonably anticipated.

On the capture of Seringapatam, several prisoners were found in the dungeons of Tippoo Sultan—a brother of his own among the number—and they were at once liberated, without any inquiry being made into the causes of their incarceration. One of the captives thus delivered from a hopeless bondage was a Mahratta trooper, called Dhoondiah Waugh. He was a nameless man—one who had entered the service of Hyder, deserted at his death, became a freebooter, committed sundry depredations in Mysore, was fool enough to listen to the false promises of Tippoo, returned, was employed, suspected, imprisoned, and then left to perish in irons and a dungeon, by the greater ruffian of the twain. At the capture of the fortress, his fetters were stricken off; and Dhoondiah

* Wellington Despatches.

lost no time in leaving the capital of Mysore many a mile behind him.

In a disbanded army there were many spirits like himself, and Dhoondiah Waugh found no difficulty in recruiting a numerous band. He had already gained a robber-reputation, —generally a first step, in Eastern history, to the foundation of a throne. Dhoondiah was a bold and dangerous adventurer —cruel, sordid, crafty; with great personal courage, and some little military skill. In a very short time, the number of his banditti had increased to an extent that rendered this daring marauder more to be dreaded than despised.

The opening design of Dhoondiah Waugh exhibits in a striking light the daring of the brigand's character. A letter from Colonel Wellesley to Lieutenant-Colonel Close thus details the circumstance. The despatch is dated 3d February 1800.

"A fellow came here this day, and informed me that he had come from the Mahratta country, as far as Toomkoor, with a gang employed by Dhoondiah, to carry me off when I should go out hunting. He says that Dhoondiah proposes to collect a large force in this neighbourhood, and to join them himself. In order to prove to him how little I fear his gang, I go out hunting to-morrow."

On the following morning the informer presented himself again, "and repeated his story, with assurances of its truth." The colonel, however, persevered. He went out to hunt, as usual; and his aide-de-camp, Captain West, believed that he saw "some twenty people on horseback." The report of Dhoondiah's intentions was also current at Mysore, and there is little doubt that a daring freebooter like him had hardihood enough to attempt what might have been very easily effected.

In the May of 1800, Colonel Wellesley received a letter from the Governor-General, offering to unite him with Admiral Rainier, in the command of an expedition destined to act against Batavia, the capital of the Dutch colony in Java. The reasons which induced Lord Mornington to offer, and Colonel Wellesley to decline, this command, were honourable to both. The Governor-General thus expresses himself:—

"The King has given me the power of selecting the persons who are to conduct this expedition; and I have thought it, on every ground, most expedient to place the principal conduct of the equipment and negotiation in the hands of Admiral Rainier. It will be necessary to join a military officer in the commission with him; and a conscientious sense of duty induces me to think that you are the most fit person to be selected for that service, provided you can safely be spared from Mysore for the period of the expedition, which I imagine may be four or five months, but probably cannot be longer.

"In proposing this service to you, justice requires that I should state to you its contingent advantages. I have every reason to believe that the warehouses at Batavia contain public property to a very large amount. This will necessarily fall to the crown; and in the instructions for the expedition to Surinam, the whole property of the same description was reserved expressly for his Majesty's pleasure, no part of it being granted to the captors by the tenor of those instructions. The instructions, however, are so expressed, as to admit little doubt that the King's intention was ultimately to grant a proportion, at least, to the captors of the public property at Surinam. My instructions, with relation to this point, will be precisely the same as those given in England with respect to Surinam; and I therefore conclude that the expedition will be very advantageous to the naval and military commanders."

Lord Mornington further continues:—

"Having thus stated the whole of this case to you without reserve, I desire you to make your option, upon your own view of the question; with this single reservation, that I am persuaded you will be aware of the necessity of postponing any decision upon it, until you have ascertained that Lord Clive can substitute in your present command, during your absence, a person completely satisfactory to him in every respect. For this purpose I request you to write privately to Lord Clive, and to act according to his wishes." *

Colonel Wellesley, accordingly, communicated to Lord Clive,

* Wellington Despatches.

who was then Governor of Madras, the offer of the Batavian command which had been made him by his brother. His lordship, who had generally disapproved of the projected expedition, conveyed to the Governor-General an ardent entreaty that the colonel should decline the contemplated appointment, and continue in his command at Mysore. The Governor-General thus communicated the request to his brother:—

"FORT WILLIAM, *June* 6, 1800.

"MY DEAR ARTHUR,—Lord Clive has pressed for your continuance in Mysore with an earnestness so honourable to you, that I think you cannot accept the command of the forces destined for Batavia; indeed, I suspect that you could not quit Mysore at present. Your conduct there has secured your character and advancement for the remainder of your life; and you may trust me for making the best use of your merits in your future promotion."

That the Batavian expedition was a service much to be desired by Colonel Wellesley, may be readily imagined. The plan had emanated from the King himself, and the capture of a very valuable colony would necessarily render a command as profitable as it was honourable. But in the aspect of political affairs there was much to cause alarm; for the increasing strength of Dhoondiah Waugh, and the growing disaffection of the polygars,* became every day more notorious. These circumstances at once decided Colonel Wellesley in his choice. The contest lay between interest and duty, and, with a high-minded soldier, the election was easily made. This determination had been already communicated to the Governor-General in a letter, of which the following is an extract:—

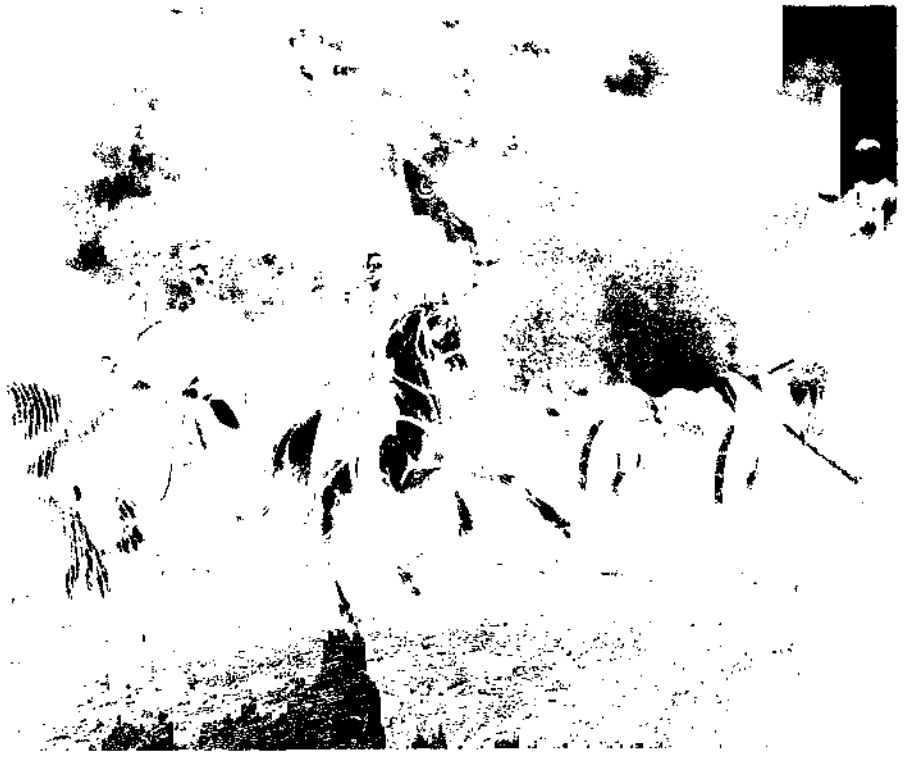
"Dhoondiah is certainly a despicable enemy; but, from circumstances, he is one against whom we have been obliged to make a formidable preparation. It is absolutely necessary to the peace of this country, of Canara, and of Malabar, that that man should be given up to us; and I doubt not that before

* Semi-independent chiefs occupying hill forts.

now you will have made a demand for him upon the Government of Poona. If we do not get him, we must expect a general insurrection of all the discontented and disaffected of these countries. I have information that letters have been received by most of them, either from him, or from others writing in his name, calling upon them to take the opportunity to rebel against the Company's government, or that of their allies; and his invasion of our territory is looked to as a circumstance favourable to their views. The destruction of this man, therefore, is absolutely necessary for our tranquillity; and nothing will be more easy, if the Mahrattas are really disposed to enter into the plan. If they are not, it will be a matter of difficulty; and it may become a question, whether the whole power of the Company ought not to be turned to this object. I was aware that this was the case before the troops were collected; and although I was certain that it was the only mode of saving this country from being plundered, I did not like to put it into execution without Lord Clive's orders. It was clear that when an army should be collected to oppose a man who had an asylum in the Mahratta country, and who may therefore be reckoned a part of the Mahratta state, the government would be committed with that of the Mahrattas, and our honour would require that we should go through with the business, until that man should be given up to us, or that we should have some adequate security for his good behaviour.

"If, then, the Government of Poona is inclined to give this man up to us, or to co-operate with us in his destruction, it may be possible for me to go to Batavia; if they should not, matters here will take a very serious turn, and no prospect of advantage, or of credit to be gained, shall induce me to quit this country."

The audacity of the restless brigand became daily more intolerable, and Colonel Wellesley decided on marching against Dhoondiah with all the disposable force he could collect in Mysore. It was full time, indeed, to arrest this freebooter's career. He had already defeated his first anta-



gonist Gocklah, who had been sent against him by the Peishwa; and an immediate movement was required to save the remains of his beaten corps. On the 19th of July, having been joined by Gocklah's cavalry, Colonel Wellesley lost no time in adopting active measures to crush the marauder.

Although unable to overtake "the King of the Two Worlds,"* the activity of his pursuit distressed the marauder sadly, and occasioned him a heavy loss. The roads were covered with his baggage, and thickly strewed with the bodies of people of all ages and sexes, and numbers of dead bullocks and camels. But Dhoondiah's career was hurrying rapidly to a close; and the following letter to Major Munro details the particular circumstances attending on the defeat and death of a personage for whom the sovereignty of one world was not sufficient:

"CAMP AT YEPULPURRY, *September* 11, 1800.

"I have the pleasure to inform you that I gained a complete victory yesterday, in an action with Dhoondiah's army, in which he was killed. His body was recognised, and was brought into camp on a gun attached to the 19th dragoons. After I had crossed the Malpoorba, it appeared to me very clear, that if I pressed upon the King of the Two Worlds, with my whole force, on the northern side of the Dooab, his Majesty would either cross the Toombuddra with the aid of the Patan chiefs, and would then enter Mysore; or he would return into Savanore, and play the devil with my peaceable communications. I therefore determined, at all events, to prevent his Majesty from putting those designs into execution; and I marched with my army to Kauagherry. I sent Stevenson towards Deodroog, and along the Kistna, to prevent him from sending his guns and baggage to his ally, the Rajah of Shorapore; and I pushed forward the whole of the Mahratta and Mogul cavalry in one body, between Stevenson's corps and mine.

"I marched from Kauagherry on the 8th, left my infantry

* Dhoondiah assumed this modest designation.

at Nowly, and proceeded on with the cavalry only; and I arrived here on the 9th, the infantry at Chinnoor about fifteen miles in my rear.

"The King of the World broke up on the 9th, from Malgherry, about twenty-five miles on this side of Raichore, and proceeded towards the Kistna; but he saw Colonel Stevenson's camp, returned immediately, and encamped on that evening about nine miles from hence, between this place and Burmoo. I had early intelligence of his situation; but the night was so bad, and my horses so much fatigued, that I could not move. After a most anxious night, I marched in the morning and met the King of the World with his army, about five thousand horse, at a village called Conahgull, about six miles from hence. He had not known of my being so near him in the night,—had thought that I was at Chinnoor, and was marching to the westward with the intention of passing between the Mahratta and Mogul cavalry and me. He drew up, however, in a very strong position, as soon as he perceived me; and the victorious army stood for some time with apparent firmness. I charged them with the 19th and 25th dragoons, and the 1st and 2d regiments of native cavalry; and drove them before me till they dispersed, and were scattered over the face of the country. I then returned and attacked the royal camp, and got possession of elephants, camels, baggage, &c. &c., which were still upon the ground. The Mogul and Mahratta cavalry came up about eleven o'clock; and they have been employed ever since in the pursuit and destruction of the scattered fragments of the victorious army.

"Thus has ended this warfare; and I shall commence my march in a day or two towards my own country. An honest killedar* of Chinnoor had written to the King of the World by a regular tappal (post), established for the purpose of giving him intelligence, that I was to be at Nowly on the 8th, and at Chinnoor on the 9th. His Majesty was misled by this information, and was nearer me than he expected. The honest

* Commandant of a fort.

killedar did all he could to detain me at Chinnoor, but I was not to be prevailed upon to stop; and even went so far as to threaten to hang a great man sent to show me the road, who manifested an inclination to show me a good road to a different place. My own and the Mahratta cavalry afterwards prevented any communication between his Majesty and the killedar.—Believe me, &c.,

"ARTHUR WELLESLEY."

It was fortunate for the King of the World that he exited from the stage of life so honourably. Had he been secured alive, the probability is great, from the letter of Colonel Wellesley's instructions, that Dhoondiah's royalty would not have saved him from a rope.*

A circumstance most creditable to the humanity of the victor deserves to be recorded. When the baggage of the freebooter was overtaken, a beautiful boy of four years old was found, and brought to Colonel Wellesley's tent. His name was Sulabuth Khan, and he proved to be the favourite son of Dhoondiah. Not only did Colonel Wellesley afford his present protection to the orphan, but, on leaving the East for Europe, he deposited a large sum of money with Colonel Symmonds, to defray the expenses of his future maintenance and education. Sulabuth grew up a handsome and intelligent youth—was placed in the service of the Rajah of Mysore, and there he continued till his death.

Colonel Wellesley having been nominated to the command of the troops destined for Batavia, then assembled at Trincomalee, announced his appointment to General Braithwaite on the 19th December, and immediately proceeded thither. Difficulties had arisen from the first moment the expedition had been planned; and on many points, the Governor-General and Admiral Rainier seem to have misunderstood each other. There appeared a want of unity between the services; and that scheme of attempting the Dutch settle-

* "You are to pursue Dhoondiah Waugh wherever you may find him, and hang him on the first tree."—*Secretary Webbe to Col. Wellesley, May* 24, 1800.

ments was never ultimately carried out. After having been a month at Trincomalee, Colonel Wellesley wrote to Lord Mornington, that "he had received no tidings of the admiral," and inferred that the attack upon Batavia would be postponed.

Finally, founding his judgment on the contents of despatches received from the Government, and "information that reached him through private channels," he decided on removing the troops to Bombay. This step was taken entirely on his own responsibility; and it is not surprising that he felt some apprehension, lest this decisive measure might subject him to an imputation of independence of action, not exactly compatible with proper deference to the superior authority of the Governor-General.

Indeed, from the time he quitted the Mysore country, the colonel seems to have foreseen the mischief his absence was likely to occasion; and it was but natural that he should contrast the bright and fortunate period of a successful command, with an appointment embarrassed by difficulties and delays, doubtful as to whether it should be attempted, and by no means certain of its ending in success. In a letter to his brother, the Hon. Henry Wellesley, after observing, "I shall consider these expeditions as the most unfortunate circumstances for me, in every point of view, that could have occurred," he thus continues:—

"I was at the top of the tree in this country; the governments of Fort St. George and Bombay, which I had served, placed unlimited confidence in me, and I had received from both strong and repeated marks of their approbation. Before I quitted the Mysore country, I arranged the plan for taking possession of the Ceded Districts, which was done without striking a blow; and another plan for conquering Wynaad and reconquering Malabar, which I am informed has succeeded without loss on our side. But this supercession has ruined all my prospects, founded upon any service that I may have rendered."

"I put private considerations out of the question, as they

ought not to have had, and have not had, any weight in causing either my original appointment or my supercession. I am not quite satisfied with the manner in which I have been treated by Government upon the occasion. However, I have lost neither my health, spirits, nor temper in consequence thereof.

"But it is useless to write any more upon a subject of which I wish to retain no remembrance whatever."

Colonel Wellesley's explanation, however, proved satisfactorily that he had exercised a sound discretion in quitting Trincomalee—and as the Governor-General had abandoned the intended expedition against Batavia, and turned his entire attention to effect a powerful diversion on the coasts of the Red Sea, he pressed the colonel to accept a command under General Baird, to whom, in right of seniority, the expedition had been very properly confided. The following extract is from a letter dated March 3d, addressed by the Marquis Wellesley to his brother :—

"General Baird will bring you several letters from me, which will serve to explain my motives for wishing you to retain the second command of this expedition. I am persuaded that a full consideration of the question will induce you to agree with me in opinion, that the extent of the force to be employed rendered it necessary to appoint a general officer to the chief command ; while the sudden call to active service precluded the possibility of removing you from the second command without injuring your character, or of leaving you officially the power of option, without reproach upon the impartiality and justice of my administration. You will, however, exercise your judgment upon the propriety of desiring leave to return to Mysore ; and if you should retain your anxiety on that subject, I shall not attempt to obstruct your wishes, nor shall I feel any sentiment of unkindness upon the transaction ; but my decided opinion is, that you will best satisfy the call of your public duty, and maintain the reputation of your public spirit, by serving cheerfully and zealously in your present situation."

The request of the Governor-General was cheerfully acceded to; Colonel Wellesley at once consented to take a command under General Baird; and letters which passed subsequently between these officers, show with what sincerity the colonel had determined to forget every feeling of previous disappointment, and unite cordially with his rival in carrying out the objects of the intended expedition. But it was fated that he should not accompany Baird to Egypt.

"On the 3d of April, just as every arrangement was complete, he was seized with a return of intermitting fever, which had previously attacked him at Trincomalee. His anxiety to embark was with difficulty refrained, by the injunctions of Mr. Scott, the surgeon. He had resolved to go, and to that determination he adhered until the last moment, thinking, as he said, that the voyage would be of service to him, and that he should be completely recovered long before the expedition reached Mocha.

"But these expectations were, unfortunately, not realised in the sequel; and, on the 5th of April, the day which General Baird had fixed for the embarkation, Colonel Wellesley was pronounced incapable of proceeding." *

Colonel Wellesley's recovery was tedious. The fever, as it frequently does in the East, occasioned a painful eruption; and, consequently, all idea of his being able to follow the army, which had proceeded on its destination, was abandoned. Lord Mornington, finding his brother's services rendered unavailable by bad health, restored him to his government in Mysore, where he applied himself assiduously to the duties of his government. The rigid justice with which he caused native rights to be respected, had obtained the confidence of the people during his former administration at Mysore; and, from the spirit of his own despatches, it would appear that this firm impartiality had in no way been relaxed on his return. In his government, no distinction of caste or colour warped him in his decisions, or aggravated or extenuated an

* Hook's Life of Baird.

offence; and the humblest Hindoo, if aggrieved, had but to complain to have his injuries redressed.

It is said that Colonel Wellesley painfully regretted the untoward event which prevented him from accompanying the Egyptian expedition. When he did, the page of destiny was closed; and he little dreamed of that brilliant career which lay immediately before him. The tranquillity of the East was overclouded again: a formidable hostility to British interests had been gaining strength among the Mahrattas; and India was once more hurrying to the customary termination of Oriental diplomacy—an appeal to the sword.

The immense empire of the Mahrattas was partitioned into five separate states; all, however, united in one confederacy, and under the nominal control of the descendant of the Rajah of Sattara. But their interests were commonly at variance; each looked on the other with suspicion and alarm; and hence a collective force of 300,000 men was in a great measure paralysed by mutual jealousies and disunion.

The empire had been founded originally by Sivajee, Rajah of Sattara; but, like other Indian dynasties, the feebler rule of his descendants permitted that acquired power to be usurped. The minister became Peishwa, or Chief Magistrate —the appointment was made hereditary—and while the grandson of the founder was confined in the durance of a palace, the son of Balajee held a court at Poona, and actually controlled every department of the government.

The example of the Peishwa was not lost upon subsequent captains: they, too, in time asserted their independence—still however, in name at least, acknowledging the sovereignty of Sattara.

Of the whole, Scindia and Holkar were the most powerful and ambitious; and, from a conflict of interests, probably most opposed to each other's views. Scindia's successes in Delhi and the Dooab had roused the ambition of his rival. The extent of his military establishment had rendered Scindia formidable indeed; and his army was no less remarkable for its numbers than the superiority with which it had been organised.

It had been originally raised and disciplined by Mons. de Boigne, a native of Savoy, who entered Scindia's service in 1784, and formed eighteen battalions of regular infantry, which he officered with European adventurers, chiefly French. These brigades, with a body of cavalry, and a train of well-appointed artillery, were drilled on the European system. M. de Boigne afterwards augmented the regular infantry to 38,000, the cavalry to 8000, and the artillery to 120 pieces of iron and upwards of 150 pieces of brass ordnance. On quitting India, he was succeeded in his military command, authority, and titles, by M. Perron, a native and subject of France. To this officer Dowlut Rao Scindia confided the government of his northern provinces; whilst he devoted his attention to the politics of the Deccan, and to the maintenance of that ascendancy over the Peishwa and court of Poona, which his predecessor had so effectually established. In the exercise of this ascendancy, it was manifestly the main principle of his policy, under the influence of M. Perron's advice, to obstruct the interests and views of the British Government by every secret means, and encourage the introduction of French officers, both into his own army and that of the Peishwa.

The influence of Scindia at the court of Poona was naturally regarded by Holkar with feelings of animosity, the more deadly from their being of necessity concealed. To check the increasing power of the rival rajah, it was necessary that Holkar should place his army on a footing similar to that of the Peishwa. Consequently, Europeans were employed to drill and command his troops; and as multitudes of military adventurers had made their way to Hindostan, they were eagerly encouraged and retained. Hence, in the three armies belonging to the Peishwa, Scindia, and Holkar, more than three-fourths of the officers were natives of France, or mercenaries, who had left the service of the republic, to seek for fortune in the East.

Although the court of Poona had acquiesced in the war against Tippoo Sultan, it seemed indifferent regarding its success, and the secret influence of Scindia was busily

employed to impede, if possible, a final settlement of Mysore. To induce the Peishwa to ally himself to the British Government, a portion of Mysore, on its dismemberment, had been offered for his acceptance, and at the same time similar overtures were made to Scindia—but by both the offers were rejected. In consequence, the acquired territory was partitioned between the English and the Nizam, with the exception of that portion conferred upon the descendants of the Hindoo rajahs.

The refusal of the Peishwa to accept the addition thus offered to his territories, evinced the unfriendliness of his disposition; and as his position, on the most vulnerable point of the British dominions, must be dreaded, the Marquis Wellesley, as Lord Mornington had been created after the overthrow of Tippoo, endeavoured by fresh alliances to render Scindia's animosity innocuous. The Guicowar, chief of Guzerat, was subsidised—but the overtures made by the British Resident at Poona to the Peishwa were declined.

At this juncture of affairs, Scindia and Holkar were at variance, and the latter having crossed the Nerbudda, advanced within a few marches of Poona, when Scindia's troops, under Suddasheo Bhow, were despatched for its defence. A general engagement resulted, and the united armies of Scindia and the Peishwa sustained a complete defeat. The Peishwa, whose conduct was most pusillanimous, abandoned his capital on the morning of the discomfiture, after first soliciting British assistance through the mediation of the Resident at Poona.

His overtures were accepted—an agreement was arranged by the Resident, and ratified by the Governor-General, and the British Government determined that the Peishwa's authority should be restored. An offer also was made to Scindia to include him in the same treaty, and Colonel Collins was despatched, for that purpose, as a plenipotentiary.

But for a long time, Scindia had been only waiting for a favourable opportunity to display his hostility to the British Government. He had been notoriously in secret correspond-

ence with Tippoo, and it was suspected that he had been largely subsidised by the late Sultan.

Holkar, on finding that the Peishwa had retired to the fortress of Mhar in the Concan, raised Amrut Rao to the throne of Poona, and named his father minister; himself retaining the command of the troops, and virtually directing the government.

These occurrences in the Mahratta country of course alarmed the Governor-General, and a corps of observation was ordered to assemble on the southern frontier of the Poona country, to secure the British possessions, as well as the territories of the Nizam and the Rajah of Mysore. In the meantime, the Government at Madras had also taken the alarm, and assembled a *corps d'armée* of 19,000 men on the north-west frontier of Mysore. The headquarters were at Hurryhur, and the command was given to General Stuart. Indeed, the note of preparation had sounded over the Indian peninsula. The Presidency of Bombay got all its disposable force ready for the field, and the subsidiary force at Hyderabad were ordered to prepare for service.

On the 29th of April 1802, Colonel Wellesley had been gazetted a major-general, and he was now appointed by Lord Wellesley to the command of a division, which was intended to form an advanced corps to the army of Madras, then on its march towards the banks of the Toombuddra.

The opening of the campaign devolved on General Wellesley. He had been directed to advance on Poona, in concert with the subsidiary force of the Deccan, commanded by Colonel Stevenson, to drive Holkar from the capital, and secure the return of the Peishwa. Accordingly he commenced his march from Hurryhur on the 9th of March, and crossed the Toombuddra river on the 12th. The progress of the British troops through the Mahratta territories was most successful. They were everywhere received as friends, and almost all the chiefs, in the vicinity of the route of the detachment, joined with their forces, and accompanied the British army to Poona. The amicable conduct of the chiefs and

of the inhabitants (arising principally from the fame which the British arms had acquired in the campaign under Major-General Wellesley's command against Dhoondiah Waugh) contributed to enable our army to perform this long march, at a most unfavourable season of the year, without loss or distress.

A circumstance occurred which occasioned much alarm for the safety of the city, and accelerated General Wellesley's movements. Leaving most of his infantry on the road, he made a forced march upon the capital, where he arrived on the 20th, in good time to prevent the mischief which had been apprehended. He thus details the movement, in a letter to Colonel Close:—

"POONA, *April* 20, 1803.

"After I wrote to you on the 18th, I heard that Amrut Rao still remained in the neighbourhood of Poona; that he had removed the Peishwa's family to Sevaghur; that many people were flying, and all believed that the town would be burnt. In consequence of this information, I marched last night with the cavalry and a battalion, and arrived here this day at about two, and the town is safe.

. . . . . .

I was detained about six hours in getting the cavalry guns through the Bhore-ghaut, in consequence of which, I imagine that Amrut Rao received intelligence of my march, in such time as to enable him to depart this morning before I arrived.

"The infantry will be here on the day after to-morrow, and on the next day I shall move towards the Ghauts.

"We have marched sixty miles since yesterday morning." *

On the 13th of May the Peishwa entered the capital, and it was hoped that Scindia would return quietly to his own country. This hope was vain. Scindia and the Rajah of Berar, who were together in the field, made a menacing movement towards the frontier of our ally the Nizam.

Information was just at this time received of a secret and

* Wellington Despatches.

active correspondence between Scindia and Holkar; and it was privately known that a league, hostile to the British, was on the very eve of being concluded.

Anticipating the issue of this confederacy, the Marquis Wellesley appointed General Lake to the command of the army of Hindostan, and invested him as well as General Wellesley with the fullest authority, military and political. No time was lost by the latter in exercising his discretionary powers. He demanded at once that Scindia should retire behind the Nerbudda, and separate his army from that of the Rajah of Berar, undertaking that the British and native troops should immediately retire from the field, and resume their ordinary cantonments.

With the usual duplicity of Eastern princes, the demand for explanation was received with specious excuses, and the customary delay that attends the proceedings of Oriental diplomacy. The object was easily seen through—time was wanted to mature their plans, and confederate others who were unfriendly to the British interests. General Wellesley at once penetrated their designs, and determined to render them unavailing. Having waited the result of the negotiation then in progress, at the camp near Walkee, on the first intelligence of Colonel Collins having quitted Scindia's camp, the General put the army into motion, and directed his march upon the ancient city of Ahmednuggur.

The march of General Wellesley to Ahmednuggur had been unopposed; and on the 8th of August the army reached the place. "We had not," says Colonel Welsh, "hitherto seen the face of an enemy; and now for the first time perceived the walls of both the Pettah and fort lined with men, whose arms glittered in the sun, whilst another body of troops was encamped outside between them. As we stood with the General, reconnoitring from a small elevated spot, within long gun-shot of both places, he directed the leaders where they were to fix their ladders; but unaware that there was no rampart, we were ordered to escalade the curtains, without breaching. The fort lay on our right hand, and the

Pettah in front, within gun-shot of each other. The first column was ordered to attempt a long curtain to the extreme left, having a high building immediately in its rear. The ladders were planted, and the assault made, but each man as he ascended fell, hurled from the top of the wall. This unequal struggle lasted about ten minutes, when they desisted, with the loss of about fifteen killed, and fifty wounded. Amongst the killed were Captains Duncan, Grant, Mackenzie, Humbustone, and Anderson; Lieutenant Larkins being mortally wounded. The third party to the right advanced nearly at the same moment, but a gun elephant taking fright at the firing from the fort, ran down the centre of our column, which occasioned no little confusion, and some delay; thus giving the enemy more time and means to oppose the first attack. Being furnished with two scaling-ladders only, we reached the curtain, and planted them at the very re-entering angle, formed by a small bastion, the enemy opening some heavy guns on us from the fort. Such a rush was made at first, that one ladder broke down, with our gallant leader and several men, and we were forced to work hard with the other. Captain Vesey was soon on the bastion, again surrounded by men determined to carry everything before them. Our two European companies had all scrambled up, and about one hundred and fifty, or two hundred of the 3d, when a cannon shot smashed our last ladder, and broke the thigh of my subadar. We were now a party of three hundred men, left solely to our own resources, and dashing down, we scoured all the streets near the wall, the enemy only once making a stand, and suffering accordingly. At length arriving near a gate, marked out for the centre attack, and a loud peal of cannon and musketry from without announcing the second party, under Colonel Wallace, we drove all the defenders before us, and some of our men opened the gate whilst they were battering at it from the outside." The enemy were driven from the town, most of them escaping to the country, and a few succeeding in entering the fort.

The casualties of the Anglo-Indian army amounted to about one hundred and forty men.

On the 10th, General Wellesley commenced firing on the fort, and the killedar proposed to treat for its surrender, requesting that while terms were under consideration, the battery should cease. The British General acceded to the former part of his request; but the cannonade never slackened, except for the short time necessary to permit the guns to cool. On the next morning, the killedar sent out his vakeels; terms were made; and on the 12th, the garrison marched out, and the fort was occupied by a detachment of the British army. The conquest was one of much importance. Ahmednuggur secured the communications with Poona, and from its central situation, became a most useful depôt. In another view, its possession was desirable, it being the capital of a fertile district, which produced a considerable revenue.

An official order, by the Governor-General, dated the 8th of September, from Fort William, conveyed to the commanding officer and troops engaged in the reduction of the fortress, a flattering testimonial both as regarded the value of the conquest, and the daring gallantry with which it was achieved.

When apprised that Ahmednuggur had fallen, Scindia and the Rajah of Berar put their immense armies into motion, while Wellesley advanced towards the Godavery and reached Toka on the 21st of August. Here the English General had decided upon crossing the river immediately below the junction of two of its most considerable streams. After a tedious and dangerous operation, which lasted from the 21st to the 28th, the passage was effected; a few men, with several horses and bullocks, having been swept down the stream and drowned.

A forward movement was most advisable, but great difficulties presented themselves in consequence of the country through which the line of march ran, affording no supplies from which a general might subsist an army. However, the General continued his operations. On the 26th, he was reinforced by the first battalion of the 10th regiment under Major Dallas,

who had escorted safely from Bellary two thousand bullocks loaded with supplies, with three lacs of pagodas * for the use of the army. The march had been made in nineteen days without a halt; and the opportune arrival of the convoy enabled the English General to continue his advance towards Aurungabad, which place he entered without opposition on the 29th.

Scindia, on finding that Aurungabad had fallen, made a movement as if to threaten Hyderabad, and for the double purpose of protecting that city, and securing large convoys on their route to join his army, General Wellesley, by marching on the eastern bank of the Godavery, effected these important objects. Colonel Stevenson was also actively employed. He carried the fort of Jaulna by assault, and by a night attack, dispersed a considerable body of the enemy. Hitherto the confederated chiefs had only hung upon the flanks of the English with an immense cavalry force, supported by an inconsiderable body of matchlock men, but now they were joined by sixteen battalions of regular infantry, and a train of artillery amounting to nearly one hundred guns, the whole *corps d'armée*, at a moderate computation, exceeding fifty thousand fighting men.

The enemy having encamped at Boherdun, at the distance of two marches, it was determined that a combined attack should be made upon their forces without delay, and General Wellesley held a conference with Colonel Stevenson for this purpose on the 21st of September.

It was arranged that the attack should be made on the 24th, the armies advancing in two divisions to avoid the delay that must otherwise occur, by moving, *en masse*, through a narrow and difficult defile. Accordingly, on the 22d, Colonel Stevenson marched by the western route, while General Wellesley took an easterly direction, following the more direct road which leads round the hills between Budnapore and Jaulna.

On the 23d, the Major-General arrived at Naulniah; and

* A lac of pagodas = £40,000.

the hircarrahs * announced that the confederated chiefs had retired with the whole of their cavalry that morning, leaving their infantry to follow, who were, however, still encamped at the distance of two leagues. This intelligence—which afterwards proved untrue—induced Wellesley to attack the enemy without delay.

Leaving his baggage with a rear-guard, reinforced by the 1st battalion of the 2d regiment, under Lieutenant-Colonel Chalmers, and having despatched messengers to hurry the movements of Colonel Stevenson, he resumed his operations —and at noon he found himself, after a severe march, most unexpectedly in front of the entire of the Mahratta armies.

The position of the allied chiefs extended from Boherdun to the village of Assye, having the Kaitna in their front, and from the steepness of its banks, that river was impassable to carriages, except at the fords of Peepulgaum and Warson. Nothing could be more picturesque than the appearance of the Mahratta camp—nothing more imposing than the multitudinous force drawn up in order of battle.

As the British cavalry came up, they formed line on the heights, and presented a strange but glorious contrast to the countless multitude of Mahratta horsemen, who were seen in endless array below. The English brigade, scarcely numbering sixteen hundred sabres, took its position with all the boldness of a body having an equal force opposed, although in number Scindia's cavalry were fully ten to one.

The columns having arrived, Wellesley changed his original intention of attacking the enemy's right, and determined to fall upon the left, which was composed entirely of infantry. The ground on which these battalions were drawn up, was a flat peninsula of inconsiderable size, formed by the union of the waters of the Kaitna with the Juah. The space was too confined to allow room for the Mahratta cavalry to operate to much advantage, while the defeat of the corps of infantry was most likely to be effectual. Accordingly, a lateral movement was made to the left,—the march of the column being

* Native spies or messengers.

covered on the right flank by the Mysore horse, and in the rear protected by the British cavalry under Colonel Maxwell.

Having crossed the ford of Peepulgaum, which the enemy had neglected to defend, the British infantry were formed in two lines, supported by the cavalry, which were placed in line in reserve in the rear, on an open space between the Kaitna and a nullah which ran in a parallel direction with its stream. While deploying, the Mahratta guns kept up a furious cannonade, but undisturbed by a fire that was ably directed and well sustained, the British dispositions for attack were coolly and promptly completed.

The order of battle being thus skilfully changed, the infantry of Scindia was compelled to present a new front. They did so with greater ease than was expected. The line they now formed reached with its right up to the Kaitna, and its left upon the village of Assye, on the Juah. The front now presented by the enemy was one vast battery, especially towards the left, so numerous and weighty were the guns, and so thickly were they disposed immediately near the village. The fire was rapid, furious, and terrible in execution; the British guns, few in number, opened as the line advanced, but were almost on the instant silenced. Their gunners dropped fast, and the cattle fell killed or lacerated beside them. With the fierceness of the struggle, and the fearfulness of the hazard, the undaunted spirit of the General rose. He at once abandoned the guns, and directed an advance with the bayonet: with the main body, he soon forced, and drove in the enemy's right, possessing himself of their guns by a resolute charge.

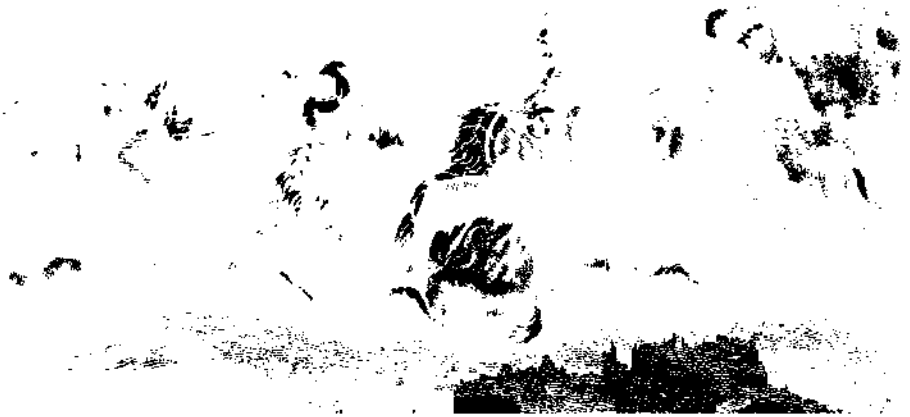
The pickets, with the 74th as a supporting regiment, were on the right of the two lines of infantry, and their attack was distinguished equally by the gallantry it exhibited, and the loss it produced. With unquestioned bravery, but bad judgment, the officer commanding, when he might have covered his men in a great degree by a circuitous movement, pushed forward directly against the village of Assye, thus of necessity crossing "a space swept like a glacis by the cannon of the

enemy." Overwhelmed by a murderous fire, the gallant band left half its number on the field. The men fell by dozens—and one company of those forming the pickets was almost annihilated. It went into action with an officer and fifty men; and in the evening four rank and file were all that survived that bloody day.

No wonder that the line under this tremendous fusillade from the village, supported by continuous showers of grape, was in many places fairly cut through, and that with difficulty it still maintained its ground. Perceiving its disorder, a cloud of Mahratta horsemen stole round the enclosures of Assye unperceived, and charged furiously into ranks already half destroyed. The moment was most critical. The enemy's sabres were crossing the bayonets of the 74th, and feeble and few, but fearless still, that gallant regiment was desperately resisting. Colonel Maxwell, who had watched the progress of the fight, saw that the moment for action had arrived. The word was given,—the British cavalry charged home. Down went the Mahrattas in hundreds beneath the fiery assault of the brave 19th, and their gallant supporters the sepoys; while, unchecked by a tremendous storm of grape and musketry, Maxwell pressed his advantage, and cut through Scindia's left. The 74th and the light infantry rallied, reformed, pushed boldly on, and the second line coming forward to their support, completed the disorder of the enemy, and prevented any effective attempt to renew a battle, the doubtful result of which was thus in a few minutes decided by the promptitude of that well-directed charge.

Some of Scindia's troops fought bravely. The desperate obstinacy with which his gunners stood to the cannon, was almost incredible. They remained to the last—and were bayoneted around the guns, which they refused, even in certain defeat, to abandon.

The British charge was resistless; but in the enthusiasm of success, at times, there is a lack of prudence. The sepoys rushed wildly on—their elated ardour was uncontrollable—while a mass of the Mahratta horse were arrayed on



the hill ready to rush upon ranks disordered by their own success.

But General Wellesley had foreseen and guarded against the evil consequences a too excited courage might produce. The 78th were kept in hand; and supported by a regiment of native horse, they were now led forward by the General in person. The guns on the left were carried, and the village stormed with the bayonet. In this short but sanguinary attack the 78th were highly distinguished. Their loss, from the severity of the enemy's fire, was severe, and General Wellesley had a horse killed under him.

A strong column of the enemy, that had been only partially engaged, now rallied and renewed the battle, joined by a number of Scindia's gunners and infantry, who had flung themselves as dead upon the ground, and thus escaped the sabres of the British cavalry. Maxwell's brigade, who had re-formed their ranks and breathed their horses, dashed into the still-disordered ranks of these half-rallied troops—a desperate slaughter ensued; the Mahrattas were totally routed; but the British cavalry lost their chivalrous leader, and in the moment of victory, Maxwell died in front of the battle, pressing on the pursuit of a mingled mob of all arms, who were flying in disorder from the field.

When the last of the enemy had disappeared, such of the cavalry as were fit for duty, were sent back to Nulliah by moonlight, to bring up the camp equipage and baggage. This partial detachment, with the immense proportion of the little army rendered in the action *hors de combat*, reduced Major-General Wellesley's force to a mere handful; and the field of Assye, from which fifty thousand combatants had been driven at sunset, was held during the succeeding night, by a force not exceeding fourteen hundred men!

This great victory of Assye was followed up by General Wellesley with his customary activity. Colonel Stevenson was detached to harass the ruins of Scindia's army, and afterwards reduce the fortresses of Burhampore and Asseerghur. The General himself was prevented moving from the

neighbourhood of his victory, as the greatest difficulty was experienced in obtaining means of transport for his wounded; and no consideration could induce him to "leave his brave fellows exposed in an open town." While, to use his own phrase, "tied by the heels," from being obliged to send all his doolies to the fort of Adjuntee with the wounded, every day brought intelligence which proved how decisive the victory at Assye had been.

Is it not astonishing, that after a success so very splendid as that of Assye, so many obstacles should interpose to prevent General Wellesley from reaping the advantages which, as certain results, might have been expected to attend this brilliant conquest? No co-operation could be obtained from the ally whose power that victory had consolidated. By the servants of the Nizam the most unfriendly feelings were evinced—the wounded were rejected from their fortresses—the country afforded no supplies—and every possible difficulty was thrown in the way of procuring any from a distance. But their disaffection was still more unequivocally exhibited—and in a letter to Major Kirkpatrick on the 28th of September, the General observes:—

"Since I wrote to you yesterday, complaining of the conduct of the Nizam's servants, another instance of their hostility has been communicated to me. The killedar or amildar of Budnapore fired upon a detachment of British troops under Captain Baynes, on his march to join me with a convoy.

"I attribute these repeated instances of hostility to a disaffection to the cause, and to our forbearance. But they certainly require the notice of the Nizam's government; and if they are continued, I shall be reduced to the necessity of treating the country as an enemy's, or of withdrawing from it altogether."

The position in which General Wellesley was placed, embarrassed him no little in deciding what future movements should be adopted. In a despatch dated the 8th of October, he describes in clear but brief terms the reasons which prevented him from marching northward, and obliged him to intrust

to Colonel Stevenson the reduction of the fort of Burhampore.

On the 8th, General Wellesley quitted the camp at Adjuntee, and marched in the direction of Aurungabad, and on the 10th, moved on to Binkenholey. On the 11th, headquarters were at Phoolmurry, sixteen miles north of Aurungabad. There the intelligence he received determined him to move down the Ghaut, for Colonel Stevenson's operations were attended with complete success, and the objects at which General Wellesley aimed, fully accomplished. "On the 16th of October, the Colonel took possession of Burhampore without opposition; marched to Asseerghur on the 17th; took possession of the Pettah on the 18th; opened a battery against the fort on the 20th; and obtained possession of it on the morning of the 21st." *

And yet it was a strange position in which General Wellesley found himself, one of great embarrassment, and involving a serious responsibility. Every step he took required the deepest consideration—his operations were defensive or aggressive, as circumstances varied; and while with one wing of his little army he reduced the strongholds of the enemy, he was obliged, with the other, to secure an extensive frontier, penetrable on every point, and with no resisting means beside his own, on which for a moment he dare place dependence. In writing officially to Major Shawe, he thus describes his singular position:—"Since the battle of Assye, I have been like a man who fights with one hand and defends himself with the other. With Colonel Stevenson's corps I have acted offensively, and have taken Asseerghur; and with my own, I have covered his operations, and defended the territories of the Nizam and the Peishwa. In doing this, I have made some terrible marches, but I have been remarkably fortunate; first, in stopping the enemy when they intended to press to the southward, through the Casserbury Ghaut; and afterwards, by a rapid march to the northward, in stopping Scindia, when he was moving to interrupt Colonel Stevenson's operations against Asseerghur; in which he would otherwise have undoubtedly succeeded."

* Wellington Despatches.

Convinced, however, from the best sources through which he gleaned his information, that a great desertion had taken place in Scindia's cavalry, and that this, added to the ruin of his infantry at Assye, would prevent any dangerous movement by that chief, watched closely as he was by Colonel Stevenson's division, General Wellesley found himself at last authorised in recommencing active operations; and accordingly he turned his attention to the Rajah of Berar, who had moved to the southward on a predatory expedition. On the 25th of October —for with Wellesley, to plan and to execute were simultaneous —he broke up his camp. "The *générale* was beaten at half-past four, the assembly at half-past five, and the march immediately commenced."*

The admirable judgment which Major-General Wellesley evinced in the vigorous but cautious system of warfare he adopted, produced the results he had anticipated. The immense numerical forces of the Mahratta chieftains became daily more difficult to keep together, when forced back upon their own frontiers, and obliged to seek those supplies at home which hitherto they had acquired by marauding on their neighbours. After some weeks' marching and counter-marching, Scindia, disgusted with a war in which no plunder was to be obtained, and of which the burden, as well as danger, fell entirely on his own dominions, made proposals for peace, and despatched a vakeel to General Wellesley. On his arrival, on the 8th of November, in the vicinity of the British camp, the envoy was received with suitable respect, but his mission, in consequence of his not being properly accredited by his master, was protracted from the 8th to the 22d of November; and then terminated in an armistice, from which the Rajah of Berar was excluded. Whatever objects the Mahratta chief might have had in view by obtaining a cessation of hostilities, it was decidedly politic in General Wellesley to effect it if he could; for thus he would sever the confederacy, and be placed in a position to crush his enemies in detail. He was well aware of the insincerity of his opponent, and never doubted but that

* Journal of Major-General Nicholls.

the armistice was designed by Scindia to serve an end, and that its conditions would be observed or violated just as his interest seemed to require. Therefore on forwarding to Colonel Stevenson the conditions attached to the armistice, the Major-General directed that Scindia, if moving to the eastward of Ellichpore, should pass unmolested; but should he march westward, the Colonel was authorised to attack him.

On the 25th of November, the Major-General descended the Rajoora Ghauts to cover the investment of Gawilghur and the intended operations against Berar. Scindia, who had never designed to carry into effect that condition in the armistice which obliged him to retire his army forty miles east of Ellichpore, was encamped at Sersooly, in direct communication with Manoo Bappoo, then commanding the forces of his brother, the Rajah of Berar. On the 28th, Colonel Stevenson judiciously halted at Huttee Andorah, to enable Wellesley to come up; and on the 29th, both corps united at the village of Parterley. These movements were ably planned; and in alluding to them in his despatch, the Major-General observes:—

"Nothing could have been more fortunate than my return to the northward. I just arrived in time. Colonel Stevenson was not delayed for me more than one day; and it is a curious circumstance, that after having been so long separated, and such a distance between us, we should have joined at a moment so critical."

But Scindia had already moved off; and from the tower of Parterley a countless mass of horsemen, supposed to be his rear-guard, half hidden by a cloud of dust, was seen retiring over a rising ground two miles beyond the village of Sersooly. From the distance they had gained, and the fatigue his troops had undergone, General Wellesley despaired of overtaking them, and determined to halt and encamp till evening; but the circumstances detailed in his despatch brought on an action that placed another laurel on his brow, and annihilated Scindia's power.

"I could perceive distinctly," he writes to the Governor-

General, "a long line of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, regularly drawn up on the plains of Argaum, immediately in front of that village, and about six miles from this place, at which I intended to encamp.

"Although late in the day, I immediately determined to attack this army. Accordingly I marched on in one column, the British cavalry leading in a direction nearly parallel to that of the enemy's line, covering the rear and left by the Nizam's and Mysorean cavalry.

"The enemy's infantry and guns were on the left of their centre, with a body of cavalry on their left. Scindia's army, consisting of one very heavy body of cavalry, was on the right, having on its right a body of pindarries and other light troops. Their line extended above five miles, having in their rear the village and extensive gardens and enclosures of Argaum; and in their front a plain, which, however, was much cut up by watercourses.

"I formed the army in two lines; the infantry in the first, the cavalry in the second, and supporting the right; and the Nizam's and Mysorean cavalry the left, nearly parallel to that of the enemy; with the right rather advanced in order to press upon the enemy's left. Some little time elapsed before the lines could be formed, owing to a part of the infantry of my division which led the column having got into some confusion. When formed, the whole advanced in the greatest order; the 74th and 78th regiments were attacked by a large body (supposed to be Persians), and all these were destroyed. Scindia's cavalry charged the 1st battalion, 6th regiment, which was on the left of our line, and were repulsed; and their whole line retired in disorder before our troops, leaving in our hands thirty-eight pieces of cannon and all their ammunition.

"The British cavalry then pursued them for several miles, destroyed great numbers, and took many elephants and camels, and much baggage. The Nizam's and Mysorean cavalry also pursued the fugitives, and did them great mischief. Some of the latter are still following them; and I have sent out this

morning all of the Mysorean, Nizam's, and Mahratta cavalry under my command, in order to secure as many advantages from this victory as can be gained, and to complete the enemy's confusion.

"The action did not commence till late in the day; and unfortunately sufficient daylight did not remain to do all that I could have wished; but the cavalry continued their pursuit by moonlight, and all the troops were under arms till a late hour in the night."

General Wellesley followed up his decisive success at Argaum, by instantly advancing to besiege the fortress of Gawilghur. On the 5th he reached Ellichpore, where he established hospitals for his wounded; and after a day's rest, pushed forward with both divisions—Colonel Stevenson's by the mountain route of Damergaum, and the Major-General's to invest the southern front of the fort.

"On the 12th, at night," he wrote to the Governor-General, "Colonel Stevenson erected two batteries in front of the north face of the fort; one consisting of two iron 18-pounders, and three iron 12-pounders, to breach the outer fort, and two 5-inch howitzers, to clear and destroy the defences on the point of attack.

"On the same night the troops of my division constructed a battery for two brass 12-pounders in the mountain under the southern gate, with a view, if possible, to breach the wall near that gate, or, at all events, to draw the enemy's attention to that quarter.

"Unfortunately, the iron guns could not be moved into the battery, notwithstanding the utmost exertions of the troops; and the fire of the brass guns produced but little effect.

"The fire of all these batteries opened on the 13th in the morning; and on the 14th at night the breaches in the walls of the outer fort were practicable. All the arrangements were then made for storming on this day. Lieutenant-Colonel Kenny, of the 11th regiment, commanded the party for the storm, consisting of the flank companies of the 94th regiment, and of the native corps in Colonel Stevenson's division, sup-

ported by the 94th regiment, and Lieutenant-Colonel Halyburton's brigade, with Lieutenant-Colonel Maclean's brigade in reserve. At the same hour, I made two attacks from the southward to draw the enemy's attention to that quarter. One, under Lieutenant-Colonel Wallace, consisting of the 74th regiment, five companies of the 78th, and 1st battalion, 8th regiment, on the southern gate; and one under Lieutenant-Colonel Chalmers, consisting of five companies of the 78th, and the 1st battalion, 10th regiment, in the north-west gate. These last attacks could be of no service, except to draw the enemy's attention from that from the north; unless they should succeed in blowing open the gates; and till they should communicate with detachments from Colonel Stevenson's corps, as they had no other means of entering the fort. All the troops advanced at about ten in the morning. The detachment under Lieutenant-Colonel Chalmers arrived at the north-west gate at the moment when the enemy were endeavouring to escape through it, from the detachment of Colonel Stevenson's corps, which had been sent to communicate with Colonel Chalmers; and he entered without difficulty.

"The wall of the inner fort, in which no breach had been made, was then to be carried. After some attempts upon the gate of communication between the inner and outer fort, a place was found at which it was possible to escalade the wall. Captain Campbell, with the light infantry of the 94th regiment, fixed the ladders against this place, escaladed the wall, opened the gate for the storming party, and the fort was shortly in our possession.

"The enemy's garrison was numerous. It consisted of Rajpoots and of a great party of Beny Sing's regular infantry, which had escaped from the battle of Argaum, commanded by Beny Sing himself. They were all well armed with the Company's new muskets and bayonets. Vast numbers of them were killed, particularly at the different gates." *

The defeats of Assye and Argaum—the fall of a place hitherto considered impregnable—and the uniform success

* Wellington Despatches.

which over the peninsula of Hindostan had attended the banners of England whenever they were unfurled, proved to the Mahratta princes, that their only chance of safety must spring from unconditional submission. Negotiations were accordingly resumed; and so necessary was it considered by the Rajah of Berar, that terms of amity between himself and the Company should be promptly restored, that the procrastination which generally distinguishes Eastern diplomacy was in this case avoided, and in two brief days a treaty was framed and subsequently ratified, by which Great Britain obtained Cuttack, and the Rajah engaged to admit a British Resident.

Scindia's submission followed fast upon that of his late confederate, the Rajah of Berar. He agreed to cede to the English, in perpetual sovereignty, all his forts, territories, and rights in the Dooab, or country situated in northern Hindustan, between the rivers Ganges and Jumna, together with all his forts, territories, rights and interests in the districts which lie to the northward of the dominions of the Rajahs of Jeypore and Joudpore, and of the Rana of Gohud. Secondly, to cede to the English, in perpetual sovereignty, the fort and territory of Baroach in the Gujerat, and the fort and territory of Ahmednuggur in the Deccan, and likewise all the territories which belonged to him before the commencement of the war, which are situated to the southward of the Adjuntee hills in the Deccan, including all the districts between that range of mountains and the river Godavery. Thirdly, to renounce for ever all claims upon the Emperor Shah Allum, and to engage never again to interfere in the affairs of that monarch. And, lastly, to engage never to take or retain in his service any Frenchman, or the subject of any European or American power, the government of which might be at war with the British Government, or any British subject, whither European or Indian, without the consent of the British Government.

On the part of the English Government, certain forts and districts were restored, and all estates belonging to Scindia's family were confirmed to him. Other lands held by persons of the family of the late Madajee Scindia, were per-

mitted to remain in their possession, and he was allowed the advantages of subsidiary treaties existing between the British Government, the Peishwa, and the Nizam. The treaty was ratified by Scindia on the 5th of January 1804, and approved and perfected by the Governor-General, on the 13th of February at Calcutta.

These treaties, as beneficial to the interests as honourable to the military efficiency of Great Britain, elicited from the Governor-General and Court of Directors sentiments of unqualified approbation, and a declaration of the high sense they entertained of Major-General Wellesley's valuable services was transmitted to him in an Order of Council dated Fort William, 9th January 1804 :—

"Your despatch, dated the 17th of December 1803, enclosing the copy of a treaty of peace concluded by you on that date, on the part of the Honourable Company with the Rajah of Berar, has been received and submitted to the Governor-General in Council.

"The Governor-General in Council has great satisfaction in communicating to you his high approbation of the terms of peace concluded with the Rajah of Berar, which his Excellency in Council considers to be in the highest degree advantageous, honourable, and glorious to the British Government.

"The Governor-General in Council discharges a satisfactory part of his duty, in expressing to you the high sense which he entertains of the judgment and ability manifested by you on this occasion. The Governor-General in Council considers you to have rendered an essential service to the interests of the Honourable Company, and to have augmented the reputation of the British name, by the conclusion of this advantageous and honourable treaty."

The unbounded exultation evinced by all classes throughout India, when the short but brilliant campaign of General Wellesley terminated in the overthrow and submission of the Mahratta potentates, can scarcely be imagined. In every settlement and town, the inhabitants testified their feelings and sentiments by public rejoicings, and their pleasure was

mingled and heightened with an admiration of those sagacious counsels, comprehensive views, and energetic measures, which, in the short space of five months, had discomfited the armies of the confederates, conquered many of their most valuable provinces, and obtained the rational triumph of a secure and glorious peace.

An address, signed by all the principal inhabitants of Calcutta, was presented to the Governor-General, on the 29th of February, expressing their entire concurrence in the justice and necessity of the war—their admiration of the manner in which it was planned, as well as of the heroic energy with which it was conducted; and their approbation of that enlarged, but moderate system of policy, on the principles of which the general peace of Hindustan was established.

To this address the Governor-General returned an answer, in which he expressed, in modest and dignified terms, his cordial satisfaction at the favourable sentiments entertained by the inhabitants of Calcutta, in regard to the principles which regulated his conduct from the origin to the close of the late contest, as well as to his general administration of public affairs; and after pointing out the national advantages likely to result from the treaties of peace which had been just concluded, he stated his confident hopes that the condition of the people of India should be gradually ameliorated, by a steady pursuance of that political system which he had now finally established for the government of the British provinces.

On receiving this answer, certain resolutions, which had been unanimously passed at the meeting of the inhabitants, were presented to the Governor-General. These were, to erect a marble statue of his Excellency, at Calcutta, as a lasting memorial of the high sense entertained by the inhabitants of his eminent public services; to present a sword to General Lake, as a testimony of their exalted opinion of the distinguished service which he had rendered his country; and, lastly, to present a sword to Major-General Wellesley, as a testimonial of his conduct having inspired similar senti-

ments. To these resolutions the Governor-General returned suitable replies, and measures were accordingly taken for carrying them into effect.

When intelligence of the success of the Indian armies reached England, the thanks of Parliament were voted to the Governor-General, and to the commanders, officers, and soldiers who had shared in the glory of the contest; and a despatch from Lord Castlereagh, dated the 19th of May 1804, and received overland on the 14th of the following October, apprised the Governor-General that an honourable distinction had been conferred by the British Parliament upon the troops his lordship had so successfully employed. "The convoy, which sailed about ten days since, will have carried to your lordship, and to the gallant army employed by you in the field, the thanks and acknowledgments of Parliament, for the splendid and important services which have been rendered to the country in the late glorious campaign. In the hope of being able to acquaint your lordship with the King's sentiments and determination with regard to the individuals most conspicuously engaged in this brilliant career of victory, I delayed writing from day to day, till the ships had actually sailed. The packet now under despatch will probably outstrip the convoy, and thus enable me to be amongst the first to offer to your lordship my cordial congratulations on the series of events, than which none have ever occurred in the military history of our country, more proudly calculated to confirm and even exalt the reputation and glory of the British arms. The whole of this campaign, in the conception of the plan, in the preparation of the army for the field, in the application of it to the vulnerable and important points of the enemy's territory, and above all, in the conduct of the army in the day of battle, must ever be deemed a *chef-d'œuvre* of military energy, foresight, and science; and cannot fail, in this age of arms, to augment, by the confidence which it is calculated to inspire, our security not only in the East, but in every quarter of the empire, at home and abroad. I lament that the King's

health has not yet admitted of his perusing the interesting details of those services which have been performed by his Indian army; no representation can do the same justice to their merits; and it is to his Majesty's personal conviction of the claim they have on the gratitude of their country, and the favour of their sovereign, that the individuals would, I am persuaded, alone wish to owe the reward which they have so well and so nobly earned."

In a subsequent communication from the Colonial Office, Lord Camden acquainted the Marquis Wellesley how highly the services of Generals Lake and Wellesley had been appreciated by their royal master.

"The brilliant and decisive success that has attended the progress of the armies, which have been employed in the East Indies under the command of General Lake and Major-General Wellesley, is justly appreciated by his Majesty; and I have in consequence received his Majesty's commands to inform your lordship, that in consideration of the meritorious services and gallant conduct of General Lake, his Majesty has been graciously pleased to create him a Peer of the United Kingdom of England and Ireland;* and that, in consideration also of the eminent and brilliant services of Major-General Wellesley, his Majesty has been graciously pleased to direct that the insignia of the most honourable Order of the Bath should be transmitted to that officer; and that he may immediately evince his sense of Major-General Wellesley's merits and services, his Majesty has further directed that he shall be created an extra Knight Companion of that Order, and that his creation and investiture shall not wait for a succession to a regular vacancy therein."

General Wellesley had for some time expressed an anxious wish to retire from his command in Mysore. While the war with Holkar was being carried on, by a skilful distribution of the army of the Deccan, the Mahratta chiefs, whose loyalty was very questionable, were completely overawed; and with every inclination to be troublesome, they were obliged

* The titles of Lord Lake were Baron Lake of Delhi and Laswaree.

to remain pacific. General Wellesley had many causes of complaint—he was disliked by the Peishwa—his measures were sometimes rendered inoperative by restrictions of the Government, and he now determined to send in his resignation.

When it was officially announced that General Wellesley had determined to return to England, addresses were voted by numerous public bodies, and a magnificent vase was presented to him by the commanding officers and heads of departments attached to the army of the Deccan. This costly present was accompanied by the following address:—

"The officers who served with the division of the army under your immediate command in the Deccan are desirous of presenting you a pledge of their respect and esteem; and to express the high idea they possess of the gallantry and enterprise that so eminently distinguish you, they request your acceptance of a golden vase of the value of 2000 guineas, on which it is proposed to record the principal event that was decisive of the campaign in the Deccan.

"In conveying to you this mark of their esteem, they sincerely add their wishes for your future welfare and prosperity; and their hopes that when the public claims on your talents allow you repose, this vase may give pleasure to your social habits, in bringing to your remembrance events that add so much to your renown."

Among other testimonials of esteem, none was more affectionate than one presented to General Wellesley by the native inhabitants of Seringapatam, as in the simple language of the East, it breathed the most ardent prayers to "the God of all castes and colours" for his future prosperity and glory.

On the 10th of March, General Wellesley embarked for England on board the "Trident" man-of-war, having notified in a general order to the troops his resignation of the command in the Deccan, and immediate departure from India.

"FORT ST. GEORGE, *March* 9, 1805.

"Major-General Sir Arthur Wellesley informs the troops under his command, that he has received the permission of

his Excellency the Governor-General to resign the political and military powers with which he had been lately intrusted in the Deccan, and the leave of his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief to proceed to England.

"He cannot avoid expressing the regret which he feels upon taking leave of officers and troops with whom he has served so long.

"In the course of the period of time which has elapsed since Major-General Wellesley was appointed to a command of a division of this army, various services have been performed by the troops, and great difficulties have been surmounted, with a steadiness and perseverance which have seldom been surpassed. Upon every occasion, whether in garrison, or in the field, the Major-General has had reason to be satisfied with their conduct, and he once more returns them his thanks, and assures them that he shall never forget their services, or cease to feel a lively interest in whatever may concern them.

"He earnestly recommends the officers of the army never to lose sight of the general principles of the military service, to preserve the discipline of the troops, and to encourage in their respective corps the spirit and sentiments of gentlemen and of soldiers, as the most certain road to the attainment of everything that is great in their profession."

The General concludes by specially thanking the officers commanding districts and divisions, from whom he had always received the most cordial and valuable assistance.

In reviewing General Wellesley's Indian career, strong evidence will be found to prove how much the actions of military commanders are liable to misrepresentation, and how little their most brilliant efforts are appreciated or understood. At Seringapatam, the night attacks upon Sultaun-pet were set forth, under Wellesley as a defeat, and under Baird as an achievement; and yet, in point of fact, no analogy existed between them. To enter an undefended post, is an exploit on which no soldier plumes himself, and on the night of the 4th of May, the whole position did not contain a single

matchlock. On the 5th, the entire chain of posts, the wood and aqueduct, village and enclosures, all were crowded with the Sultan's best troops, and in the dense darkness an attack failed, which in daylight proved successful. Regarding the battle of Assye, still more absurd remarks were hazarded, and the victor was accused of rashness in risking an engagement, when the most brilliant consequences resulted from its successful issue. Never were conclusions more fallacious, than in asserting that Wellesley's attack at Assye was a hasty or incautious experiment. It was a daring but a deliberate effort—for no alternative was left. Deceived by false intelligence, and once fairly in presence of the enemy, retreat was ruin, and quick decision and iron nerve alone saved General Wellesley in this alarming exigency.

To family influence Wellington's earlier success has been mainly attributed, and none will deny that the patronage of his gifted brother first opened to the young soldier that arduous path which ultimately led to fame and fortune. But who shall assert that the outbreakings of a master mind were not discernible from the first moment when he received an independent command; and that in an affair which was little more than the destruction of a brigand, the same system of quick but cautious movement, the seizure of momentary advantage in attack, were not as clearly demonstrated in the suppression of the robber horde, as when he defeated his scientific opponent at Salamanca, or, by beautiful combinations, achieved his triumph at Vittoria! To compare events like these may appear preposterous; but let it be remembered, that intuitive ability and military tact may be as fully exhibited in bringing off a picket when endangered, as in conducting the retreat of a division.

The opening promises of Wellesley's celebrity were amply realised hereafter—the workings of the master mind were readily discerned—and in his exploits in India there is a brightness of conception and a boldness in execution that warrant the fullest comparison in martial daring between the conqueror of Lodi and the victor of Assye.

CHAPTER IV.

RETURN TO ENGLAND—COMMAND IN DENMARK—CHIEF SECRETARY FOR IRELAND.

IMMEDIATELY on his return to England, Major-General Wellesley was appointed to a staff command. The British Government, previous to his arrival from the East, had determined to effect a diversion on the Continent, and an expedition had been accordingly prepared, and placed under the command of Lord Cathcart. It sailed on the 4th of November from the Downs, under the temporary orders of General Don. Lord Cathcart assumed the command on the 17th, but the disastrous consequences which resulted from the defeat of Austerlitz, rendered it advisable to abandon the attempt, and the troops were accordingly recalled to England. On the return of the expedition from Hanover, Major-General Wellesley was appointed to command the troops stationed at Hastings, in Sussex. To his new duties he applied himself with assiduity, and the fine order and superior discipline of his brigade showed how contentedly, after commanding an army in the field, he turned his attention to the humbler services his country had now required from him.

The Marquis Cornwallis, who succeeded the Marquis Wellesley in the government of India, held it but a short time, dying on the 5th of October 1805, at Ghazipore, near Benares. By his demise, the colonelcy of the 33d regiment

became vacant, and Major-General Wellesley succeeded the Marquis, having been lieutenant-colonel of that corps for nearly thirteen years.

Shortly before he obtained his regiment, the Major-General was returned to Parliament for the borough of Rye. On the 10th of April 1806, he married Catharine, third daughter of Edward Michael, second Earl of Longford. Two sons were the issue of this marriage,—Arthur, Marquis of Douro, who succeeded his father as second Duke of Wellington, born the 3d of February 1807, in Harley Street, London; and Charles, born at the Chief Secretary's lodge, near Dublin, 16th January 1808, who became a major-general in the army, and died in 1858.

Before he had been long seated in the Lower House, Sir Arthur Wellesley was obliged to come forward in his place to defend his brother, who was most virulently and perseveringly assailed by a Mr. Paull.* Few statesmen had deserved better of their country than the Marquis Wellesley, and the motives and actions of none were more foully impugned nor more falsely misrepresented. His appointment to the Indian government had, in a great degree, assisted in preserving her Eastern possessions to Great Britain. On the Marquis Wellesley's arrival at Calcutta, nothing could have been more deplorable than the state of affairs. The military establishments were on the lowest scale, and the treasury all but bankrupt. At Madras, an army of fifteen thousand men could with the greatest difficulty be collected, and that small force had neither siege stores nor field equipage; and had they possessed them, they lacked means of transport to have rendered them effective. The fortresses were unprovisioned, and the credit of the Presidency so low, that eight per cent. paper had sunk to a discount of twenty. At that momentous time, when the existence of British dominion in the East was questioned by men whom events, not fear, had rendered justly apprehensive, Lord Morn-

* Mr. Paull was not permitted to see the termination of his attack; he lost his seat, being rejected by his former constituency, and died by his own hand on the 15th of April 1808.

ington arrived to resuscitate the dying energies of Government, and re-establish English dominion. Difficulties from which others would have shrunk, were by him resolutely grappled and overcome. Gradually the military power of the Company was restored, financial embarrassment removed, and by boldly assuming the lead in diplomacy, he speedily acquired the command.

On the 22d of February 1808, Lord Folkestone, who had supported Mr. Paull, having moved that the Oude papers should be taken into consideration, the debate turned on whether the House should decide at once upon the charges, or "that the evidence should be sent to a committee, to return a digested report of it to the House." Sir Arthur Wellesley urged an immediate decision. After a lengthened debate, it was determined that the charges should be proceeded with; and on the 9th of March, Lord Folkestone brought them before the House. A long and interesting debate resulted, and it was continued by adjournment until the 17th, when, after the previous question had been carried by an immense majority, Sir John Anstruther moved, "That it appears to this House that Marquis Wellesley, in his arrangements in the province of Oude, was actuated by an ardent zeal for the service of his country, and an anxious desire to promote the safety, interests, and prosperity of the British empire in India." On this motion the House divided:—For the motion, 180; against it, 29—majority, 151.

In 1807, when the Portland administration came into power, the Duke of Bedford was removed from the Irish Lieutenancy, and the Duke of Richmond appointed his successor. The important situation of Chief Secretary having been offered to Sir Arthur Wellesley, he accepted it conditionally, "that it should not impede nor interfere with his military promotion or pursuits"*—and repairing immediately to Dublin Castle, he undertook the duties of his laborious and responsible appointment. Many of his old friends, with whom he had been intimate before he quitted Ireland for the East, hailed

* Sir Jonah Barrington.

his return with delight. The same unassuming carriage, the same facility of approach, was then as characteristic of the successful General, as it had been of the young aide-de-camp in 1792, then the *attaché* of a court, and one who had only heard of battles. "He was in all material traits still Arthur Wellesley, but it was Arthur Wellesley judiciously improved." *

The state of Ireland when the new secretary revisited his native land was exceedingly disturbed, and it was deemed advisable for the security of the kingdom to arm the executive with great additional powers. With that intent the Insurrection Bill was framed; and the introduction of this strong measure met with considerable opposition, for if confided to unsafe or dishonest hands, its workings would be most dangerous, and the rights and liberties of all might be materially endangered. But these extended powers with which the Irish secretary was intrusted, appear to have been employed with singular moderation—for one politically opposed to the Government of that day observed, "that the public acts of the Irish executive were generally distinguished by impartiality and good sense." †

The organisation of an efficient police was another measure which emanated from Sir Arthur. The old system was full of abuse, and it was calculated to afford protection to none but malefactors. Though strongly opposed, the Irish secretary succeeded in introducing a measure, by which the services of a body of men, calculated to preserve the lives and properties of the citizens, were permanently obtained. Experience has proved how admirable this change was, from what, for years, had been a nuisance and a disgrace to the Irish metropolis.

In the spring of 1807, an expedition, which has been reprobated for its injustice by one party, and praised for its salutary results by another, was directed to be got in readiness with all possible despatch. Its operations were intended against the Danish capital, and its object was to obtain a temporary possession of a formidable fleet then lying in the basins of Copenhagen.

* Sir Jonah Barrington. † Ibid.

The Treaty of Tilsit occasioned in England much apprehension. It was determined that the navy of Denmark should not be added to the enormous resources of Napoleon, and with immense despatch and profound secrecy, the means were completed for obtaining its possession. A powerful fleet, accompanied by an army of 20,000 men, were got ready for service; the former commanded by Admiral Gambier, the latter by Lord Cathcart, and Major-General Wellesley accompanied the expedition in command of a division. The objects of the expedition were kept so secret, that the greater portion of the armament was at sea before its destination was suspected. On the 4th of August the fleet anchored between the castle of Cronenberg and the capital, and on the 12th the King's German Legion joined from Pomerania.

Negotiation was unsuccessfully tried, and on the 15th Mr. Jackson, the British *chargé d'affaires*, announced that any accommodation which might remove the causes of England's suspicion was hopeless. The army was consequently landed between Elsinore and Copenhagen on the 16th, and the fleet brought closer to the city.

The army advanced in three columns, slightly annoyed by the fire of the Danish gun-boats, and by detached parties of troops, who were, however, repelled wherever they attempted to attack. On the 19th, the post of Fredericksweerk was surprised, and its garrison of eight hundred and fifty men made prisoners; and on the 24th, the right wing invested the city, and commenced erecting mortar batteries for its bombardment.

The Danes had, in the meantime, been collecting their regular troops and militia under General Carstenkiold, and he had been reinforced with four regiments commanded by General Ozhoken. It became necessary that this force should be dispersed, and General Wellesley, with Generals Linsingen and Stuart, and a corps of sufficient strength, was detached by Lord Cathcart to effect this service.

Immediately after the dispersion of the Danish corps, at Kioge on August 19th, the Major-General proceeded into the interior, to overawe in the country any attempt which

might be made to excite a popular rising. In this service he succeeded, and was recalled to assist at the capitulation of the city.

The siege was now vigorously pressed, and the works, unchecked in their progress by the feeble resistance made by the musketry of the city, and the fire from the praams and gun-boats, were completed. After summoning the garrison, on the evening of the 2d the batteries and bomb vessels opened, and the town was speedily in flames. On the night of the 3d, the fire slackened, to allow General Peyman an opportunity to capitulate—but the Danish governor was obstinate, and on the evening of the 4th, the bombardment recommenced more furiously than ever. On the 5th, the place was everywhere wrapped in flames, and the destruction of the town appeared inevitable. The white flag was then displayed, and after a short delay an armistice was concluded. The great object of the expedition was thus obtained, for the fleet and naval stores were yielded to the conquerors.

The loss sustained by the British was comparatively trifling. Of the land forces, two hundred were rendered *hors de combat*, while the casualties of the navy scarcely exceeded fifty. The fine fleet and immense quantity of naval stores contained in the dockyards at Copenhagen, would have afforded Napoleon ample means for effecting his threatened descent upon the coasts of England or Ireland. Sixteen sail of the line, nine frigates, fourteen sloops, and many smaller vessels were brought away. The ships were laden with masts, spars, and cordage; besides which ninety transports were filled with naval stores; and of five vessels on the stocks, two were taken to pieces and brought to England, and the remainder destroyed. On the 13th, according to treaty, the embarkation of the troops commenced; on the 18th it was completed; and on the 20th, the last English guard in the citadel was relieved by a Danish detachment, and the fleet and army quitted the shores of Zealand.

On the 28th of January Lord Castlereagh moved the thanks of the Commons, and Lord Hawkesbury those of the House

of Lords, to Lord Cathcart and other generals and commanding officers of the army and navy, for their recent services in the Baltic. After a long and spirited debate the motion was carried by a majority of eighty-one; and on the 1st of February, in the House of Commons, the Speaker, having returned the thanks to other general officers, members of the House, for their conduct at Copenhagen, thus particularised Major-General Sir Arthur Wellesley:—

"But I should indeed be wanting to the full expression of those sentiments which animate this House, and the whole country, if I forebore to notice that we are, on this day, crowning with our thanks one gallant officer, long since known to the gratitude of this House, who has long trodden the paths of glory, whose genius and valour have already extended our fame and empire; whose sword has been the terror of our distant enemies, and will not now be drawn in vain to defend the seat of empire itself, and the throne of his king. I am, Sir Arthur Wellesley, charged to deliver the thanks of this House to you; and I do accordingly thank you, in the name of the Commons of the United Kingdom, for your zeal, intrepidity, and exertion, displayed in the various operations which were necessary for conducting the siege, and effecting the surrender of the navy and arsenal of Copenhagen."

Major-General the Honourable Sir Arthur Wellesley replied as follows:—

"Mr. Speaker,—I consider myself fortunate that I was employed by his Majesty on a service which this House has considered of such importance as to have marked with its approbation the conduct of those officers and troops who have performed it. The honour which this House has conferred upon my honourable friends and myself, is justly considered by the officers of the navy and army as the highest which this country can confer; it is the object of the ambition of all who are employed in his Majesty's service; and to obtain it has doubtless been the motive of many of those acts of valour and good conduct which have tended so eminently to the glory, and have advanced the prosperity and advantage of this country.

I can assure the House that I am most sensible of the great honour which they have done me; and I beg leave to take this opportunity of returning you, sir, my thanks for the handsome terms respecting myself, in which your kindness to me has induced you to convey the resolution of the House." *

On his return home, Sir Arthur Wellesley resumed his Irish secretaryship. Where party ran so high as it has unfortunately done in Ireland during the past century, it could not be expected that the measures he introduced would be satisfactory to all, or that he should not be violently opposed by those who differed from him in their political views, and subjected to the unpopularity that, more or less, occasionally attends the career of public men. His appointment of Mr. Giffard to the lucrative office of accountant-general, his opposition to Sir John Newport's motion for increasing the grant given by Government to the Roman Catholic College at Maynooth, and a Bill he introduced for enforcing the residence of spiritual persons on their respective benefices, and for erecting churches and glebe houses in Ireland, caused his measures to be regarded with suspicion, and subjected him to a charge of illiberality. But he met these accusations in his place in the House with the firmness that might have been expected from a soldier and a statesman; and repelled every charge which could compromise his impartiality as a public man, or his tolerance as a private individual.

But the time had now arrived when the hero of Assye was required to serve his country in a sphere more suited to his talents. A considerable force had been collected at Cork in the spring of 1808; and public conjecture assigned it very opposite destinations. The general belief was that it was destined to act against the Spanish possessions in South America, and such was the original intention. Fortunately, another and more glorious scene of action was its destiny. Sir Arthur Wellesley, who had been promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-General on April 25, was selected for its command; and while a letter from the Duke of York conveyed the King's order

* Parliamentary Proceedings, 1808.

for assuming the appointment, another despatch from Lord Castlereagh explained the objects generally, which Government had in view in sending, or holding in readiness, all their disposable troops in Britain for service in the Peninsula.

"HORSE GUARDS, *14th June* 1808.

"SIR—His Majesty having been graciously pleased to appoint you to the command of a detachment of his army, to be employed upon a particular service, I have to desire that you will be pleased to take the earliest opportunity to assume the command of this force, and carry into effect such instructions as you may receive from his Majesty's ministers.

"The force which his Majesty has been pleased to place under your command consists of the following corps :—

Royal Artillery	With Major-General Spencer.
Royal Staff Corps Detachment	
29th Foot	
32d ditto — 1st Battalion	
50th ditto — ditto	
82d ditto — ditto	
5th ditto — ditto	
9th ditto — ditto	To proceed from Cork.
38th ditto — ditto	
40th ditto — ditto	
60th ditto — 5th ditto	
71st ditto — 1st ditto	
91st ditto — ditto	
95th four Companies	
4th Royal Veteran Battalion	

"And the Staff appointed to this force is composed as follows :—

Major-General Spencer.
Major-General Hill.
Major-General Ferguson.
Brigadier-General Nightingale.
Brigadier-General Fane.
Brigadier-General Catlin Craufurd.

"On all subjects relating to your command, you will be pleased to correspond with me, and you will regularly communicate to me all military transactions in which you may be

engaged, reporting to me all vacancies that may occur in the troops under your command; and as the power of appointing to commissions is not vested in you, you will be pleased to recommend to me such officers as may appear to you most deserving of promotion, stating the special reasons, where such recommendations are not in the usual channel of seniority.

"As many of the regiments under your command have second battalions attached to them, which remain in this country, it is necessary that I should acquaint you that the first battalions under your orders being composed exclusively of the senior officers of their respective ranks, such vacancies as may occur therein, by promotion or casualty, must unavoidably be supplied by officers from the second battalions, who will be ordered immediately to join, on such vacancies being made known to me.

"Should you have occasion to recommend any gentleman for an ensigncy, you will be pleased to make known his address, in order that, if his Majesty should be pleased to confirm the recommendation, he may be directed to join the corps immediately on his appointment.

"You will transmit, monthly, returns of the troops under your command to the Secretary at War, and to the Adjutant-General, for my information; and you will strictly adhere to his Majesty's regulations in regard to the pay, clothing, and appointments of the troops; and your special attention must necessarily be directed to their discipline, and to the interior economy of the different corps, which is so essential, not only to the comfort of the soldier, but to the preservation of his health, under every change of climate to which he may be exposed.

"Under the head of pay, I have to direct your attention to instructions of the Paymasters-General to their deputy, respecting the usual stoppages being deducted from the pay of the several staff-officers, and to which you are requested to give the most punctual attention.

"You will be vested with the usual powers of convening

general courts-martial; upon which subject I have to observe, that as great inconveniences have arisen to the service from officers commanding in foreign stations having permitted prisoners to return to England prior to the proceedings and opinions of the court-martial having been submitted to the King, I have to request that, in all cases, where any person whatever may be tried by a general court-martial, and where your powers are not sufficient to enable you to decide finally upon the proceedings, opinion, and sentence of the court, that you do not permit the prisoner to return to England, until his Majesty's commands shall have been duly communicated to you through the proper channel for that purpose.

"I have likewise to acquaint you, that as many general officers, from the best motives, have taken upon themselves to commute sentences of capital punishment to transportation for a term of years, or for life, when it is found that no such power is delegated by his Majesty, and consequently that the whole of the proceedings may be thereby rendered nugatory, it will be necessary that your particular attention should be given to the powers granted to you by his Majesty's warrant on this subject, in order to prevent you from inadvertently falling into a similar irregularity.

"It is particularly desirable that the officer at the head of the Quartermaster-General's staff, should be directed to keep a journal, or other memorandum, descriptive of the movements of the troops, and occurrences in which they are engaged; as also, that he should take and collect plans of the harbours, positions, or fortified places in which the troops may be, for the purpose of being transmitted to me, and lodged in the military depôt.

"In all points where any question or doubt may arise, and in which you may be desirous of receiving further and more specific instructions, you will always find me ready to pay the earliest attention to your representations. I am, &c.,

"FREDERICK,

"*Commander-in-Chief.*

"Lieutenant-General Sir Arthur Wellesley, K.B."

"DOWNING STREET, *June* 30, 1808.

"SIR,—The occupation of Spain and Portugal by the troops of France, and the entire usurpation of their respective governments by that power, has determined his Majesty to direct a corps of his troops, as stated in the margin, to be prepared for service, to be employed under your orders in counteracting the designs of the enemy, and in affording to the Spanish and Portuguese nations every possible aid in throwing off the yoke of France.

"You will receive, enclosed, the communications which have been made by the deputies of the principality of Asturias and the kingdom of Galicia, to his Majesty's Government, together with the reply which his Majesty has directed to be made to their demand of assistance.

"I also enclose a statement of the supplies which have been already despatched to the port of Gihon, for the use of the people of Asturias.

"As the deputies from the above provinces do not desire the employment of any corps of his Majesty's troops in that quarter of Spain, from whence they are immediately delegated, but have rather pressed, as calculated to operate a powerful diversion in their power, the importance of directing the efforts of the British troops to the expulsion of the enemy from Portugal, that the insurrection against the French may thereby become general throughout that kingdom, as well as Spain, it is therefore deemed expedient that your attention should be immediately directed to that object.

"The difficulty of returning to the northward with a fleet of transports at this season of the year, renders it expedient that you should, in the first instance, proceed with the armament under your orders off Cape Finisterre. You will yourself precede them in a fast-sailing frigate to Corunna, where you will have the best means of learning the actual state of things, both in Spain and Portugal; and of judging how far the corps, under your immediate orders, either separately, or reinforced by Major-General Spencer's corps, can be considered as of sufficient strength to undertake an operation against the Tagus.

"If you should be of opinion, from the information you may receive, that the enterprise in question cannot be undertaken without waiting for reinforcements from home, you will communicate, confidentially, to the provisional government of Galicia, that it is material to the interests of the common cause, that your armament should be enabled to take an anchorage to the northward of the Tagus, till it can be supported by a further force from home; and you will make arrangements with them for having permission to proceed with it to Vigo, where it is conceived it can remain with not less security than in the harbour of Ferrol, and from which it can proceed to the southward with more facility than from the latter port.

"In case you should go into Vigo, you will send orders to Major-General Spencer to join you at that place, should he have arrived off the Tagus, in consequence of the enclosed orders; and you will also transmit home such information as may enable his Majesty's ministers to take measures for supporting your corps from hence.

"With a view to the contingency of your force being deemed unequal to the operation, an additional corps of ten thousand men has been ordered to be prepared for service, and which it is hoped may be ready to proceed in about three weeks from the present time. I enclose such information as we are in possession of with respect to the enemy's force in Portugal; a considerable proportion of which is said to have been lately moved to Almeida, in the north-eastern frontier. You will no doubt be enabled to obtain more recent information at Corunna, in aid of which Lieutenant-Colonel Browne has been ordered to proceed to Oporto, and to meet you, with such intelligence as he can procure, off Cape Finisterre.

"An officer of engineers, acquainted with the defences of the Tagus, has also been sent off the Tagus to make observations, and to prepare information for your consideration with respect to the execution of the proposed attack on the Tagus. The result of his inquiries he will be directed to transmit also to the rendezvous off Cape Finisterre, remaining himself off the Tagus till your arrival.

"You are authorised to give the most distinct assurances to the Spanish and Portuguese people, that his Majesty, in sending a force to their assistance, has no other object in view than to afford them the most unqualified and disinterested support; and in any arrangements that you may be called upon to make with either nation, in the prosecution of the common cause, you will act with the utmost liberality and confidence, and upon the principle that his Majesty's endeavours are to be directed to aid the people of Spain and Portugal, in restoring and maintaining, against France, the independence and integrity of their respective monarchies.

"In the rapid succession in which events must be expected to follow each other, situated as Spain and Portugal now are, much must be left to your judgment and decision on the spot.

"His Majesty is graciously pleased to confide to you the fullest discretion to act according to circumstances, for the benefit of his service, and you may rely on your measures being favourably interpreted, and receiving the most cordial support.

"You will facilitate, as much as possible, communications between the respective provinces and colonies of Spain, and reconcile, by your good offices, any differences that may arise between them in the execution of the common purpose.

"Should any serious division of sentiment occur, with respect to the nature of the provisional government which is to act during the present interregnum, or with respect to the Prince in whose name the legal authority is considered as vested, by the captivity or abdication of certain branches of the royal family, you will avoid, as far as possible, taking any part in such discussions without the express authority of your Government.

"You will, however, impress upon the minds of persons in authority that, consistently with the effectual assertion of their independence, they cannot possibly acknowledge the King, or Prince of Asturias, as at present possessing any authority whatever, or consider any act done by them as valid, until they

return within the country, and become absolutely free agents; and that they never can be considered free so long as they shall be prevailed on to acquiesce in the continuance of French troops either in Spain or Portugal.

"The entire and absolute evacuation of the Peninsula by the troops of France, being, after what has lately passed, the only security for Spanish independence, and the only basis upon which the Spanish nation should be prevailed upon to treat, or lay down their arms. I have the honour to, &c. &c.,

"CASTLEREAGH.

"Lieutenant-General Sir Arthur Wellesley, K.B."

With his accustomed promptitude Lieutenant-General Wellesley prepared for an immediate departure. His new appointment was more germane to his feelings than wasting the summer of his youth in the dull details of official correspondence. In writing to Major-General Hill, he says, "I rejoice extremely at the prospect I have before me of serving again with you, and I hope we shall have more to do than we had on the last occasion on which we were together.

"I propose to leave town for Cork, as soon as I shall receive my instructions from London. . . . Pray let me hear from you, and acquaint me with all your wants, and whether I can do anything for you here. You will readily believe that I have plenty to do, in closing a government in such a manner as that I may give it up, and taking the command of a corps for service; but I shall not fail to attend to whatever you may write to me."*

On reaching Cork Sir Arthur Wellesley was delayed a few days waiting for transports, the 20th Light Dragoons, and horses for the artillery. On the evening of the 9th the embarkation was completed, but contrary winds prevented it from leaving the harbour. On the 12th, however, the whole got under way, and on the 13th were clear of the Irish land. Here,

* Wellington Despatches.

in obedience to orders previously received, Sir Arthur Wellesley parted company with the fleet, and, leaving the "Donegal," in which vessel he had embarked, sailed direct in the "Crocodile" frigate for Corunna, where he arrived on the 20th, and according to his instructions from Lord Castlereagh, he put himself into immediate communication with the Junta of Galicia.



CHAPTER V.

EXPEDITION TO PORTUGAL—BATTLES OF ROLIÇA AND VIMEIRO—CONVENTION OF CINTRA.

AFTER some communication with the Galician Junta, Sir Arthur proceeded to Oporto, where he had proposed to land, but was persuaded to go yet farther south, and land at the mouth of the river Mondego. It was a fortunate circumstance that the mouth of the Mondego was open, for the fort of Figueras had been taken by a student, named Zagalo, and was now occupied by a detachment of English marines. On the 1st of August the landing commenced, and on the 5th it was effected with but a few casualties, as the weather had continued favourable. As the last brigade was leaving the transports for the shore, Spencer's division most opportunely came to anchor. The whole were disembarked on the fourth evening; and the gallant divisions formed their first bivouac upon the beach, and mustered about thirteen thousand effective men.

The junction of General Spencer's corps—a landing effected on a difficult coast with few casualties—and the intelligence that two divisions were preparing at Ramsgate and Harwich to strengthen the army destined for service in the Peninsula, were circumstances that omened well; still the satisfaction of Sir Arthur must have been considerably abated by an announcement that Sir Hew Dalrymple was nominated to the chief command, and Sir Harry Burrard to the second. It was

further intimated that the ill-planned expedition to the Baltic, under Sir John Moore, which had recently returned to England, had received orders of readiness for Portugal. Thus three officers might be immediately expected in the country, all of whom were of superior rank to himself. But as he was strongly enjoined to strike an immediate blow, if possible, and had the strongest discretionary powers as to the nature of the operations he should adopt, private feeling yielded at once to public principle, and the campaign in the Peninsula opened as it closed—in victory!

Immediately on landing, a conference was held by Sir Arthur Wellesley, at Montemor Velho, with Bernardim Freire, who then commanded the Portuguese army, and plans for future operations were proposed and discussed. Freire was particularly anxious that the armies should unite, march into Beira, and there open the campaign; while the English General prudently refused to give up his communication with the coast, and trust to the uncertain chances of supplies which the country might afford. A movement on Leyria, which was represented as being largely stored with provisions, was next proposed, and agreed to; and on the 9th, the British advanced guard, composed of four companies of the 60th and 95th rifles, supported by the brigades of Hill and Ferguson, quitted the Mondego, and early next day the main body followed.

It was soon ascertained by Sir Arthur Wellesley that no reliance could be placed on the promises of Freire, and that very slight advantages were likely to result from the insurrectionary movements in the provinces. The patriots were well-disposed, but they had to be armed and organised to render them efficient, while the regular troops were required to be fed. Instead of finding supplies in Leyria for his own army, the Portuguese leader, having first seized on the magazines, demanded that Sir Arthur Wellesley should feed the native troops. General Wellesley naturally refused, but asked for some cavalry and light infantry whom he consented to support, and Freire, obstinate and incapable as he was, perceived that without a total abandonment of his ally, he could not refuse

the assistance which Sir Arthur Wellesley had demanded. But the request was ungraciously acceded to; and on the 15th, a small corps, consisting of fourteen hundred infantry, and two hundred and sixty dragoons, joined the British army.

Junot, who commanded in Portugal, determined to send Loison with a corps of about seven thousand five hundred men from Estremos, to strengthen Laborde, who had been detached on the 6th from Lisbon, with three thousand infantry, five hundred cavalry, and six pieces of cannon, to march by Villa Franca, Rio Mayor, and Candeiros, to Leyria, and there unite with Laborde's corps. Junot remained in Lisbon to overawe the disaffected by his presence; and as precautionary measures, the Spanish prisoners were strictly guarded, the powder removed from the magazines and placed on shipboard, and the citadel and forts of Lisbon strengthened and provided for a siege. Loison's corps reached Abrantes, and Laborde's Candeiros, on the 9th; and the latter moved next day to Alcobaca, and formed a junction with Thomières and the garrison of Peniche, thus increasing his strength by one thousand men. On the same day, Sir Arthur Wellesley's advanced guard entered Leyria, where his main body arrived on the 11th.

The French general had determined to check the progress of the invaders; and intending to risk an action, he decided on making a stand at Batalha—but having found that the position was much too extensive for his limited numbers to defend, he fell back during the night on Obidos.

This little town stands boldly out upon an insulated height, and its old castle, the work of the Moors, stamps it with antiquity. Between Obidos and Caldas the country is tolerably level, but interspersed here and there with open pine woods. Laborde, having a much stronger position in his rear, retired on the 14th to Roliça, leaving strong pickets to occupy Obidos and the windmill at Brilos, three miles in front.

Sir Arthur Wellesley's advance was happily timed—it prevented the intended junction of the French, and embarrassed Loison and Laborde, as each was ignorant of the exact position of the other. Loison, finding Leyria in possession of the

British, fell back on Santarem, through Torres Novas; while Laborde, alarmed lest his communications should be endangered, re-garrisoned Peniche with a Swiss regiment, and sent a detachment to the right by Bombarral and Segura, to ascertain where Loison's corps were halted. "Sir Arthur Wellesley's first movement had thus cut the line of communication between Loison and Laborde, caused a loss of several forced marches to the former, and obliged the latter to risk an action with more than twice his own numbers." *

While his lieutenants were thus engaged, Junot had come to a determination of taking the field in person, leaving the capital in charge of General Travot, with a garrison of seven thousand men. On the 15th, the same day on which Sir Arthur Wellesley's light troops entered Caldas, Junot moved from Lisbon with the whole of his reserve, consisting of two thousand infantry, six hundred cavalry, and ten guns, taking with him also his military chest and spare ammunition. Circumstances delayed his march; at Saccavem the ferry-boat had been removed by the peasantry, and he lost an entire day in throwing a bridge across the creek; and when on his route to Otta, a report that the English had landed in the neighbourhood of Lisbon, induced him to retrace his steps to Villa Franca, which place he reached before he had discovered that the alarm was groundless. Leaving the reserve under the direction of Thiebault, Junot proceeded direct to Alcoentre, and there assumed the command of Loison's corps.

Sir Arthur Wellesley, in the meantime, had pushed forward to attack Laborde; and he thus details the opening movements, which brought, for the first time, under fire those matchless soldiers, whom afterwards he so often led to victory.

"CALDAS, *16th August* 1808.

"I marched from Leyria on the 13th, and arrived at Alcobaca on the 14th, which place the enemy had abandoned in the preceding night, and I arrived here yesterday. The enemy, about 4000 in number, were posted about ten miles from

* Napier.

hence at Roliça; and they occupied Obidos, about three miles from hence, with their advanced posts. As the possession of this last village was important to our future operations, I determined to occupy it; and as soon as the British infantry arrived upon the ground, I directed that it might be occupied by a detachment, consisting of four companies of riflemen, of the 60th and 95th regiments.

"The enemy, consisting of a small picket of infantry and a few cavalry, made a trifling resistance, and retired; but they were followed by a detachment of our riflemen to the distance of three miles from Obidos. The riflemen were there attacked by a superior body of the enemy, who attempted to cut them off from the main body of the detachment to which they belonged, which had now advanced to their support; larger bodies of the enemy appeared on both the flanks of the detachments; and it was with difficulty that Major-General Spencer, who had gone out to Obidos when he heard that the riflemen had advanced in pursuit of the enemy, was enabled to effect their retreat to that village. They have since remained in possession of it, and the enemy have retired entirely from the neighbourhood."*

The French general was placed in a situation that required no small display of personal intrepidity, and a sound discretion to direct it. Loison was distant from him a full march, and Thiebault still farther removed from the chance of supporting him. To fight, would expose him to a conflict with an army of twice his force; and to retreat, was fraught with dangerous results, although three lines were open by which he might retire. If he should retreat by Torres Vedras, his communication with Loison must be entirely cut off; should he march on Montachique, the line of Torres Vedras would be exposed; and to fall back and join Loison at Alcoentre, would open a direct route for the British army to march upon the capital. Animated by the danger, encouraged by the local advantages of his position, and justly confident in his own talents, Laborde resolved to abide his enemy's assault, and this bold

* Wellington Despatches.

determination was admirably followed up by the ability of his dispositions, and the obstinacy of his resistance.

Never was a sweeter spot chosen for the scene of a murderous combat, than that which the village of Roliça and its surrounding landscape presented at sunrise on the 17th of August. The place, with its adjacent hamlets, contained, as it was computed, a population of nearly three hundred families. The houses were neat and commodious, each surrounded by an enclosed garden, stocked with vines; while the country about the villages, studded thickly with olive grounds, ilex groves, and cork woods, exhibited all that rustic comfort which marks a contented and industrious peasantry. Upon a table-land, immediately in front of Roliça, and overlooking the country for many miles, the French were strongly posted. Laborde had seized every advantage a position of immense strength naturally presented—while the Sierra afforded a succession of posts on which he might easily fall back. In his rear, the ridge of Zambugeiro ran east and west for three-quarters of a mile, yielding a fine point on which to rally if driven from his first line of defence. Beyond this, heights of amazing difficulty to force, stretched from the Tagus to the ocean; while on the left, ridge after ridge rose in towering grandeur, and united with the Alpine height called the Sierra de Baragueda.

As the distance between Caldas and Roliça falls not short of three leagues, the morning was considerably advanced before the troops arrived within musket shot of the French outposts. Nothing could exceed the orderly and gallant style in which they traversed the intervening space. The day chanced to be remarkably fine, and the scenery through which the columns passed was varied and striking; but they were by far the most striking feature in the whole panorama. Whenever any broken piece of ground, or other natural obstacle came in the way, the head of the column having passed it, would pause till the rear had recovered its order, and resumed its station; and then the whole would press forward, with the same attention to distances, and the same orderly silence,



which are usually preserved at a review. At last, however, the enemy's line became visible, and in a few minutes afterwards the skirmishers were engaged. The centre division now broke into columns of battalions; that on the left pressed on with a quick pace, whilst the riflemen on the right drove in, with great gallantry, and in rapid style, the tirailleurs opposed to them.

Laborde's first position soon became untenable—his rear was endangered by a brigade under General Ferguson, which Sir Arthur had directed to take a mountain path to the left, and by the Portuguese, under Colonel Trant, upon the right, and without a moment's indecision, the French general fell farther back and occupied the mountain passes. Nothing could be stronger than this second position. The way by which the assailants had to ascend was up ravines, rather than paths, more practicable for goats than men; so steep, that in many parts a slip of the foot would have been fatal; in some parts overgrown with briars, and in others impeded by fragments of rock. The French centre appeared most practicable, and the 29th and 9th regiments advanced to storm it, under the fire of the British guns; while a cloud of skirmishers vanished among rocks and copse wood, connecting the advance of the different columns, and feeling or forcing their way through obstacles that a vigorous defence had rendered almost insurmountable. Gradually the scene became more animated, as on each of the several points of attack, the assailants and the assailed became warmly engaged. The spattering fusillade of the light troops was lost in the rolling volleys of the columns, which, with the deeper boom of cannon, echoed loudly through the mountains. The hollow watercourses, by which the British had attacked, hid for a time the combatants from view—but the smoke wreathing over the ravines, showed by its density the place where the work of death went fastest on. On the left, Laborde gradually lost ground, but on the right his exertions were redoubled, in the desperate hope that Loison might yet come up, and thus retrieve the fortune of the day. Here, of course, the struggle became bloodiest. While the

flank movements of Trant and Ferguson had not yet proved successful in turning the second position, the 9th and 29th regiments forced their respective passes, and gained the plateau of the hill. They reached the summit out of breath, their ranks disordered, and their formation requiring a few minutes to correct. At that moment, a fine battalion of Laborde's came boldly forward, delivered a shattering volley, and broke through the centre of the British regiment. But the 29th were broken, not beaten—and the 9th came to their assistance. The officers discharged their duties nobly, and the men fought, and formed, and held their ground with desperate obstinacy, until Ferguson won the right flank of the enemy's position, when, aware that the chance of support was hopeless, Laborde retreated in excellent order, covering the regressive movement of his battalions by repeated charges of his cavalry.

His last stand was made at Zambugeiro. The British, now come up in force, rendered opposition unavailing, and falling back on the Quinta de Bugagliera, he united his beaten corps with the troops he had detached to look after Loison at Segura; thence, abandoning his guns, he marched by the pass of Runa, and gained Montachique by a severe night march, leaving the line of Torres Vedras uncovered, and consequently Lisbon open to the advance of the British army.

The casualties on both sides, considering the small number actually engaged, marks Roliça as one of the most sanguinary conflicts which has occurred in modern warfare. The actual combatants did not exceed five thousand men; and the French loss, on a low estimate, amounted to seven hundred, and the British to nearly five hundred, in killed, wounded, and missing. Laborde was wounded early in the action, but refused to leave the field, and the British loss included two lieutenant-colonels.

Of the many gallant officers who fell during the Peninsular struggle, none had given higher promise of rising to professional eminence, and none was more deeply and deservedly lamented, than Lieutenant-Colonel Lake of the 29th. A career, which had opened so gloriously under his distinguished father, Lord Lake, in the East, was prematurely closed almost in the

moment of victory at Roliça. In advancing up the pass, the leading companies of Lake's regiment came suddenly in front of a myrtle grove, that had been crowded with French skirmishers, who opened a fire both from the front and flanks, which nothing but the most determined bravery on the part of the British troops could have resisted. As may be imagined, the advance of the column was for a moment checked, but it was only for a moment. Colonel Lake, who led the attack, waving his hat in his hand, called on the men to follow. The call was answered by a cheer, and the grenadiers rushed forward; while confident in themselves and in their position, the French offered a desperate resistance, until, inch by inch, the 29th fought their way to the crest of the plateau. In the midst of this desperate contest their gallant leader fell; the last sound he heard was the wild hurrah of his victorious regiment; and the last word that passed his lips was, "Forward!"

Having continued the pursuit as far as Villa Verde, on the road to Torres Vedras, Sir Arthur Wellesley halted with the full intention of pressing the French retreat early next morning. The brilliant success of their first encounter with the enemy, had roused the ardour of the British soldiery to a pitch of enthusiasm, which bade fair to overcome every obstacle that might present itself; and not a doubt existed that a rapid march would bring Sir Arthur to the capital, or, should Junot risk a battle, that a second victory would place Lisbon in the possession of the conquerors. But overnight a messenger arrived, and caused the orders issued for advancing to be recalled. Intelligence was brought the English commander that General Anstruther, with a brigade from England, and a fleet of store-ships, had anchored off Peniche; and to secure the safe landing of the troops and stores, Sir Arthur moved on Lourinha, and next day continuing his march towards the coast, on the evening of the 19th he took up a position beside the village of Vimeiro, and detached a brigade to cover the march of General Anstruther's reinforcement, which, after immense difficulty, had been landed in the Bay of Maceira, and that too in the face of a very superior cavalry, who over-

spread the country around the position, and increased the dangers of disembarking. Another brigade, under General Acland, arrived on the 20th, and landed that night, increasing Sir Arthur Wellesley's force to sixteen thousand men and eighteen pieces of artillery.

Very unfortunately, at this critical juncture the arrival of Sir Harry Burrard was announced, and Sir Arthur Wellesley went on board the frigate in Maceira roads to communicate with his senior officer. He detailed the past, explained his views for the future, and urged the immediate continuance of offensive operations. Nothing could be simpler—nothing more soldierly than the plans he recommended. He proposed on the next morning to march to Mafra, and turn the French position at Torres Vedras. But unhappily for England, a man had been sent out to mar the masterly dispositions of his predecessor. A true disciple of the Fabian school, delay seemed the leading object to be gained. Moore, Sir Harry Burrard argued, might be expected in a few days upon the coast; but he forgot that these few days would have brought Wellesley to Lisbon. He urged that the cavalry were weak, the artillery badly horsed, and the risk that should be incurred of losing supplies by moving from the coast. It was in vain that Sir Arthur pointed out, in reply to all these objections, the impossibility of remaining quiet, because if they did not advance to attack the enemy, the enemy would assuredly advance and attack them. It was in vain that he represented the great advantage which must arise from Sir John Moore landing in the Mondego, and cutting off Junot's retreat. Sir Harry was not to be convinced. He remained obdurate to every argument employed to induce him to adopt the offensive; and Wellesley returned to his camp, convinced that the military incapacity of his superior officer would, if it paralysed early success, as it did that of Roliça, entail upon the expedition ulterior disaster and disgrace. It was otherwise decreed—and the decision of an enemy wreathed the laurel on Wellesley's brow, of which the timidity of a feeble-minded colleague would have robbed him.

While the clear and vigorous appeal of Sir Arthur had failed

in rousing into action one in whose mind an inauspicious spirit of caution prevailed, Junot, to whom delay would have been as fatal as defeat, was preparing to strike the blow that Wellesley was so anxious to have anticipated. The French commander dare not remain inactive. He had scarcely provisions for a second day, and it was dreaded that every courier who arrived from the capital would bring the unwelcome news that Lisbon was in arms. To fight, and not to manœuvre, was the only game for one to whom less evil would result from an immediate repulse, than good could be gained by a tardy victory. Accordingly, on the same evening on which Sir Harry Burrard had countermanded the advance of the British, Junot quitted his position, and after a tedious night-march, over broken roads and mountain passes, by seven o'clock on the morning of the 21st halted within four miles of the English pickets. Here Junot formed his columns for attack, and as the ground concealed his movements, his advanced cavalry had topped the high grounds, before the British were apprised that they were on the eve of an engagement.

Before daybreak, according to the custom of the English army, the troops were under arms, and consequently ready for the fray. The French advanced pickets were promptly supported by their infantry brigades—column after column followed in order of battle—and with delight, Wellesley observed that the combat he had courted was unavoidable.

The relative force of the rival armies was pretty equal. The French consisted of three divisions of infantry, one of cavalry, and twenty-three guns of light calibre. Wellesley was stronger in infantry, equal in artillery, but in cavalry greatly inferior to his opponent. The preparatory dispositions were rapidly effected by the French general—a little before ten o'clock he commenced his attack, and the contest at Vimeiro opened.

The French attacks were separately made, but they were nearly simultaneous. Laborde, who commanded the left wing, consisting of five thousand men, moved along the valley, to carry the eminence on which the advanced brigade of Welles-

ley's army was in position. The village and churchyard of Vimeiro were strongly occupied by British light troops, and part of the 43d—while seven pieces of artillery opened with shrapnel shells upon the column, as it came on with all the imposing steadiness for which French troops are so distinguished. The fire of the British skirmishers, who were extended along the front of the plateau, wherever trees or banks would cover them, was also particularly destructive. Unshaken by the cannonade, the enemy pressed forward, and mounting the hill, boldly confronted the British 50th, who with a company of the 95th were formed on the crest. That gallant regiment waited until their opponents had nearly crowned the height, when, after delivering a shattering volley at thirty paces' distance, they rushed forward with the bayonet, and broke through the angle of the column. The French at first offered a stout resistance, but they were driven from the field with great slaughter. A separate attack made on the village by a French corps, who had advanced on the right of the large column, was defeated by Anstruther's brigade, while a squadron of the 20th Light Dragoons charged Laborde's disordered ranks, and the rout of the enemy's left wing was completed. Nearly one thousand of the enemy were left upon the field, and seven guns and three hundred prisoners were taken.

The pursuit of the routed enemy was continued for a considerable distance, until their reserved cavalry, under Margaron, checked the small but gallant band of British dragoons, who, now obliged to yield to numbers, were driven back with heavy loss, in which, unfortunately, their brave leader, Lieutenant-Colonel Taylor, was included.

A small column under Brennier, which was to have supported Laborde's attack by a flank movement on his right, lost its way in the ravines, and could make no diversion. Kellerman, with the French grenadiers, who formed the reserve, made a desperate effort to recover the day. Advancing to the height, he drove in the advanced companies of the 43d; but that regiment rallied instantly, and while the head of the enemy's column was shaken by the fire of the English

artillery, the 43d came gallantly forward, and after a short but sanguinary contest, drove the French grenadiers from the ridge, at the bayonet's point.

The left of the British position was now furiously assailed by Solignac's division, which had advanced along the mountain ridge. They found the British 36th, 40th, and 71st, under General Ferguson, formed in three lines, and ready to receive them, but they deployed with uncommon quickness, and on both sides several murderous volleys were interchanged. The 82d and 29th came also into action, and a sweeping fire from the English guns was vigorously maintained. Nothing could shake the steadiness of the British infantry; and alarmed by a threatening movement of the fifth brigade and the Portuguese, who were seen marching rapidly towards Lourinha, the French fell back. But in turn they were fiercely assailed; and as the mountain brow opened out, the regiments of Ferguson's second line came up at double quick, formed line, and took part in the combat. The word to charge was given. One cheer, loud, regular, and appalling, warned the French of what they had to expect; but the French were men of tried valour, and they stood to the last. The onset that ensued was tremendous; the entire front rank of the enemy perished; and the men who composed it were found, at the close of the action, lying on the very spots where each, during its continuance, had stood. Broken completely, the French rapidly retreated, leaving the ground to the conquerors, with six pieces of artillery. General Solignac was severely wounded and carried off the field—and outflanked and driven into the low grounds about Perinza, the capture of the greater portion of the retiring column seemed now a certainty.

About this period of the battle, Brennier, who had got his brigade entangled in a ravine that protected the British left, and consequently had failed in supporting Laborde's attack on the village of Vimeiro, managed to extricate himself from the difficulty into which, from ignorance of the ground, he had involved himself; and, in retreating, he suddenly came upon the 71st and 82d regiments, who were in charge of the captured guns, and too much exhausted after their late exertions to be

able to come forward when required. Taken by surprise, the two regiments retired to reform, and Brennier recovered the cannon. Instantly, however, on gaining the high ground, they rallied and advanced again; threw in a well-directed volley, lowered their bayonets, and with a loud huzza, came forward to the charge.* But the French wanted nerve to stand it—they broke—the guns were once more seized—and with the loss of their general, who was wounded and made prisoner, the French retreated in great disorder.

Such was the state of the field,—Solignac and Brennier's brigades separated and disorganised, while, flushed with conquest, Ferguson's success must have proved decisive,—when the paralysing order to "halt," issued by a British general, effected for the beaten enemy a miraculous deliverance from what they themselves considered inevitable destruction. The opportunity was promptly seized. Covered by a fine cavalry, the relics of the French infantry rallied and reformed with a rapidity that did infinite credit to their discipline, and then commencing a soldierly retreat, they united themselves with the shattered masses, who were retiring in great disorder after their failure upon the British centre.

Sir Harry Burrard, who had been fortunately absent while the dispositions for the action were made, and arriving on the ground during the heat of battle, had not ventured to interfere previously, now assumed the chief command. A decisive victory was won. Every effort of Junot's had been exhausted; every arm of his troops had been bravely but uselessly employed; and Brennier's anxious inquiry, when brought into the presence of Sir Arthur Wellesley, "whether Kellerman had charged?" showed that the whole of his reserve had been brought into action, and of course that no resources were in hand. It was not yet noon: the French were in full retreat; half their artillery taken, and nothing but their cavalry effective.

* The piper of the grenadier company of the 71st, named Stewart, when knocked down by a musket shot in the thigh, refused to quit the field, and sitting on a knapsack, struck up a pibroch, observing, "De'il hae his soul gin the lads wanted music." The Highland Society presented Stewart with a beautiful stand of pipes, bearing a complimentary inscription.

With the British army matters stood differently: the Portuguese had not been called upon; the first and fifth brigades had never been engaged, and the former was actually two miles nearer Torres Vedras than the French. The fourth and eighth brigades had suffered very few casualties, were quite fresh, and ready for any exertion that might have been required from them. In the morning, numbers were in favour of the British; at noon, how much more was this advantage improved! Nothing was wanted but to follow up the victory, and by forcing Junot to the Tagus, push forward direct to Montachique by Torres Vedras, and thus cut off the French retreat upon the capital. By advancing, Wellesley must have obliged Junot to abandon the few guns he had carried off, and leave his wounded and stragglers to their fate, while he sought refuge in Elvas or Almeida. Of course Sir Arthur Wellesley saw the glorious results his success was sure to realise, and Lisbon appeared already in possession. What must have been his mortification, when Sir Harry Burrard issued the fatal order; and deaf to every remonstrance, "urged upon the field with the warmth and earnestness of a successful officer," the advice of Wellesley was disregarded, and the British army, to their great astonishment, were directed to halt and pile arms!

While his imbecile superior had thus arrested Wellesley's career of glory for a season, Junot, after withdrawing his beaten corps, and sustaining well the high character he had acquired for personal intrepidity, by the recklessness with which he exposed himself to danger when affairs became disastrous, called a council of war to consider the course that, under existing circumstances, he should now pursue. Apprised that Lisbon was not secure from insurrection for an hour, short of ammunition, and damped by a signal defeat, the situation of the French army was perilous in the extreme. To force their way over the frontier, and join the next corps in Spain, was almost a desperate alternative; and the decision of Junot's generals was unanimous,—that negotiation should be resorted to. Kellerman was accordingly despatched to the British

camp—and, as the event proved, an abler functionary could not have been selected.

In the interim, Sir Hew Dalrymple had arrived and taken the direction of affairs;—and thus, in the brief space of four-and-twenty hours, the command of the British army had thrice changed hands. It is, however, but justice to Sir Hew Dalrymple to state, that on being informed that Sir Arthur Wellesley had landed and was engaged in active operations, with proper delicacy he resolved to run down to the Mondego, there wait for the expected reinforcements, and, in the meantime, permit Sir Arthur to carry out the plans he had so ably and successfully commenced; but receiving a vague account of the action at Roliça from a sloop of war, he sent an aide-de-camp on shore for intelligence, ordering him to inform Sir Arthur, if he chanced to see him, that he was proceeding to fall in with Sir Harry Burrard and the main body; and that though he wished to be informed of the proceedings, he did not mean to interfere with his command. This was on the evening of the 21st. About midnight the boat returned, bringing intelligence of the battle, and that Sir Harry Burrard was in command. There was now no room for that delicacy towards Sir Arthur, which was as honourable as it was judicious, and Sir Hew landed accordingly.

Immediately on assuming the command, ascertaining the state of the British army, and obtaining from Sir Arthur Wellesley a brief but clear explanation of the recent operations, Sir Hew determined to advance, and orders to that effect were issued. But the moment for successful action had passed away, and in military affairs a lost opportunity can rarely be recalled. What results might have arisen from the dispositions of Sir Hew were fated to remain matters of conjecture, for Kellerman, with a suitable escort of cavalry, arrived at the British outposts, and was immediately conducted to the quarters of the British general.

It caused no slight alarm to the outlying pickets, when Kellerman's escort at first appeared, but it was immediately ascertained that the object of the visit was pacific; the French

general being the bearer of a proposition for a suspension of arms, as a preparatory step to the evacuation of Portugal by the invaders. An armistice for forty-eight hours was concluded, and a negotiation, than which none was afterwards more extensively canvassed nor more differently estimated, commenced, which ended in what was termed the Convention of Cintra.

The arrival of Kellerman at the British camp occasioned an intense curiosity, both as to the nature of the proposals which he bore, and the reception they were likely to meet with. Conjecture was busily employed; some asserting that Sir Arthur Wellesley was hostile to any armistice whatever; while others affirmed that he was so deeply disgusted with Burrard's weakness in preventing the victory of the 21st from being followed up, that he had expressed himself as being totally indifferent to what ulterior measures Sir Hew and Sir Harry might adopt. Murmurs might here and there be heard, all of them condemnatory of that excess of caution which had checked a victorious army in the midst of its career; whilst a thousand wishes were expressed, that the new chief's arrival had been delayed until the campaign, so prosperously begun, had been brought to a conclusion.

In the meantime, Junot had retired to Lisbon, having taken up two strong positions at the Cabeçon de Montachique and Mafra. While the late events had been in progress, the most delusive accounts were transmitted to the capital, and there promulgated by the French authorities, all detailing imaginary victories which had been gained already, as well as those which were shortly to be won. But on the evening of the 23d, intelligence of the defeat at Vimeiro reached Lisbon, with the usual exaggerations; and its effect was so visible in the undisguised demonstrations of joy to which the inhabitants gave expression, that an immediate insurrection was momentarily dreaded. Still an attempt was made to blind the populace; and when Junot arrived late in the afternoon with the reserve, a royal salute was fired in honour of his victory; but the farce could not be sustained, and the return of Kellerman,

accompanied by Colonel Murray, confirmed the report that Junot had actually proposed to capitulate.

The celebrated Convention was eventually brought to a conclusion. It contained twenty-two articles, to which three additional ones were subsequently affixed. It was signed at Lisbon, on the 30th of August, by General Kellerman, and the Quarter-Master-General of the English army, Colonel Murray, and it stipulated that the beaten French troops, instead of becoming prisoners of war, should be carried to France in English ships and set free.

Sir Arthur did not conceal his opinions from the Government at home, either with respect to the Convention before it was signed, or the general prospects of the British interests in Portugal. In a letter to Lord Castlereagh, dated the 30th of August, he observes:—

"Ten days after the action of the 21st, we are not farther advanced; nor indeed, I believe, so far advanced as we should and ought to have been on the night of the 21st.

"I assure you, my dear lord, matters are not prospering here; and I feel an earnest desire to quit the army. I have been too successful with this army ever to serve with it in a subordinate situation, with satisfaction to the person who shall command it, and of course not to myself. However, I shall do what the Government may wish."

If Sir Arthur Wellesley felt dissatisfied with the measures adopted by those who had superseded him in the command, the disgust generally produced throughout the army, by the infelicitous appointments of the Government, was deep, not loud. From the moment the fatal order of the 21st was issued, the troops reposed no confidence in their new leaders; and even to the youngest soldier, the incompetency of Sir Harry and Sir Hew was perfectly apparent. All regretted that operations commenced under such glorious promise should be stripped of their results, and terminate in diplomacy and inaction; while, aware of the loss the army and the country had sustained, when their late commander's talents had been placed in abeyance for a season, the general officers

took an early opportunity of marking the high estimation in which Sir Arthur Wellesley was held; and on the 3d of September the following address was presented to him:—

"CAMP AT ST. ANTONIO DE TOJAL.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Anxious to manifest the high esteem and respect we bear towards you, and the satisfaction we must ever feel in having had the good fortune to serve under your command, we have this day directed a piece of plate, value 1000 guineas, to be prepared and presented to you.

"The enclosed inscription, which we have ordered to be engraved on it, expresses our feelings on this occasion.—We have the honour to be, &c.,

"B. SPENCER, Major-Gen.
"R. HILL, Major-Gen.
"R. FERGUSON, Major-Gen.
"M. NIGHTINGALE, Brig.-Gen.
"B. F. BOWES, Brig.-Gen.
"H. FANE, Brig.-Gen.
"J. CATLIN CRAUFURD, Brig.-Gen.

"Lieut.-Gen. the Hon. Sir A. Wellesley, K.B."

INSCRIPTION.

"From the General Officers serving in the British army, originally landed in Figueira, in Portugal, in the year 1808, to Lieut.-General the Right Hon. Sir Arthur Wellesley, K.B., &c. &c., their Commander.

"Major-General Spencer, second in command, Major-Generals Hill and Ferguson, Brig.-Generals Nightingale, Bowes, Fane, and Craufurd, offer this gift to their leader, in testimony of the high respect and esteem they feel for him as a man, and the unbounded confidence they place in him as an officer."

To this flattering testimonial of private and professional respect, Sir Arthur returned a suitable reply.

"GENTLEMEN,—I have had the honour of receiving your letter of this day; and I assure you that it is a source of great gratification to me to find that my conduct in the command with which I was lately intrusted by his Majesty, has given you satisfaction.

"As my efforts were directed to forward the service in which we were employed, I could not fail to receive your support and assistance; and to the cordial support and friendly advice and assistance which I invariably received from you, collectively and individually, I attribute the success of our endeavours to bring the army in the state in which it was formed to meet the enemy, on the days on which the gallantry of the officers and soldiers was stimulated by your example, and their discipline aided and directed by your experience and ability.

"Under these circumstances, my task has been comparatively light, and I imagine that its difficulty has been overrated by your partiality; but I have a pride in the reflection, that as I should not deserve, so I should not possess your regard, if I had not done my duty; and with these sentiments, and those of respect and affection for you all, I accept of that testimony of your esteem and confidence, which you have been pleased to present to me.—I have the honour to be, &c.,

"ARTHUR WELLESLEY."

Finding that his relations with the Commander-in-chief were anything but cordial, and of course neither satisfactory to himself, nor of utility to the public, Sir Arthur Wellesley determined on returning to England, and addressed the annexed letter to Sir Hew Dalrymple:—

"LUMIAR, *17th Sept.* 1808.

"SIR,—The embarkation of the French troops having brought to a final close the operations of the army in Portugal, and as in the present state of the season some time must elapse before the troops can enter upon any other active operation, and as I understand you have sent Lord William Bentinck on the service for which you had thought me qualified,

and it is not probable that there will be an opportunity for active service, or that you will require my assistance at this particular moment, or for some time to come, I am induced to request your permission to go to England.

"The situation of my office of Chief Secretary in Ireland, of which the duties have been done lately by a gentleman who is now dead, renders it desirable, under these circumstances, that I should be in England as soon as possible, to ascertain whether it is his Majesty's pleasure that I should continue to hold it, or that I should relinquish it. I have therefore to request that you will give me leave to go to England by the first ship that shall sail.—I have the honour to be, &c.,

"ARTHUR WELLESLEY."

After Sir Arthur Wellesley had returned on leave of absence, Sir Hew Dalrymple was recalled under circumstances which sufficiently implied that the country was not satisfied with the result of the two late victories. Sir Harry Burrard, who succeeded him, under the plea of bad health, resigned after a few days, and the command then devolved upon one whom, next to Sir Arthur Wellesley, the troops most respected and loved—Lieutenant-General Sir John Moore.

Never did a commanding officer return to explain his conduct to a country less disposed to listen calmly to his justification, than Sir Hew Dalrymple. Popular dissatisfaction had broken forth, "with such a torrent of rabid malevolence, that all feelings of right and justice were overborne, and the voice of truth stifled by their obstreperous cry."* Throughout the kingdom meetings were publicly convened, to express the general indignation of the people at the treaty that had been concluded, and to demand from the Government that all concerned in the Convention should be visited with the signal displeasure of both the country and the king.

Such was the state of popular feeling when Sir Arthur Wellesley landed in England. His name was entangled with generals who had not won the fields of Roliça and Vimeiro,

* Napier.

but who had completed a treaty which it was asserted had disgraced the honour and ruined the interests of Britain. Although primarily opposed to a moment's delay in operations, and determined upon pressing the French army to the uttermost on the day of the 21st, as well as being subsequently opposed to many articles of the Convention, Sir Arthur could not escape being mixed up in the unpopularity of the whole proceedings; and it required that a means for justification should be afforded him, before public opinion was disabused, and that that share alone in the transaction which he individually bore should be publicly ascertained and properly appreciated.

In accordance with the demands of the country, the King directed that a full investigation should take place into all matters connected with a transaction which had disappointed the hopes and expectations of the nation. A Board of Inquiry, consisting of seven general officers, was accordingly directed to assemble. They met at the Royal College at Chelsea, and their sittings continued from the 14th of November until the 27th of December 1808.

Immediately on his return to England, Sir Arthur Wellesley addressed a letter to Lord Castlereagh, in consequence of a communication previously received by the Secretary of State from Sir Hew Dalrymple. A passage in that letter had stated that Sir Arthur agreed upon and signed certain articles "for the suspension of hostilities on the 22d of August." Alluding to this assertion, Sir Arthur says, "I beg leave to inform your lordship that I did not negotiate that agreement; that it was negotiated and settled by his Excellency in person, with General Kellerman, in the presence of Lieutenant-General Sir Harry Burrard and myself; and that I signed it by his Excellency's desire. But I could not consider myself responsible in any degree for the terms in which it was framed, or for any of its provisions.

"At the same time, adverting to the situation which I had held in Portugal previously to his Excellency's arrival, I think it but just to inform your lordship, that I concurred with the

commander of the forces in thinking it expedient, on the 22d of August, that the French army in Portugal should be allowed to evacuate that kingdom, with their arms and baggage, and that every facility for this purpose should be afforded them."

The inquiry ended in a decision to take no further proceedings against the generals in question, and after its termination Sir Arthur Wellesley returned to his duties as Chief Secretary for Ireland, he having resumed that office immediately on his landing from Portugal. In January 1809, he resumed his seat in Parliament—and in his place there, had the gratification to receive the thanks of the Commons of Great Britain for his gallantry and skill at the battle of Vimeiro.

On this interesting occasion, the Speaker thus addressed him :—

"Lieutenant-General Sir Arthur Wellesley,—After the events of last year, it was impossible that Parliament should reassemble, without directing its earliest attention to the services of the British army in Portugal ; and amidst the contending opinions which have prevailed upon other questions, the public voice has been loud and general in admiration of your splendid achievements.

"It is your praise to have inspired your troops with unshaken confidence and unbounded ardour ; to have commanded, not the obedience alone, but the hearts and affections of your companions in arms ; and having planned your operations with the skill and promptitude which have so eminently characterised all your former exertions, you have again led the armies of your country to battle, with the same deliberate valour and triumphant success which have long since rendered your name illustrious in the remotest parts of this empire.

"Military glory has ever been dear to this nation ; and great military exploits, in the field and upon the ocean, have their sure reward in royal favour and the gratitude of Parliament. It is therefore with the highest satisfaction that, in this fresh instance, I now proceed to deliver to you the thanks of this House ; and I do now, accordingly, by the command and in the name of the Commons of the United Kingdom of

Great Britain and Ireland, thank you for the distinguished valour, ability, and conduct displayed by you on the 17th and 21st of August last, in Portugal; on the latter of which days you obtained, at Vimeiro, over the army of the enemy, a signal victory, honourable and glorious to the British arms."

Sir Arthur Wellesley rose and made the following answer:—

"Mr. Speaker,—I beg leave to express my acknowledgments to the House for the high honour which they have conferred upon me by the notice which they have taken, and the approbation they have conveyed, of my conduct during the time I commanded his Majesty's troops in Portugal.

"No man can value more highly than I do, the honourable distinction which has been conferred upon me—a distinction which it is in the power of the representatives of a free people alone to bestow, and which it is the peculiar advantage of the officers and soldiers in the service of his Majesty to have held out to them as the object of their ambition, and to receive as the reward of their services.

"I beg leave to return to you, sir, my thanks for the handsome terms in which your kindness, I ought to say your partiality for me, has induced you to convey the approbation of the House."

A similar mark of their approbation was conveyed to Sir Arthur Wellesley, the generals who served under him, and the whole of the officers and men, by a resolution of the House of Lords, conveyed through the Lord Chancellor. A suitable reply from Sir Arthur was returned for this mark of high distinction conferred upon the army by the Upper House; and with these occurrences, the history of the first Peninsular campaign may have been said to terminate.

CHAPTER VI.

SECOND EXPEDITION TO PORTUGAL—PASSAGE OF THE DOURO—BATTLE OF TALAVERA.

AFTER the departure of the three generals to meet the inquiry into the Convention of Cintra, the command of the troops in the Peninsula was left in the hands of Sir John Moore. That most gallant general was induced, by deceptive offers from Spain, to invade that country with the greater part of his forces, leaving but a small detachment in Portugal. The history of Sir John Moore's gallant advance into Spain, and valiant retreat before the face of Napoleon himself, does not belong to a life of Wellington, any more than the story of that heroic death before Corunna which Wellington was so fully to avenge. It is enough to say that by January 1809, the victors of Roliça and Vimeiro were represented in Portugal by a few thousand disorganised troops under Sir J. Cradock. Nevertheless, despite Moore's disaster, the English ministers determined to make one effort more to preserve Portugal from again falling under the power of Napoleon. They therefore determined to reorganise the Portuguese army, and sent out General Beresford, who was appointed Marshal of the Portuguese army, with a staff of English officers to do so. At the same time they reinforced the English forces in Portugal, without whom no success could be expected, and appointed to command them, the conqueror of Vimeiro—Sir Arthur Wellesley, K.B. Having resigned his

secretaryship in Ireland, and vacated his seat in Parliament, Sir Arthur embarked on board the "Surveillante" with his staff, left Portsmouth on the 16th of April, and after a dangerous but quick passage, anchored in the Tagus on the 22d.

The effect produced upon the British army by the arrival of their favourite chief seemed magical. Into every department his presence seemed to infuse new life and confidence. Men spoke no longer of defensive security, or speculated on the probable period of their departure from the Tagus; but all looked forward to active service, as a thing consequent on the appearance of a victorious commander; and the general question which was asked was, "When shall we be in readiness to move forward?" The delight of the Portuguese was unbounded, and they welcomed Sir Arthur Wellesley as if conquest and his name was one. All day long the streets were crowded with men and women, congratulating one another on the happy event; and at night the city was illuminated even in the most obscure and meanest of its lanes and alleys. In the theatres, pieces were hastily got up, somewhat after the fashion of the masques anciently exhibited among ourselves, in which Victory was made to crown the representative of the hero with laurels, and to address him in language as far removed from the terms of ordinary conversation as might be expected from an allegorical personage. But it was not by such exhibitions alone that the Portuguese nation sought to evince its confidence in its former deliverer, and its satisfaction at his return. Sir Arthur Wellesley was immediately nominated Marshal-General of the armies of Portugal; by which means, whilst the care of training and managing the whole of the interior economy rested still with Beresford, the fullest authority to move the troops whithersoever he would, and to employ them in any series of operations in which he might desire to embark, devolved upon him.

Sir Arthur Wellesley instantly assumed the command, and in a despatch to Lord Castlereagh, dated from Lisbon, on the 27th April 1809, he thus generally details the relative positions of the contending armies:—

"I arrived here on the 22d instant, and having communicated with Lieutenant-General Sir John Cradock to put me in orders on the 25th, I have assumed the command of the army.

"The whole of the British army in Portugal are assembled at Leyria and Alcobaça, with the exception of the 2d battalion 30th regiment, in garrison at Lisbon; of the 16th Light Dragoons, on its march to join the army; and of the 2d battalion 24th regiment, the 3d Dragoon Guards, and the 4th Dragoons, just landed.

"The corps of Marshal Soult is still in the north of Portugal, occupying the city of Oporto, with its advanced posts at Ovar. It is engaged with its left in an attack upon General Silveira on the Tamega, with a view to open the province of Tras os Montes, for its communication with Spain.

"The corps of General Lapisse, which had advanced from Salamanca, and had threatened an attack upon the province of Beira, has marched along the frontiers of Portugal to Alcantara, where it crosses the Tagus; and it is now joined with that under the command of Marshal Victor, at Merida, upon the Guadiana.

"The corps of Marshal Victor has been upon the Guadiana since the defeat of the Spanish army under General Cuesta, with its advanced posts south of that river.

"General Cuesta is at Llerena; and, I understand, by a communication from Mr. Frere to the Secretary of State, a copy of which has been sent here, that the Spanish Government are taking measures to reinforce that general; and that he will move into Portugal, if Victor should take advantage of the absence of the British army engaged in operations to the northward of Portugal.

"Under these circumstances, I have determined forthwith to move to the northward. I purpose to take with me 6000 Portuguese troops, and the whole of the British troops now in Portugal, with the exception of the 2d battalion 30th regiment, the 2d battalion 24th regiment, the brigade of infantry under the command of Major-General Mackenzie, and the 3d Dragoon Guards and 4th Dragoons.

"These troops, with about 7000 Portuguese infantry and cavalry, will be left upon the Tagus to watch the movements of the enemy upon the frontier, and to guard the passages over the river, between Abrantes and Santarem.

"As soon as the enemy shall have evacuated the north of Portugal, it is my intention to return to the eastern frontier of the kingdom, and to co-operate with the Spanish General Cuesta against the army of Marshal Victor."

Having ascertained that the armies of Soult and Victor were too widely separated to permit of any unity of operations between these marshals, Sir Arthur Wellesley decided on attacking the former without delay, and if successful in the north, to return rapidly to the Tagus, and in conjunction with Cuesta's corps, fall subsequently upon Victor. Although the latter was distant fully eighteen marches from Lisbon, and it was possible that Oporto might be recovered, even before the first movements of Sir Arthur should be known at the head-quarters of Marshal Victor, the English general left nothing to chance, but adopted precautionary measures to protect the country, and secure the quiet of the capital. A Portuguese corps, amounting to seven thousand men, assisted by four British regiments, was left, under the command of Major-General Mackenzie, to defend the right bank of the Tagus; Colonel Mayne, with some militia and part of the Lusitanian Legion, was posted at Alcantara, to hold the bridge, or if deforced, to blow up an arch, and thus render it impassable; while at Abrantes and Villa Velha the flying bridges were removed—and thus Lisbon was secured during the absence of the British army in the north, from any effort that Victor might make to reach it.

Sir Arthur Wellesley transferred his headquarters on the 1st of May to Pombal, and on the 2d to Coimbra, where the concentration of the army was effected on the 5th. At both these places the British general was enthusiastically welcomed. The streets were brilliantly illuminated, bonfires blazed on the heights, and the deafening *vivas* of the populace told how much

in unison with the feelings of the nation had been the appointment of the new commander.

Independently of the separate corps under the orders of Marshal Beresford, the army, as now organised, comprised four divisions, of which one was cavalry under Lieutenant-General Payne. The first division had two brigades of infantry, and twelve pieces of cannon; the second, three brigades of infantry, and six guns; the third, two brigades of infantry, and six pieces of artillery. Lieutenant-General Paget commanded the first corps; Sherbrooke, the second; and Hill, the third. The strength of the whole of these *corps d'armée* was fourteen thousand six hundred infantry, about fifteen hundred cavalry, and twenty-four pieces of cannon. The auxiliary corps, under Trant, was at Vouga; Silveira's, on the Tamega; and Wilson, with a Portuguese detachment, at Viseu, threatened Franceschi's left flank, and kept open a communication, by Lamego, with Silveira.

While the French army was extended between the Vouga and Tamega, with its wings severed by the Douro, the British army was in hand at Coimbra, and ready to operate by Viseu and Lamego against either the left of the enemy, which in four or five marches might be turned; or against the right, which in two marches could be assailed with overwhelming numbers. Wellesley determined to avail himself of both routes, —preferring for his principal attack the right of the French army, as its position was exposed, and it was more immediately within his reach. Accordingly, Beresford marched on the 6th upon Lamego by Viseu. On the 7th, Paget's division, with the light cavalry, took the Oporto road, halting, however, on the 8th to allow Beresford to gain the upper Douro. On the 9th, the march was continued for the Vouga, whither also Hill's division was moving by the Aveiro road; and at Aveiro the troops arrived after night-fall, and halted.

On reaching Aveiro, General Hill had seized the boats, and he now embarked one brigade on the lake of Ovar, by which he was directed to turn the French right. The Portuguese fisher-

men rendered him a willing assistance. The second brigade embarked on the return of the boats; and at dawn of day on the 10th, the whole division was safe across the lake, and landed, without a casualty, upon the opposite shore.

While by these operations Soult's flanks were being turned, Sir Arthur Wellesley, with the main body, moved forward to surprise and cut off Franceschi, who was in force at Albergaria Nova. The attempt was admirably arranged—but those unforeseen circumstances, through which the ablest dispositions fail so frequently, preserved the French general from ruin; and an hour's delay, produced by a few trifling accidents, marred a combination that would have deprived Soult of a third of his infantry, and all his light cavalry. The march of Paget's column had been interrupted by some broken carriages, which, for a time, choked the road,—while Cotton was misled by his guide, and brought direct upon the front, and not upon the flank of the enemy. Instead of finding Franceschi unprepared, and attacking him in the haze of morning, he was discovered in order of battle, with his cavalry in line, and their flank resting on a wood occupied by a strong body of sharp-shooters. Cotton hesitated to assail a force so formidably posted,—and he halted until the infantry should come up.

Sir Arthur Wellesley arrived on the ground in person, while Franceschi boldly held his position, skirmishing with Trant's light troops which had come up. Paget's infantry being now in hand, not a moment was lost in attacking the sharp-shooters and clearing the wood. The French general retreated towards Oliveira, hard pressed, but still unbroken; and marching all night, by a powerful exertion on the part of his soldiers he reached Grijon in the morning and united his troops with Mermet's division.

That night, the light cavalry and Paget's division halted at Oliveira, and the guards, who had crossed the Vouga in the evening, occupied Albergaria. Anxious to overtake an enemy whom accidents had saved, Wellesley recommenced the pursuit at sunrise; and at eight o'clock, by vigorous marching, he came up with them at Grijon.

The position occupied by the French generals was strong in its right and centre—the one resting on a wood filled with tirailleurs, the other covered in front by villages and enclosures. But the left was the weak point,—and the eagle eye of the British general at a glance perceived that it could be turned. Without once halting his column, he ordered General Murray, from the rear of the advanced guard, to move round by the right, throwing, at the same time, the 16th Portuguese into a pine-wood on the left. The latter were intended rather to distract the enemy's attention than themselves to attempt anything serious, whilst General Paget, supported by two battalions in reserve, manœuvred upon their front. A very heavy firing immediately began; but the enemy no sooner observed the judicious movement round their left, than they abandoned their strong ground and fled. Upon this our troops were again thrown into column, and the march resumed as if nothing had happened; every movement being made with the same coolness, and in as perfect order, as at a field-day.

The British immediately occupied the heights from which they had dislodged the enemy, while the French generals continued their retreat. Perceiving that the rear was in confusion, the light cavalry under General Stewart charged along the road in sections, with great gallantry and some success. Many of the French were sabred, and upwards of one hundred made prisoners. Alarmed at the intrepidity of the English hussars, the French, to check pursuit, halted and formed on some heights which completely commanded the road, and the cavalry were obliged to fall back; but wheeling to the right they made a threatening movement upon the left flank of the enemy. This danger the French generals avoided by resuming their retreat; and they accordingly abandoned the heights of Carvalhos. The remainder of the day was consumed in marching and fighting; for even when the advanced guard was warmly engaged, the column moved steadily forward, as if no enemy was in its front. With evening the pursuit ended—the advanced guard bivouacking where it stood—Sir Arthur

Wellesley taking up his quarters in the convent of Grijon;* and the guards resting in the surrounding hamlets and upon the heights of Carvalhos.

The French brigades were anxiously urged forward—no rest could be allowed—and severe as the exertions of the day had been, hours were robbed from the night—the Douro was passed, and its floating bridge destroyed before sunrise. In effecting this, fortune favoured the retreating enemy. Hill's corps, which had been ordered to march by the coast road, had been misdirected, taken a wrong route, and lost too much time to reach the point where, had it been able to arrive, the French retreat might have been interrupted and the bridge preserved.

In war, a prudent foresight may plan well, but chance will make or mar the ablest dispositions. All proved that Wellesley's arrangements were correct, but fortune declared against him. When she did smile, her favours were not blindly given,—they were bestowed upon an enemy whose gallantry deserved her smiles, and who, when almost within the eagle grasp of their formidable assailant, by a brave and soldierly resistance, managed to effect the deliverance of his troops.

The bold operations by which the French corps detached at Albergaria Nova and Grijon had been hurried across the Douro, apprised the Duke of Dalmatia of the proximity of an enemy whose movements were effected with an alarming rapidity, and whose plans were beyond his penetration. To remain at Oporto for the present, and watch their development, was the French marshal's determination, for nothing had occurred which could lead to any belief but that the obstacle which the Douro presented could only be overcome by a landing at its mouth. Loison was considered safe at Amarante. The route into Tras os Montes was consequently open; and there the artillery and baggage were

* That day will be long remembered by the community of the convent. In the same apartment in which Sir Arthur and his staff supped, four French generals had breakfasted; a very few hours thus producing a singular succession of visitors, and some of them anything but welcome guests.

immediately directed to proceed; while Mermet's division, without a halt, was pushed on to Vallonga and Baltar, to secure the right bank of the river by seizing the boats, and keeping it actively patrolled. Soult himself, in full persuasion that danger from the ocean was all that he had to apprehend, retired to a house that commanded an uninterrupted prospect of the sea, and from which he could satisfy himself that the bridge was effectually destroyed, and watch the pontoons that composed it, as one after the other they came burning down the stream. There he remained, in full expectation that on the next day he should see the British fleet at anchor, and witness personally the disembarkation of the allies.

But while the course of the river to its mouth was fully open to his view, a sharp bending of the stream, immediately above the town, shut out the upper course of the Douro; and the heights of Serra, rising boldly, interposed between Oporto and the country to the eastward. Early on the morning of the 12th, the English advanced guard reached Villa Nova—and at eight o'clock the columns had come up, and the whole were concentrated and ready for action.

But no general, and he victorious, was more painfully situated than Sir Arthur Wellesley. A river, deep, rapid, and three hundred yards across, rolled its dark waters in his front; a bold and vigorous enemy lay beyond it; no means of transport were provided; and on the instant passage of that formidable stream, more than success depended: for not only the enemy might elude his attack, but an isolated corps was endangered,—Soult might retire unmolested into Galicia if he pleased, or, by attacking Beresford singly, overpower him by superior force, and enter Beira. Danger often stimulates bravery to startling but successful enterprises; and in this emergency Wellesley decided on as bold an effort as modern warfare parallels,—the crossing of the Douro in the face of the enemy.

From the heights which concealed his own troops, Sir Arthur Wellesley commanded an uninterrupted view of the country for miles around—and the Vallonga road at once fixed

his attention. Dust rose in thick clouds,—baggage could be seen occasionally,—and the march of Soult's column was readily detected. Directly opposite the heights of Serra, a building of great extent, encircled by a wall which surrounded a considerable area, was discovered. The Seminary was particularly strong. It had but one entrance, and that communicated with the Vallonga road, and was secured by an iron gate. Could this edifice be occupied, Wellesley might open a passage for his army,—but where were means to be obtained by which troops could be thrown across the stream, and the seizure of that building effected? A barrier, to all appearance impassable, was unfortunately interposed. Where no hope presents itself, the most ardent spirit will yield. Before Wellesley rolled the Douro,—and Alexander the Great might have turned from it without shame!

By what trifling agencies have not the boldest projects been successfully carried out! but in the annals of modern warfare, never was a splendid enterprise achieved whose opening means were so superlatively contemptible. Colonel Waters had communicated to Sir Arthur the information that the bridge had been destroyed, and he had been despatched on what appeared the hopeless errand of finding some mode of transport. Fortune unexpectedly befriended him: a barber of Oporto had eluded the vigilance of Soult's patrols, and paddled his skiff across the river. Him the colonel found in company with the Prior of Amarante; and the latter having volunteered his services, the barber consented to assist,—and with these unmilitary associates, Waters crossed the stream, and in half an hour returned, unperceived, with several large barges.

Seizing the boon which fortune offered, Sir Arthur instantly got twenty pieces of cannon placed in battery in the convent gardens, and despatched General John Murray, with the Germans, part of the 14th Light Dragoons, and two guns, to cross the river at Avintas, and descend by the opposite bank. Not a movement in the city showed that the enemy apprehended an attack—not a patrol had showed itself—and an ominous

tranquillity bespoke a fatal confidence. A barge was reported ready to attempt a passage. "Let the men cross!" was the laconic order; and that order was promptly obeyed. An officer and twenty-five of the 3d regiment (Buffs) jumped on board; and in twelve minutes they had landed, unseen and unopposed.

A second boat effected its passage with similar celerity and equal fortune; but the third, in which General Paget had embarked, was discovered by the enemy—and a scene which may be fancied, but not described, ensued. The rattle of the French drums, as they beat to arms, was nearly drowned in the outcries of the citizens, who witnessed the daring effort, which they encouraged by their cheers, but which, unhappily, they wanted means to second. Disregarding order, in their anxiety to reach the threatened point, the French troops poured out of the city, their skirmishers hurrying on in double quick to arrest, if possible, the farther transit of the boats, and crush those already landed, before they could be supported from the other shore. The British artillery thundered from the convent garden, and the divisions of Paget, Hill, and Sherbrooke crowded the banks, gazing on a contest in which, for the present, they could take no share.

The Seminary was furiously assailed—General Paget was severely wounded—and the command devolved on General Hill. On each side the numbers of the combatants increased, but on the French side by fourfold reinforcements. To one side of the building, however, the French attack was restricted, for the guns from the Serra swept the other approaches, and maintained a fire, under which, from its precision and rapidity, the French refused to come forward. Presently the lower portion of the city was abandoned, and the inhabitants pushed boats over the river and in large parties brought the guards across. Three battalions were already established in the Seminary. The detached corps, under Murray, was descried moving rapidly down the right bank of the Douro; and the assailants abandoned the attack, and commenced a disorderly retreat.

Horse, foot, and cannon now rushed tumultuously towards

the rear; the city was hastily evacuated, amidst the enthusiastic cheers of the people; Hill's central column, now strongly reinforced by the passage of the 48th and 66th regiments, debouched fiercely from the Seminary, and by repeated volleys on the flank of the flying columns, threw them into utter confusion; and nothing but the inactivity of Murray, on the right, who did not make the use he might of his advantageous position on the flank of the retreating host, preserved them from total ruin. As it was they lost five hundred killed and wounded, five guns, and a large quantity of ammunition, in the action: seven hundred sick were taken in the hospital, and fifty French guns in the arsenal; and so complete and unexpected was the surprise, that Sir Arthur, at four o'clock, quietly sat down to the dinner and table service which had been prepared for Marshal Soult.

Sir Arthur Wellesley had hoped to have cut off Soult's retreat by Beresford's corps, which had crossed the river higher up, and had got to Amarante before Soult, but Soult perceived the attempt, blew up his powder, and fled across the mountains to join Marshal Ney in Galicia. The English general soon stopped the pursuit, and approached the Tagus by easy marches; for bad weather, and the recent fatigues which the English army had undergone, and to which previous service had not inured them, had materially reduced the efficiency of many of the regiments. Sickness was generally prevalent, and the mortality among the troops great; but it was not the diminution of physical strength only which the British general had to regret—the *morale* of the army was sadly deteriorated—the soldiery had become disorderly and unmanageable—and robbery and violence were matters of such frequent recurrence, as to cause serious uneasiness to the Commander-in-chief. Indeed the misconduct of the troops was now so flagrant, that nothing but the severest measures could reform it; and to repress the licentiousness of some regiments, punishment was inflicted to the utmost extent. The Provost Marshal, a functionary to the credit of the British army but seldom needed, had now extensive employment; for the halter alone could deter men from

the commission of crime, on whom all means beside had been tried without effect. The frequent allusions made in his correspondence to this bad behaviour of the troops, shows the extent to which the mischief had arrived, and proves how much the exertions of Sir Arthur Wellesley must have been taxed to reclaim the soldiery, and re-establish that discipline and good order for which the British army was afterwards so pre-eminently distinguished.

"It is impossible to describe to you the irregularities and outrages committed by the troops. They are never out of the sight of their officers—I may almost say, out of the sight of the commanding officers of their regiments, and the general officers of the army, that outrages are not committed; and notwithstanding the pains which I take, of which there will be ample evidence in my orderly-books, not a post or a courier comes in, not an officer arrives from the rear of the army, that does not bring me accounts of outrages committed by the soldiers who have been left behind on the march, having been sick, or having straggled from their regiments, or who have been left in hospitals.

"We have a Provost Marshal, and no less than four assistants. I never allow a man to march with the baggage. I never leave an hospital without a number of officers, and non-commanding officers, proportionable to the number of soldiers; and never allow a detachment to march unless under the command of an officer; and yet there is not an outrage of any description which has not been committed." . . .

"I have long been of opinion that a British army could bear neither success nor failure, and I have had manifest proofs of the truth of this opinion, in the first of its branches, in the recent conduct of the soldiers of this army. They have plundered the country most terribly, which has given me the greatest concern. The town-major of Lisbon, if he has the orders, will show you, if you wish to read them, those that I have given out upon this subject.

"They have plundered the people of bullocks, among other property, for what reason I am sure I do not know, except it

be, as I understand is their practice, to sell them to the people again. I shall be very much obliged to you if you will mention this practice to the ministers of the regency, and beg them to issue a proclamation forbidding the people, in the most positive terms, to purchase anything from the soldiers of the British army."

After his first great success, Sir Arthur had determined to turn his arms against Marshal Victor, who was in force at Talavera, and to act against him in combination with the Spanish general Don Gregorio Cuesta. But the exhausted state of Portugal could neither supply magazines nor means of transport, and Sir Arthur Wellesley made arrangements with the Spanish alcades in the fertile districts of the Alagon, the Arago, and the country around Ciudad Rodrigo, to furnish him with mules and provisions. Short as the march was from Castello Branco to Plasencia, it proved sufficiently that the Junta, the local authorities, and the British minister had all shamefully deceived him, and that their specious promises of supplies were not likely to be realised. The British general, disgusted with all concerned, apprised Mr. Frere and O'Donoju, the chief of Cuesta's staff, that he would not quit the Alberche unless perfectly assured that means to support his army should be forthcoming when required; but that he would so far redeem his pledge to the Spanish commander, as to commence his march immediately towards that river.

Accordingly on the 16th of July, a bridge was thrown across the Teitar at Bazagona; on the 17th, the infantry moved; on the 18th, crossed the Teitar, and had headquarters at Miajadas. On the 19th, the advanced guard was at Centinello, and on the 20th at Oropesa. On the 21st, the British army halted, and Cuesta, who had marched by Navalmoral, and Arzobispo, passed through the town of Oropesa, and united his different corps at Velada.

Victor slowly retired from Talavera to obtain reinforcements, and anxious to attack him without delay, Sir Arthur Wellesley in vain sought the information he required, and which he might have expected to receive from the inhabitants of Talavera.

Respecting the numbers and disposition of the enemy, they affected to be in total ignorance. The position, however, was viewed in reverse, from the mountains on the left bank of the Tagus, by some officers of Sir Arthur's staff.

That night the British general rode to the Spanish head-quarters to arrange some unsettled details for the action of the morrow; but Cuesta was in bed, and his aide-de-camp refused to awake him. At three o'clock the English divisions were under arms—and at seven the Spanish staff were sound asleep. At last the old man was roused, and apprised that the British brigades had been "for four hours under arms, and ready to commence the attack," and Cuesta finally declined assisting, objecting to fight because the day was Sunday. Victor, in the meantime, remained quietly in a position he knew to be vulnerable in many points—and seemed so much at ease, as to warrant a strong suspicion that the communications between the allied generals had been treacherously disclosed; and in fact, Cuesta himself was at the time greatly suspected of being himself the traitor.

On the following day Victor was found to have retired yet farther, and Cuesta desired to pursue him, but Wellesley refused to listen to the old man's advice to leave the Alberche and move forward; while Cuesta, because a French corps had retired, was under the strange delusion that Victor was in full retreat. In vain he urged the British general to advance, and turned a deaf ear to the assurances of Sir Arthur that the French were concentrating, and not actually running away. With characteristic arrogance, Cuesta maintained that his own opinions were correct, and singly dashed forward in pursuit. His columns passed the Alberche in rapid succession, as if they were alone to be obstructed by the iron barrier of the Pyrenees. General Hill's division retraced its steps, occupying the same ground on which it had previously been encamped. The state of the campaign to an uninformed spectator appeared extraordinary. The army, previously acting in concert, was now separated, the least effective part being in pursuit of the enemy. Part of the British force had crossed the Alberche, and was ten

miles in advance of Talavera, where they remained perfectly quiet, enjoying semi-starvation upon the banks of the Tagus.

The consequences of Cuesta's stupid misconduct were easily foreseen; and the British commander, in his hour of need, saved a worthless ally. The British cavalry, with two infantry divisions, under General Sherbrooke, were sent over the Alberche, and established at Cazalega, where they could move either to the support of the Spanish general, or to assist a Portuguese corps under Sir Robert Wilson, which had invaded Spain from the north of Portugal, and was now, by a daring march, threatening Madrid, if that were found desirable. Indeed Sir Arthur's position, through the obstinacy of the Spaniard with whom he was associated, had now become most critical. Nearly within cannon-shot of Cuesta's advanced guard, fifty thousand French troops and ninety-five pieces of artillery were concentrated, while the English and Spanish armies were detached, and that, too, in a country like the valley of the Tagus, where the natural difficulties its numerous rivers presented, required that the closest and safest communications should be preserved.

At last, when Victor's cavalry reappeared, and the guards had received orders to retire, Cuesta gave a reluctant consent to take up a position where he could be secure, and which, with the full consciousness of his worthlessness, the British general had selected as the only one in which he might be trusted. In brutal imbecility he remained obstinate to the last; and thankless for a recent deliverance, boasted to his staff that, before he consented to save his useless mob from ruin, "he had first made the Englishman," meaning Sir Arthur, "go down upon his knees!"

The country between Talavera and the Alberche is level, and interspersed with olive-grounds and thickets; while in a parallel direction to the Tagus, and some two miles' distance from the town, on the northern side, the plain terminates in a chain of steep round hillocks. A mountain-ridge, separated from these by a rugged valley, rises abruptly behind, and interposes between the waters of the Teitar and the Alberche.

Such are the general features of the adjacent country; and the town itself formed the point on which the British general fixed his position.

Talavera stands on the northern bank of the Tagus, the houses reaching down to the water's edge. The two armies were drawn up in line; the British on the left, extending from the town nearly to the Sierra de Gata, its extreme flank occupying a bold height near Alatuza de Segusella, having in its front a difficult ravine, and on its flank a deep valley. To the Spaniards the right was assigned. Their battalions were stationed among olive-groves, with walls and fences interspersed, and an embankment running along the road that formed an excellent breastwork, and rendered their position nearly unassailable. It was necessary to secure the point of junction where the British right touched Cuesta's left; and to effect this, ten guns were placed in battery on the summit of a bold knoll, with an English division to protect them, and a strong cavalry corps in reserve.

The order of battle was continued from the Spanish left, by General Campbell's division, formed in a double line. Sherbrooke's, in single formation, was next upon the right; Mackenzie's division, which was intended to form a second and supporting line, being still in advance towards the Alberche. Hill's division completed the whole, by taking post on the high grounds which here touched the valley; but by some oversight the ridge which crowned this chain of heights was not directly occupied. The whole line, thus displayed, was about two miles in length, the left being covered by the valley between the hill and the mountain; and from this valley a ravine, or watercourse, opened deeply in the front of the British left, but was gradually obliterated in the flat ground about the centre of the line. Part of the British cavalry was with General Mackenzie and in the plain in front of the left, and part behind the great redoubt at the junction of the allied troops. The British and Germans under arms that day were somewhat above nineteen thousand sabres and bayonets, with thirty guns,—a force fearfully inferior to the French,—for

King Joseph, who had brought up his guards, and was present in person, now crossed the Alberche with fifty thousand men, and eighty pieces of artillery.

Before daybreak, on the 27th, the French army was under arms. At noon, the first corps reached the heights of Salinas, preceded by the cavalry under Latour Maubourg, and followed by the fourth corps, the guard, and the reserve. Although the dust betrayed the marching of the allied divisions as they moved to their respective positions, the wooded country, which stretched from the Tagus to the heights, effectually concealed the movements of the English general. Victor, who was intimately acquainted with the localities, accurately pointed out the position of the allies, and recommended an immediate attack;—and at three o'clock in the evening, the French columns advanced by the royal road and that of Casa de Salinas, and the memorable battle of Talavera commenced.

No Peninsular triumph brings with it more glorious reminiscences than the hard-fought field of Talavera. The conqueror of that day won afterwards more brilliant and more important victories; but he never fought a battle where he was more vigorously pressed, or so perseveringly assailed. At Talavera, Wellesley had a double duty to perform. He had to provide for the safety of an intractable old man, and dispose an inferior force, on which only reliance could be placed, in a position where they could bear the brunt of the whole battle, and withstand the furious efforts of a veteran army, in every arm thrice their strength.

The contest opened under unfavourable auspices; for by the first movement of the French, Sir Arthur Wellesley was nearly made a prisoner. The divisions of Lapisse and Ruffin crossed the Alberche, and advanced so rapidly on the Casa de Salinas, that the English general, who was at the moment in the house, had scarcely time allowed to enable him to mount and ride off.*

* "Sir Arthur had another narrow escape the preceding day: while he was reconnoitring, a three-pound shot was fired at him with so good an aim, that it cut a bough from a tree close to his head."—*Southey.*

This was the most decisive advantage the French gained. By some unaccountable inattention, no pickets were in front, and the French columns were immediately upon the British brigades before the latter were apprised that the enemy were advancing. Two young battalions—both Irish,* and both afterwards remarkable where all were brave, for their daring in attack and their indifference under fire—got into confusion, and were forced back in some disorder. The 45th and part of the 60th checked the enemy's advance, and Wellesley, in person, directed the retreat of the infantry. In safety they reached the position covered by the cavalry—Mackenzie taking his ground behind the guards—Donkin forming on the high ground to the left that had not as yet been occupied, while the cavalry drew up in column in the rear.

At this period, the battle was seriously endangered—Cuesta, from the strength of his position, might have been considered safe enough; but, as it appeared, no local advantages could secure his wretched troops, or render them trustworthy for an hour. While Victor, animated by the success of his first operation, followed Donkin with Villatte's division and the whole of his light cavalry and guns, the fourth corps and French reserve, which were directed against the right, sent their cavalry forward to induce the Spaniards to unmask their line of battle. The French horsemen rode boldly up to the front, and commenced skirmishing with their pistols, and the Spaniards answered them with a general discharge of small arms; but then, ten thousand infantry, and all the artillery, breaking their ranks, fled to the rear: the artillery-men carried off their horses; the infantry threw away their arms, and the adjutant-general O'Donoju was amongst the foremost of the fugitives. Nay, Cuesta himself was in movement towards the rear. The panic spread, and the French would fain have charged; but Sir Arthur Wellesley, who was at hand, immediately flanked the main road with some English squadrons; the ditches on the other side rendered the country impracticable; and the fire of musketry being renewed by those

* The 87th and 88th regiments.

Spaniards who remained, the enemy lost some men, and finally retreated in disorder.

The confusion occasioned in the rear by this panic is indescribable: cattle, baggage, and stores were in all directions hurried off; while the runaways spread over the whole country, reporting that the English were cut to pieces, and the French cavalry already at their heels. During the night a large proportion of the fugitives were overtaken by their own horsemen, and driven back at the sword's point to the position they had abandoned; but fully six thousand of Cuesta's troops could not be recovered, and were returned as missing in the morning.

Night had now set in, and encouraged by the singular confusion among the Spaniards on the right, and perceiving that the apex of the ridge upon the left was unoccupied, Victor determined, by a sudden assault, to carry what he justly considered to be the key of the English position. Ruffin was instantly ordered forward with his division, supported by Villatte's, while Lapisse, by a false attack upon the Germans, was intended to effect a diversion. The attack was furiously made, and at first gallantly repelled by Donkin's brigade—but superior numbers succeeded, the English left was turned, and the ridge behind it crowned by the enemy. General Hill, who had advanced to Donkin's assistance with the 48th regiment, in the twilight mistook the French for British stragglers, and rode hastily into their ranks. His brigade-major was shot dead, and his own horse seized by a grenadier. The general, however, shook him off, galloped down the hill, placed himself at the head of the 29th, led them up the heights, and gallantly restored the battle.

The regiment was formed in column of companies, at quarter distance. The 48th and battalion of detachments met with a formidable resistance, and were driven back at this critical moment, upon which the safety of the army depended. The 29th was ordered to advance at double quick time. The leading company crowned the summit previously to receiving the enemy's fire. A considerable body of French were now

in possession of the height. Their numbers rapidly increasing, the drums beat the pas de charge; while at intervals voices were heard, some calling out that they were the German Legion, others not to fire. It was so dark that the blaze of musketry alone displayed the forms of the assailants. The leading company of the 29th poured in a volley when close to the bayonets of the enemy. The glorious cheer of the British infantry accompanied the charge which succeeded. The rest of the regiment arrived in quick succession, forming on the summit a close column, which speedily drove everything before it. The enemy was pursued down the hill, abandoning the level ground on its top, thickly strewed with dead bodies or wounded men. No second attempt was for some time made to carry this most important point, and the 29th remained in possession of the ground, lying on their arms in the midst of fallen enemies.

The contest ended for that night. Two thousand gallant soldiers were already slain, and not an inch of ground was yet won by the assailants. Both sides, tired of slaughter, wished naturally for a short term of repose; fires were lighted along the lines, and a temporary quiet reigned in the bivouacs of the wearied soldiery. But any interval of repose was fated to be brief.

About midnight this silence was suddenly interrupted by firing, towards Talavera; not the straggling, desultory, yet distinct reports of light troops, but a roll of musketry that illuminated the whole extent of the Spanish line. It appeared not to be returned, nor was it repeated. All again became silent. A false alarm had occasioned this tremendous volley; but the British were too distant to ascertain what had produced the violent irruption, or how many of their allies had thrown away their arms and fled, after having delivered a fire sufficiently formidable to have shaken the best and bravest troops.

The failure of Ruffin against the heights discouraged Joseph Buonaparte, and he consulted with Jourdan and Victor how far it would be prudent to renew the action in the morning.

The generals differed in opinion: Jourdan advised that a position should be taken on the Alberche, and that the effect of Soult's operations upon the British rear should be awaited; while Victor was anxious that the attack should be renewed at daybreak, engaging, if supported by the fourth corps, to carry the hill from which he had been so desperately repulsed already. While Joseph, embarrassed by these conflicting opinions, was still in uncertainty by which he should be guided, a despatch from Soult, announcing that he could not reach Plasencia before the 5th of August, confirmed him in a resolution to follow Victor's counsel and risk another battle. The necessary arrangements were accordingly made, and soon after daybreak a general movement of the enemy gave note of preparation. Two heavy columns of chosen troops, the grenadiers of Lapisse's division, were formed in front of the height in question. The formation was marked by a furious cannonade, under cover of which the columns pressed forward; and desperate and numerous were the efforts which they made to render themselves masters of the summit; but nothing could exceed the gallantry and steadiness of the brave men who opposed them. The brigades of Generals Tilson and R. Stewart were here; they permitted the enemy again and again to arrive within a few paces of the ridge, and then drove them back in admirable style with the bayonet, till disheartened by so many repulses, they at last retreated altogether, leaving the ground covered with their dead.

The fighting had lasted without intermission from five in the morning. The slaughter on both sides had been immense, and the heat became intolerable. By a sort of tacit understanding the struggle ceased on both sides about nine o'clock, each availing themselves of the brief repose which both so much required. The French appeared dispirited; for three hours not a movement was made, nor a musket was discharged; and it was a question whether the British should advance, and in their turn become the assailants, or remain quietly where they were, and await the result of the enemy's deliberations.

During this cessation of hostilities, an incident of rare occurrence in war produced an interesting display of generous feeling between two brave and noble-minded enemies. A small stream, tributary to the Tagus, flowed through a part of the battle-ground, and separated the combatants. During the pause that the heat of the weather and the weariness of the troops had produced, both armies went to the banks of the rivulet for water. The men approached each other fearlessly, threw down their caps and muskets, chatted to each other like old acquaintances, and exchanged their canteens and wine-flasks. All asperity of feeling seemed forgotten. To a stranger, they would have appeared more like an allied force, than men hot from a ferocious conflict, and only gathering strength and energy to recommence it anew. But a still nobler rivalry for the time existed; the interval was employed in carrying off the wounded, who lay intermixed upon the hard-contested field; and to the honour of both be it told, that each endeavoured to extricate the common sufferers, and remove their unfortunate friends and enemies, without distinction. Suddenly the bugles sounded, the drums beat to arms; many of the rival soldiery shook hands, and parted with expressions of mutual esteem, and in ten minutes they were again at the bayonet's point.

The assault of the fourth corps on the British centre was as furious and disastrous as that of Ruffin on their left. Sebastiani's attack was boldly made, and the French came on with an assured courage that seemed resolved to sweep away every obstacle that opposed it. Covered by a cloud of light troops, the columns passed the broken ground with imposing determination, only to encounter opponents still more determined than themselves. The English regiments, putting the French skirmishers aside, met the advancing columns with loud shouts, and breaking in on their front, and lapping their flanks with fire, gavé them no respite, and pushed them back with a terrible carnage. Ten guns were taken; but as General Campbell prudently forbore pursuit, the French rallied on their supports, and made a show of attacking again. Vain attempt! The British artillery and musketry played furiously upon their

masses, and a Spanish regiment of cavalry charging on their flank at the same time, the whole retired in disorder, and the victory was secured in that quarter.

As victory is ever damped by individual suffering, an event well calculated to increase the horrors of a battlefield occurred, that cannot be recollected without the liveliest sorrow for those who suffered.

From the heat of the weather, the fallen leaves were parched like tinder, and the grass was rank and dry. Near the end of the engagement, both were ignited by the blaze of some cartridge-papers, and the whole surface of the ground was presently covered with a sheet of fire. Those of the disabled who lay on the outskirts of the field managed to crawl away, or were carried off by their more fortunate companions who had escaped unhurt; but, unhappily, many gallant sufferers perished in the flames before it was possible to extricate them.

The most daring and the most disastrous effort of the day remains to be narrated. The French, still intent upon seizing the left of the position, moved up the valley in force, and Anson's light brigade of cavalry was ordered to charge the columns as they came forward. The ground was treacherous—flat, apparently to the eye, while a dangerous and narrow ravine secured the French infantry completely. The word was given; the brigade advanced at a steady canter; a plain was, as they believed, before them, and in full blood, what should check their career? Colonel Elley, who was some lengths in advance of the 23d Light Dragoons, was the first who discovered the obstacle in their road, and vainly endeavoured to check the charge, and apprise his companions of the dangerous ground they had to pass, but the line advanced with such velocity that it was on the verge of the stream before his signs could be either understood or attended to. Under any circumstances this must have been a serious occurrence in a cavalry charge; but when it is considered that four or five hundred dragoons were assailing two divisions of infantry, unbroken, and fully prepared for the

onset, to have persevered at all, was highly honourable to the regiment.

At this moment the enemy, formed in squares, opened a tremendous fire. A change immediately took place. Horses rolled on the earth; others were seen flying back, dragging their unhorsed riders with them. The German hussars pulled up; but although the line of the 23d was broken, still that regiment galloped forward. The confusion was increased; but no hesitation took place in the individuals of this gallant corps. The survivors rushed on with, if possible, accelerated pace, passing between the flank of the square, now one general blaze of fire, and the building on its left.

It was strange that, under such circumstances, men should think of anything but securing a retreat. The Germans, on arriving at the brink of the ravine, had reined sharply up; and though they suffered heavily from the French musketry, galloped out of fire, and reformed behind Bassecourt's Spanish division, which was in observation in the rear. Struggling through the watercourse, the survivors of the 23d, as they gained the bank in twos and threes, formed, and passing the French infantry at speed, fell with inexpressible fury on a brigade of chasseurs in the rear. A momentary success attended this reckless display of valour, but a body of Polish lancers and Westphalian light horse came up, and to resist such odds were hopeless.

The situation of the 23d was now very critical. To return directly from whence the regiment had advanced, was impracticable. By doing so, the surviving soldiers must have again sustained a close and deadly fire from the French squares, and although the chasseurs had given way, another line of cavalry was in their front. To their right was the whole French army; to their left, and in rear of the enemy's infantry, was the only possible line of escape. This was adopted. In small parties, or singly, they again regained the valley, reforming in rear of General Fane's brigade, the advance of which had been countermanded after the unsuccessful result of the first charge was ascertained.

A furious attack made upon Sherbrooke's division was among the most gallant efforts of the day. Under a storm of artillery, the French columns fairly came forward, as if they intended to leave the issue to cold iron, but they never crossed a bayonet, were charged in turn, and repelled with serious loss.

Who has ever seen an unbroken line preserved in following up a successful bayonet charge? The guards, carried forward by victorious excitement, advanced too far, and found themselves assailed by the French reserve, and mowed down by an overwhelming fire. They fell back; but as whole sections were swept away, their ranks became disordered, and nothing but their stubborn gallantry prevented their total destruction. Their situation was most critical—had the French cavalry charged home, nothing could have saved them. Sir Arthur Wellesley saw the danger, and speedily despatched support. A brigade of horse was ordered up, and the 48th regiment moved from the heights they occupied to assist their hard-pressed comrades. They came on at double quick, and formed in the rear by companies, and through the intervals in their line the broken ranks of the guards retreated. A close and well-directed volley from them arrested the progress of the victorious French, while with amazing celerity and coolness, the guards rallied and reformed, and in a few minutes advanced in their turn. As they came on, the men gave a loud huzza. An Irish regiment to the right answered it with a thrilling cheer. It was taken up from regiment to regiment, and passed along the English line; and that wild shout told the advancing enemy that British valour was indomitable. The leading files of the French halted—turned—fell back—and never made another effort.

It may be readily imagined that the loss entailed upon both armies, by a sanguinary and protracted struggle like that of Talavera, must be enormous. On the British side, Generals Mackenzie and Langwerth fell, and the entire casualties amounted to 5423. The French loss was infinitely greater. According to the returns of Jourdan and Semelé, they had

two general officers and 944 men killed, 6294 wounded, and 156 made prisoners—being, in all, 7389. But English and Spanish writers assert that their casualties were much greater, and return the total loss at fully 10,000 men.

The battle ended at about six o'clock, and after that hour scarcely a shot was heard. Both armies occupied the positions of the morning, and the British bivouacked on the field, with little food and no shelter; while the dead lay silently around, and the moans of the wounded broke sadly on the ear, as they were conveyed all through the night to the hospitals in Talavera.

The total failure of Lapisse's attack, who was mortally wounded in leading his division on, after it had been shattered and disordered by the closely delivered volleys of the English regiments, was the signal for a general retreat. The French, covered by a tremendous fire of artillery, retired to their own position, leaving seventeen guns in the possession of the victors. The marvel is that any trophy could be won. The English, worn out by fatigue, and literally starving—with now scarcely fourteen thousand men embattled—were incapable of further exertion; while their useless allies, though fresh and undamaged, dared not be employed, as they were not even to be trusted when behind banks and breastworks, and were utterly unequal to attempt the simplest evolutions.

A damp cold night succeeded a burning day. Without food, covering, or even water, the British bivouacs were cheerless enough; but, except from wounded men, not a murmur was heard—not a complaint escaped. When morning broke, the English brigades—"feeble and few, but fearless still"—rose at the first tap of the drum, and once more stood gallantly to their arms.

At daybreak on the 29th, the French army was discovered formed upon the heights of Salinas, having crossed the Alberche during the night. Relieved from all apprehension of a renewed attack, the removal of his wounded to Talavera, where he was endeavouring to establish hospitals for their reception, engrossed the attention of Sir Arthur Wellesley; and although

it was afterwards ascertained that a month's provisions were secreted in the town, it required his greatest exertions to obtain a bare sufficiency to keep his troops from starving, while the wounded were sinking fast, not from the severity of their injuries, but from the actual want of common nourishment. The brutality of Cuesta's character evidenced itself in his conduct towards the ally who had preserved him. He not only refused assistance to the wounded, but declined even to aid in the burial of the dead. Intent upon an occupation more akin to his ferocious disposition, instead of endeavouring to improve the advantages of a victory that had been won for him, Cuesta occupied himself in decimating the regiments who had been panic-stricken on the 27th, but influenced by the strong remonstrances of the British general, he relaxed his severity so far, as to re-decimate the unfortunate wretches upon whom the lot of death had fallen, and only six officers and forty men were slaughtered. Had not his cruelty been mitigated by the earnest intercession of Sir Arthur Wellesley, more of his men would have been destroyed in cold blood than had fallen in the battle.

On the day after the engagement, a welcome reinforcement joined the English army. By an unparalleled exertion the light brigade, consisting of the 43d, 52d, and 95th (Rifles) arrived on the 29th upon the battle-ground, and immediately took outpost duty. The regiments, after a march of twenty miles, were bivouacked for the night, when intelligence reached their commanding officer that Sir Arthur Wellesley was on the eve of a battle. After a short halt, the brigade got under arms with a fixed determination to share the glory of the coming field. As they advanced, Spanish fugitives, hurrying off in crowds, informed them that the struggle was already ended, that the English army was totally defeated, and Sir Arthur Wellesley killed. Indignant at this shameful scene, the troops hastened, rather than slackened, the impetuosity of their pace; and leaving only seventeen stragglers behind, in twenty-six hours they accomplished a march of sixty-two English miles. To estimate this extraordinary effort made by

these splendid regiments, it should be recollected that it was executed in heavy marching order, over a country where water was scarce, and beneath a burning sun. As a march none on military record has exceeded it.

Never did a general, after the achievement of a glorious victory, so speedily find himself environed by difficulties, and these accumulating with alarming celerity. On the 30th, Wellesley was apprised that Soult was moving towards the pass of Banos, and aware how important its possession was for the mutual security of Cuesta and himself, he importuned that obstinate old man to detach a Spanish corps without delay, to strengthen its feeble garrison. Cuesta refused, wavered, procrastinated, and consented; and when the French were known to have been on the 1st of August within one day's march of the pass, then, and then only, the Spanish general detached Bassecourt to its relief, he being four marches distant. The consequences may be anticipated. Soult obtained possession of Banos without expending a cartridge, reached Plasencia, where he obtained artillery and stores from Madrid, and was now at the head of fifteen thousand veteran soldiers, recovered from their late fatigues, and in their equipment perfect in every arm.

On receiving this alarming intelligence Wellesley proposed to march with the British army against Soult, leaving Cuesta at Talavera, to secure his rear and protect his hospitals, and to this arrangement the Spanish general gave his consent. The army was accordingly moved on the 3d to Oropesa. Extracts from despatches found upon a friar were forwarded by Cuesta to Sir Arthur and reached him there. The despatches were addressed to Soult from Joseph Buonaparte and Jourdan. In them the marshal was urged to press on without delay, and assured of the co-operation of Ney from Castile, while Joseph himself would immediately assume the offensive; Venegas, instead of marching upon Puente-Duena and Arganda, had diverged towards Toledo and Aranjuez, enabling the enemy by this false movement to keep both Spanish corps in check; and in conclusion, Cuesta intimated his immediate intention

of marching on Oropesa, and of course abandoning Talavera and the wounded left there under his protection. This indeed was mortifying news. His breach of faith was bad enough, but his inhumanity was still more intolerable. Although he was encumbered with cars and waggons, he refused to spare more than seven for the transport of the brave men who had fought and bled for his country. The abandonment of the town was, as may be imagined, a most heart-rending scene. Such of the poor soldiers as were in a condition to move at all, crawled after them, some still bleeding, and many more with their wounds open and undressed, whilst those whose hurts were too severe to permit of this, lay upon their pallets, and implored their comrades not to desert them. By indefatigable exertions, and by sacrificing a great quantity of baggage, Sir Arthur Wellesley got together forty cars, which sufficed to bring forward in all about two thousand men; but there were still some hundreds left behind, all of whom, had Cuesta acted with humanity or honour, might have been preserved.

No remonstrances of the British general could change Cuesta's determination. During the night of the 3d his disorderly soldiery came pouring in like a flock of sheep, adding fresh embarrassments to those under which Sir Arthur Wellesley already laboured. Soult was also across the Teitar, and his advanced guard at Naval Moral. Hence the bridge of Almaraz was either already in possession of the enemy, or it had been destroyed by the Spanish partisans, and the alternative left the English general was, either to cut his way through Soult's corps, or march direct back on Arzobispo, and take the line of the Tagus. On the latter course Wellesley determined.

When Cuesta arrived next morning, and Sir Arthur's decision was conveyed to him, he objected to any retreat, and, as usual, was anxious for a pitched battle. Arguments were lost in endeavouring to show the impolicy, under existing circumstances, of risking an action, and the English general closed the conference by assuring him, that however he might employ the Spanish troops, the British should not be unnecessarily

endangered. Orders to march were instantly given, and the English rear-guard cleared the bridge, just as the enemy's patrols began to show themselves.

Cuesta's rear-guard was but a short distance from the town of Talavera when the French pickets appeared upon the heights above it, and soon after, Victor in person rode into Talavera. He found the Plaza covered with the dead and dying—British, intermingled with French soldiers—and all indiscriminately abandoned, without shelter, food, or water, to perish in lingering torments. From a generous enemy these wretched men experienced a sympathy which their heartless allies had refused them.

After complimenting the English, and observing that they understood the laws and courtesies of war, he told them there was one thing which they did not understand, and that was, how to deal with the Spaniards. He then sent soldiers to every house, with orders to the inhabitants immediately to receive and accommodate the wounded of the two nations, who were lodged together—one English and one Frenchman; and he expressly directed that the Englishman should always be served first.

Many had already died in the square, and the stones were covered with blood: Victor ordered the townsmen to come with spades and besoms, remove and bury the dead, and cleanse the Plaza; he was speedily obeyed, and then the French said the place was fit for them to walk in.

Nor did Victor's kindness end in his present attention to the wants of the British sufferers. In the changes which took place soon afterwards among the different French corps, the fifth relieved the first, and Mortier superseded Victor in the command at Talavera. The retiring marshal recommended the English to the special protection of his successor; and the latter discharged the trust he had undertaken so faithfully, that, with a chivalrous sense of honour, he would not permit his own soldiers, although suffering severe privations themselves, to receive rations until the hospitals were first supplied. What a contrast did this generous sympathy in a gallant enemy

present to the shameless neglect which the British had experienced at the hands of those who had called themselves their friends!

Immediately after the dead had been interred, and the wounded comfortably lodged, the French marshal proceeded to ascertain and appropriate the supplies which Talavera contained. A town that could barely afford from day to day half rations to the English, was found to be actually overstocked with provisions, and had a sufficiency of corn to feed the French armies for months to come. Much as the violation of private property is to be censured and regretted, from whomsoever they might look for sympathy the inhabitants of Talavera had no right certainly to claim it from their British allies.

It was full time indeed for the British general to remove his troops. Regiments, a few weeks before capable of exertions that were never equalled during the remainder of the Peninsular contest, were now unable to get through an ordinary march, and not only in numbers, but in strength, were miserably reduced. The handful of troops whom Sir Arthur now commanded, was composed of second battalions—of mere youths, both officers and men—made certainly of different stuff and inferior in stamina to those whom Sir John Moore had led. Indeed, the Guards, the Buffs, the 48th, and 61st, with the light division which had lately joined under Craufurd, were the only portions of the army which, at other periods, would have been regarded as fit for active service. Of the cavalry, again, it is impossible to speak in higher terms. They were dropping off daily; and both men and horses suffered from sickness to a degree even more appalling than that which befell the infantry.

Such was the state to which an army was reduced, which, a few weeks before, had crossed the frontier full of life and hope and enterprise. Now, one-half of the soldiery were fitter for the hospital than the field, and Wellesley was threatened on every side by an enemy four times his own number, and adding daily to their strength and general efficiency. As if nothing

should be wanting to complete the embarrassment of the English commander, victory had elsewhere crowned the French arms with success. Austria was once more prostrate at the feet of Napoleon, and the conquerors of Wagram would, there was little doubt, soon be marching on the Pyrenees. It was also ascertained that the enemy were active in their preparations to enter Portugal by Ciudad Rodrigo and Almeida, and if the attempt were made, it was doubtful whether it could have been resisted.

But Wellesley did not despair. He had already expressed a confidence, that, if driven from Spain, he could still maintain himself in Portugal, and into Portugal he prepared to remove, where, in comfortable cantonments, the health of his sick might be restored, and the strength of his weary soldiers and convalescents recruited. With him, to decide and act were synonymous. The order was given, and, in five marches, the British army leisurely fell back, took up the line of the Guadiana, and headquarters were established at Badajoz.

To the ministry at home, and indeed to all who would dispassionately consider the causes and necessities which influenced his conduct, Sir Arthur Wellesley's retreat was quite justified, and it was gratifying to the victor of Talavera to know that in the highest quarter his services were properly appreciated. On receiving official intelligence of Joseph Buonaparte's defeat, the king raised Sir Arthur to the peerage, and created him Baron Douro of Wellesley, and Viscount Wellington of Talavera, and of Wellington, in the county of Somerset; and his accession to these well-merited honours was thus announced in a letter from the Duke of Portland, which reached Lord Wellington at Badajoz.

"LONDON, *22d August* 1809.

"MY DEAR SIR ARTHUR,—To congratulate you on your victories would be so feebly to express my sense of your services, that I must indulge, in the first instance, the gratitude which I feel to be due to you, and request your acceptance of my best thanks for the credit as well as the service you have done to your country, which I trust will make all the impres-

sion which it ought to do on the minds of all descriptions of persons in the kingdom.

"Nothing could be more gracious than the king's acceptance of your services, or more immediate and decisive than his approbation of the suggestion of creating you a viscount. Long may you enjoy that honour, and be placed, for the advantage and honour of your country, in those situations which may enable you to add to your own.—Believe me, &c.,

"PORTLAND.

"Lieut-Gen. the Hon. Sir A. Wellesley, K.B."

However gratifying it was to be appreciated by the king and his ministers, Sir Arthur had the mortification of hearing that his retreat was very unpopular to the country in general, and that the motion of a vote of thanks to himself and his army was strongly opposed in Parliament. The motion, however, received an unexpected support from one upon whom ministers looked as an enemy. Mr. Windham flung party views aside, and manfully delivered his opinions.

"The unproductive consequences of this victory," he said —"for a victory it was, and a glorious victory—were not to be put in comparison with the military renown which Sir Arthur Wellesley had gained. Ten or fifteen years ago, it was thought on the Continent that we might do something at sea—that an Englishman was a sort of sea-animal; but our army was considered as nothing. Our achievements in Egypt first entitled us to the name of a military power; the battle of Maida confirmed it; and he would not give the battles of Vimeiro, Corunna, and Talavera for a whole archipelago of sugar islands."

CHAPTER VII.

FRENCH INVASION OF PORTUGAL—FALL OF CIUDAD RODRIGO AND ALMEIDA—BATTLE OF BUSACO—THE LINES OF TORRES VEDRAS.

THE sickness in the British army so rapidly increased on the lines of the Guadiana, that the average amount of deaths exceeded 900 monthly. The malady of the country required that wine and spirits should be liberally administered; and unfortunately the quantity which the commissariat could procure was unequal to the demand, and irregularly issued;—and bark, a specific in intermittent fever, was not to be obtained.

The wounded recovered quickly,—but the hospitals at Elvas and Estremoz were crowded with the sick. Happily the season changed—the weather became cold and frosty. Clothing and supplies reached the British cantonments, and in the middle of December Wellington quitted his unhealthy quarters, and crossing the Tagus, directed his march upon the Mondego.

This change in the position of the army was attended with the best results, and those who had survived the malaria of Estremadura felt the influence of a healthier climate, and recovered rapidly. Convalescents from the hospitals joined their regiments in large numbers, and though the *morale* of the army had deteriorated, every day its health improved, and its general efficiency was re-established.

During the whole course of the Peninsular struggle, the talents and moral courage of Lord Wellington were never more severely tried than at this period of the war. In his despatches, many a record of his difficulties will be found, interspersed with assurances of his determination to persevere in the course of action he had recommended, equally unmoved by the misgivings of timid friends, or the slanders of ungenerous enemies. In a letter to Mr. Villiers, he says —"I believe there never was an officer, but certainly never a British officer, placed in so difficult a situation as I am in. Everybody looks for British assistance in everything: money, stores, provisions, and all that keep an army together, are required by both Spaniards and Portuguese: and they, and the British nation, and even the Government, conceive that I have all at my command, and that I have only to say the *word*, to supply all their wants, and satisfy all their demands. The fact is, however, that I have not more than enough for my own army; and I have received the order of the Government to give nothing."

The British army, organised into six divisions, of which one was cavalry, now occupied the following positions:—

		Men.	
1st Division . . .	General Spencer	6000	Viseu.
2d do. (13th Drag. included)	Hill . . .	5000	Abrantes.
3d do.	Picton . . .	3000	Celorico.
4th do.	Cole . . .	4000	Guarda.
Light do.	Robert Craufurd .	2500	Pinhel.
Cavalry do.	Cotton . .	3000	Valley of the Mondego.

The fortresses of Almeida, Elvas and Valenca, Peniche, Abrantes, and Setuval, were garrisoned by the Portuguese regulars and militia. Bacellar held the provinces beyond the Douro, with native troops. The country between Penamacor and the Tagus was similarly defended. Four regiments of militia occupied the Alemtejo; three garrisoned the fortresses of the Algarves; while twelve remained in reserve, quartered upon both banks of the Tagus, and chiefly about Setuval.

By this masterly arrangement, the extremes of the defensive line were intrusted to the militia and ordenanzas, while the whole of the regular troops occupied the central positions; thus enabling Lord Wellington in two marches to concentrate 40,000 splendid soldiers, either at Guarda, or between that place and the Douro.

The allied brigades remained undisturbed in their respective cantonments until the early part of March, with the exception of the 2d and light divisions. General Hill had been left upon the southern side of the Tagus, to preserve Lord Wellington's communications with the Spanish general Romana, who had thrown part of his corps into Badajoz. Mortier, with Reynier's corps, was in the neighbourhood of Merida, with twenty thousand French, and occasionally assumed a threatening attitude, as if he intended an attack upon the fortress. The French marshal, whenever the humour took him, would advance, as if with the design of investing Badajoz—certain that, by so doing, he would draw Hill from his quarters; whilst Hill no sooner showed himself, than Mortier would again retire, and take up his former positions.

But the light division was far more dangerously posted. Following the example of Mortier, Ney menaced Ciudad Rodrigo, and obliged Lord Wellington to strengthen that part of the line extending between Pinhel and Guarda, and push Craufurd with his division across the Coa, to observe the movements of the enemy. The 3d division was brought forward to Pinhel, and Craufurd was reinforced with the 1st German hussars, a troop of horse artillery, and two battalions of Caçadores.* The whole outpost duty along the Agueda, from Escalhon on the left to Navas Frias on the right, was confided to the light division, and Cole and Picton were desired to support it.

Although it was a difficult duty, with a force not exceeding four thousand men, to secure an advanced line covering a distance of five-and-twenty miles, Craufurd's masterly arrangements enabled him to effect it. The Agueda was his chief

* Portuguese light infantry.

dependence,—and when the stream was full, the light division was tolerably safe; but the height of the river was variable, and without any visible cause it would suddenly fall several feet within a few hours, and thus, in many places, become fordable. At night, Craufurd "withdrew his outposts, and concentrated his division; and his situation demanded a quickness and intelligence in the troops, the like of which has never been surpassed. Seven minutes sufficed for the division to get under arms in the middle of the night, and a quarter of an hour, night or day, to bring it in order of battle to the alarm posts, with the baggage loaded and assembled at a convenient distance in the rear;—and this not upon a concerted signal, or as a trial, but at all times, and certain." *

The light division did not remain long unmolested. On the night of the 19th of March, when the moon was just rising, a chosen body of picked grenadiers advanced so silently to the bridge of San Felices, that they passed it unchallenged, having surprised and killed the sentries. The attack was so sudden, that the picket, in falling back, was mixed pell-mell with the assailants, and both went fighting into the village of Barba del Puerco. But though the surprise was complete, the rifles rallied in a moment, and joined by their comrades who poured out of the houses, they instantly assaulted, hand to hand, the enemy they found next. The French were bayoneted from the village, leaving behind them a larger loss in killed and wounded than they had themselves inflicted.

At this period, Masséna's appointment to the command of the army destined for the conquest of Portugal was officially communicated. The report had been rife for months, that Napoleon himself would "drive the leopard into the sea,"—but other objects engrossed him. Wearied with the disputes and jealousies which had distracted his lieutenants, the French Emperor selected one superior to them all, both in rank and character. No general in the French service had enjoyed so high a reputation since Hoche, and Pichegru, and Moreau had disappeared; Buonaparte, in his first campaigns, called

* Napier.

him, in his own inflated language, "the favourite child of Victory," and after the late Austrian war, created him Prince of Essling, because his skill and exertions had contributed mainly to the escape of the French from utter destruction at the battle of Aspern. With increased powers, Masséna assumed his new command, and as Soult had done before him, it is believed that he went to make the conquest of Portugal, expecting to be rewarded with its crown for his success. Such was the adversary to whom Wellington was opposed—the victor in a hundred fields, and who, among the best soldiers of the age, might then have fearlessly appended the motto to his name, of "*nulli secundus.*"

Masséna's appointment seemed to be the signal for hostilities to commence. On the 25th of April, a French corps encamped on the Pedro Toro, a height three miles eastward of Rodrigo. On the 30th, a second division bivouacked a league to the north, on the Valde Carras, and a third division took ground between them. In the middle of May, a fourth division encamped on Monte de Ibaurey, to the westward; and on the 4th of June, Rodrigo was regularly invested.

On the 25th, the French batteries, armed with forty-six pieces of siege artillery, opened, and maintained an unabated fire until the evening of the 28th, when the breach being twenty-five yards long, and deemed practicable, Ney sent in a summons, desiring Herrasti to choose "between an honourable capitulation, and the terrible vengeance of a victorious army;" but the old governor returned a firm refusal.

During these occurrences, no general was ever more painfully circumstanced than Lord Wellington. The salvos from Masséna's guns sounded in the British camp, and the musketry was heard distinctly at the outposts. The city held out nobly. The spirit of the Catalans pervaded the inhabitants of Rodrigo, and sexual weakness and bodily infirmity were forgotten when duty made a call. To succour the besieged was, with Lord Wellington, the object next his heart. One march would bring him to the city—and all expected that the attempt would be made. The troops desired the enterprise—the Spaniards

demanded it as a proof of good faith—the Portuguese, to keep the war away from their own country. Romana came specially from Badajoz to urge its necessity, and offer his co-operation. Masséna, in his proclamations, taxed his opponent with timidity, and accused him of breach of honour and good faith, in allowing his ally's fortresses to fall, without risking a shot to save them. Nothing, however, could shake the determination of the English general. Views and objects which none could penetrate occupied his thoughts. The course that others urged, he saw was madness. He might succeed in bringing off a raw garrison at the expense of twice their number of good soldiers, and the result would be the loss of Portugal. Stern in his purpose, Wellington remained inflexible, and to his resolution not to stand the issue of a battle, the downfall of Napoleon's dynasty may be traced.

The fate of Rodrigo was sealed; but the city held out until the 11th, when, the counterscarp having been blown in, and a breach made over which carriages might have passed, and the French columns formed, and only awaiting the signal to assault, Herrasti hoisted the white flag and surrendered.

There was a boldness in the attitude taken by Craufurd's division while Rodrigo was invested and besieged, which nothing but a firm dependence in their own discipline and gallantry could have either prompted or justified. To the very last, the light regiments held their ground, and that too in a country studded with woods, scooped out into hollows, free for cavalry and artillery to act, with 6000 horsemen and 50 guns within an hour's march of the position. While the fortress was still holding out, the French pushed their advanced posts forward, until their light troops appeared upon the Azava: consequently Carera retired to the Duas Casas, and Craufurd, falling back, placed his cavalry in Gallegos, and his infantry in the woods of Almeida. An ostentatious display of his division on the 2d of July, in complete order, produced a reconnaissance and skirmish on the 4th, in which the German hussars attached to the British advanced guard behaved with distinguished gallantry.

Soon after this affair, Masséna's cavalry again advanced, and obliged the light division to fall back upon Almeida, after blowing up Fort Concepcion. Craufurd's new position was in front of the Coa, and extended for a mile and half obliquely towards the river, having its right resting on some broken ground, and its left within medium range of the guns of Almeida. Nearly a mile in the rear, a long and narrow bridge crossed the stream, the banks on either side being deep, rugged, and precipitous. As a position, none could be more dangerous: for the ground in Craufurd's front was sufficiently open to admit of the rapid movements of an enemy, while that in his rear was broken and enclosed.

At daylight, on the 24th, a dropping fire announced that the pickets were attacked, and when the mists of morning cleared away, the French, with fourfold numbers, were seen hemming in the division, and threatening the line at every point.

The irregularity of the ground, and the frequency and height of the enclosures, rendered an orderly retreat almost impracticable; but the operation was boldly and coolly executed. To prevent the French from forcing the bridge, and allow time for the regiments to re-form, the 43d and 95th were drawn up in front of the pass and directed to oppose to the last every attempt which the French should make to cross it. The enemy seemed equally determined; and having collected an imposing force, a fierce and well-sustained attack produced one of the most desperate and sanguinary encounters that the annals of modern warfare record.

The French assault was made with its proverbial impetuosity, and as the combatants were closely engaged, the guns of Almeida were slowly and cautiously opened. But the resistance offered, in fierce but desultory combats, was worthy of the light division, and the British, although not without great difficulty, gained and crossed the bridge.

Instantly the left bank of the Coa was filled with British sharp-shooters, and their destructive fire was replied to by a torrent of musketry from the French. The roar of artillery

overcame the sharper rattle of the fusillade;—and a deep smoke eddied up the sides of the ravine occasionally lightened by the sparkle of a shell, while the wild cheering of the combatants added to the confusion. The "pas de charge" rolled sullenly—a column appeared—and to judge from the imposing determination with which it advanced, it seemed resolved to force a passage. A drummer and an officer, in a splendid uniform, leaped forward together, and the whole rushed on with loud cries. The depth of the ravine at first deceived the soldiers' aim, and two-thirds of the passage was won ere an English shot had brought down an enemy, yet a few paces onwards the line of death was traced, and the whole of the leading French section fell as one man! Still the gallant column pressed forward, but no foot could pass that terrible line; the killed and wounded rolled together until the heap rose nearly even with the parapet, and the living mass behind melted away rather than went back.

The shouts of the British now rose loudly, but they were confidently answered, and in half an hour, a second column, more numerous than the first, again crowded the bridge. This time, however, the range was better judged, and ere half the distance was won, the multitude was again torn, shattered, dispersed, and slain; ten or twelve men only succeeded in crossing, and took shelter under the rocks at the brink of the river.

A second and a third attempt proved equally unavailing, and showed that the passage was not to be carried—but the French persevered, and the British held the bridge as obstinately. At last a heavy rain terminated the contest. Craufurd effected his retreat with singular good fortune;—not a gun nor trophy was abandoned to his adversary; and he inflicted upon the assailants a loss three times greater than that which he had himself sustained.

Masséna then proceeded to invest Almeida, but was not long detained there, for a shell on the very first day blew up the powder magazine, and on the 27th the fortress was forced to surrender. And now the crisis of the campaign was fast

approaching. Masséna moved forward on Viseu, and Wellington retired by the left bank of the Mondego. Leaving Craufurd's division and the cavalry on the Criz at Martagoa, the English general retired behind the Alva; and on the 22d of September, the French concentrated at Viseu.

Masséna's designs were speedily penetrated by Lord Wellington. The marshal's movements were evidently directed on Coimbra, by the north of the Mondego. Abandoning the line of the Zezere and the routes upon Abrantes, his march trended either to the Busaco or Murcella heights, over both of which the mountain roads north and south of the Mondego are carried.

"The Sierra de Busaco is a high ridge, which extends from the Mondego in a northerly direction about eight miles. At the highest point of the ridge, about two miles from its termination, is the convent and garden of Busaco. The Sierra de Busaco is connected by a mountainous tract of country with the Sierra de Caramula, which extends in a north-easterly direction beyond Viseu, and separates the valley of the Mondego from the valley of the Douro. On the left of the Mondego, nearly in a line with the Sierra de Busaco, is another ridge of the same description, called the Sierra de Murcella, covered by the river Alva, and connected by other mountainous parts with the Sierra d'Estrella.

"All the roads to Coimbra, from the eastward, lead over the one or the other of these sierras. They are very difficult for the passage of an army, the approaches to the top of the ridge on both sides being mountainous." *

Masséna's advance being now certain, and Reynier's corps, which had been opposite to that of Hill in the valley of the Tagus, having moved rapidly towards the Mondego, obliged Hill to cross the river at Villa Velha, and unite himself with Wellington by the defile of Espinosa. On the 23d the French passed the Criz in force, having repaired the bridges which Pack had destroyed on the preceding day, and the British leisurely retired.

* Extracts from Despatch to Lord Liverpool, Coimbra, 30th September 1810.

On the 24th of September, some smart skirmishing took place between the British pickets and the French light troops, which, being repeated on the 25th, had nearly brought on a very serious affair.

Disregarding the rapid advance of the enemy in over-powering numbers, Craufurd obstinately maintained the position he had taken up in the morning with the light division. The French cavalry were swarming round on every side, and their heavy columns of infantry marching at their best pace, with the evident design of cutting him off; but still the British general refused to give ground. The cavalry skirmishers were already exchanging pistol-shots, when Lord Wellington suddenly arriving, ordered the division to retire, and, taking the personal direction, covered the retreat with the 52d and 95th, the cavalry, and Ross's troop of horse artillery. Although the French came up rapidly, the light division was steadily withdrawn, and it crowned the ridge of Busaco, as the immense masses of the enemy displayed their imposing numbers upon the opposite heights.

If Busaco could have been assailed with success, then was the moment to attempt it. Reynier's division had arrived by the left-hand route, and taken its position at Antonio de Cantara, in front of Picton's division. The allies were moving dispersedly over the sierra to reach their respective posts—half the hill was unoccupied—and, on two points, Ney and Reynier were in order of battle, with 40,000 combatants in hand. Both generals saw that this was the time for action, both were ardent to fall on, but Masséna, who was ten miles in the rear, directed that the attack should be postponed until he could personally direct it. That delay sealed the battle's fate; it enabled the 1st division to take its ground, the 2d to come up from Alva, the 5th to cross the Mondego, and the whole to place themselves upon that battlefield, from which every future effort to dislodge them was bravely and bloodily repelled.

Masséna's advance was not accomplished without annoyance. In accordance with the orders issued by Lord Welling-



ton, the country, on either bank of the Mondego, had been wasted, the mills rendered unserviceable, the villages deserted, and the inhabitants removed from their dwellings, and obliged to hide themselves in the mountains. The partisan leaders hung upon the flanks of the French army, and occasionally showed themselves in the rear; while taking advantage of the badness of the road having delayed Masséna's military chest and reserve artillery, Trant made a bold attempt to seize both; and had the Portuguese militia been more manageable, there is little doubt that his success would have been equal to his daring. As it was, he created much confusion, carried off a hundred prisoners, delayed the enemy two marches, and thus gave Wellington ample time, had that been necessary, to establish his detached brigades securely in their positions at Busaco.

The disposition of the British brigades had been changed and amended during the time that Masséna took up in bringing forward his 8th corps. In the new arrangements, Hill's division crossed the road leading to Pena Cova; Leith was next upon the left, with the Lusitanian Legion in reserve; the 3d division joined the 5th, supported by a Portuguese brigade; and the 1st division held the highest point of the sierra between Picton and the convent. The 4th division closed the left, and covered the road to Milheada, where the cavalry were detached; Pack's brigade, forming an advanced guard to the 1st division, was posted half way down the descent; and the light division, supported by a German brigade, occupied a piece of ground jutting out nearly half a mile in front of, and about two hundred feet lower than the convent, the space between being naturally scooped like the hollow of a wave before it breaks. Along the whole of the front, skirmishers were thrown out on the mountain-side, and about fifty pieces of artillery were disposed upon the salient points.

The British army, during the night, lay in dense masses on the summit of the mountain. The sky was clear, and the dark rocky eminences rising on both sides of the pass, were crowned by the fires of innumerable bivouacs. The veterans in the English army, accustomed to similar scenes of excite-

ment, slept profoundly on their stony beds; but many of the younger soldiers, who were now to witness a battle for the first time, were kept awake by the grandeur and solemnity of the scene around them. As the first streaks of dawn were beginning to appear over the eastern hills, a rustling noise was heard in the wooded dells which ran up to the crest of the mountains. It arose from the French outposts, who, stealing unobserved during the night, had thus got close to the outposts of the English position without being perceived. The alarm was instantly given, and the troops started to their arms at all points. It was full time, for in a few minutes more the French in two masses were upon them.

The French attack was made in five columns, and on two distinct points, about a league apart from each other. Reynier, with two columns, mounted the hill at Antonio de Cantara—and Ney, with three, in front of the convent of Busaco. Reynier had less difficulties to overcome, as the face of the sierra by which he advanced was more practicable; and, favoured by the mist, his skirmishers were mingled with the light troops of the 3d division almost as soon as the pickets had discovered that the enemy were in motion. The allies resisted vigorously, and the British artillery swept the face of the sierra with a destructive storm of grape; but the French pressed forward, forced the right of the division back, threw a Portuguese regiment into disorder, and gained the crest of the ridge between Picton's and Leith's divisions. The enemy instantly endeavoured to secure the height they had won with their advanced battalions, and, with the remainder of the corps, press rapidly along the ridge of the hill. But in front, volleys of musketry checked them—their flank was torn by the fire of the British guns—while the 45th and 88th came forward with the bayonet, and, charging furiously, drove all before them, and forced the shattered column down the hill, the dead and dying strewing the way even to the bottom of the valley.

Reynier's leading regiments still held the summit of the height; and shrouded in the haze and partially unseen, they

re-formed their ranks, while the 3d division was driving the rest of the column from the mountain. They had not, however, escaped the observation of General Leith, and he instantly advanced with his first brigade to the assistance of Picton. The 38th regiment was ordered to turn the right of the French; but as that flank of the enemy rested upon a precipice on the reverse of the sierra, it was impossible to obey this order. Colonel Cameron saw the emergency, and deploying the 9th regiment into line under a furious fire, he charged in among the rocks, forced the French with the bayonet from the crest, and secured it with his regiment from any second effort which the enemy might make to win it back. All now went well; "Hill's corps edged in towards the scene of action; the second brigade of Leith joined the first, and a great mass of fresh troops were thus concentrated, while Reynier had neither reserves nor guns to restore the fight." *

The greater difficulty of the ground rendered Ney's attacks still less successful, even for a time, than Reynier's had proved. Craufurd's disposition of the light division was masterly. Under a dipping of the ground between the convent and plateau, the 43d and 52d were formed in line; while higher up the hill, and closer to the convent, the Germans were drawn up. The rocks in front formed a natural battery for the guns; and the whole face of the sierra was crowded with riflemen and caçadores. As morning dawned, a sharp and scattered musketry was heard among the broken hollows of the valley which separated the rival armies, and immediately the French presented themselves in three divisions; Loison's mounting the face of the sierra, Marchand's inclining leftwards, as if intending to turn the right flank of the left division, and the third remaining in reserve.

The brigade of General Simon led the attack; and, reckless of the constant fusillade of the British light troops and the sweeping fire of the artillery, which literally ploughed through the advancing column from its leading to its last section, the enemy came steadily and quickly on. The horse artillery

* Napier.

worked their guns with amazing rapidity—delivering round after round with such beautiful precision, that the wonder was how any body of men could advance under such a withering and incessant cannonade. But nothing could surpass the gallantry of the assailants. On they came—and, in a few moments, their skirmishers, "breathless and begrimed with powder," topped the ridge of the sierra. The British guns were instantly withdrawn—the French cheers arose—and, in another second, their column topped the height.

General Craufurd, who had coolly watched the progress of the advance, called on the 43d and 52d to "Charge!" A cheer that pealed for miles over the sierra answered the order, and eighteen hundred British bayonets went sparkling over the brow of the hill. The head of the French column was overwhelmed in an instant; both its flanks were lapped over by the English wings, while volley after volley, at a few yards' distance, completed its destruction, and marked with hundreds of its dead and dying, all down the face of the sierra, the course of its murderous discomfiture. Some of the light troops continued slaughtering the broken columns nearly to the bottom of the hill, until Ney's guns opened from the opposite side, and covered the escape of the relics of Simon's brigade.

When Simon's attack was finally repulsed, Marchand's division had gained a wood half way up the sierra, and threatened the centre of the position. But they never advanced beyond the cover of the pine-trees—Pack's Portuguese regiment held them firmly in check, the Guards showed themselves in force on the crest of the height, while Craufurd, now disengaged, turned a searching fire from his guns upon their flank. Ney, in person, sustained this hopeless contest for an hour, and then retired in despair, leaving the British position as unassailable as it had been previous to the general attack.

The roar of battle ended; and beyond now and then a dropping shot, Busaco was undisturbed,* and nothing indi-

* Colonel Napier relates the following interesting anecdote:—"Meanwhile an affecting incident, contrasting strongly with the savage character of the pre-

cated the recent conflict, but the melancholy tokens which mark "a foughten field." In front of the light division, the hill was thickly covered with the dead and dying; and permission was granted by Craufurd for the French to remove their wounded. That interval, honourable to the humanity of civilised warfare, was charitably employed on both sides; and French and English intermingled with perfect confidence and good humour, each seeking and taking off their wounded men, and occasionally offering a mutual assistance.

But that friendly interval was brief. A village within pistol-shot of the light division had been occupied by the French, and on being desired to retire, they refused to obey the order. Craufurd was not to be trifled with; a dozen guns were turned on the devoted village; and when both houses and defenders were half demolished, a company of the 43d descended from the position, and drove out the remnant of the occupants.

The contest at Busaco was never doubtful for a moment; but where it was hottest, there Lord Wellington was to be found. When not personally engaged in directing movements he communicated, from time to time, to the generals of divisions such changes as he considered necessary for their guidance. All had been ably conceived—all was happily executed—and, in the words of a staff officer, "There was something exhilarating to a degree in the whole day of Busaco; as it advanced, a bright sun shone on the armies; no event had occurred to counteract the full tide of success attending the defensive warfare adopted by Lord Wellington; strength of position, with great firmness of purpose, had enabled the allies to repel very serious attacks with comparatively trifling loss; and the

ceding events, added to the interest of the day. A poor orphan Portuguese girl, about seventeen years of age, and very handsome, was seen coming down the mountain and driving an ass, loaded with all her property, through the midst of the French army. She had abandoned her dwelling in obedience to the proclamation; and now passed over the field of battle with a childish simplicity, totally unconscious of her perilous situation, and scarcely understanding which were the hostile and which the friendly troops, for no man on either side was so brutal as to molest her."

glacis of the mountain-barrier on which they stood was heaped with bodies of the enemy."

The loss of life at Busaco, as might have been expected from the obstinacy with which the enemy continued gallant and unavailing efforts, was most severe; but the casualties of the French and allied armies, relatively, bore no proportion. The strength of his position, and his being enabled to employ artillery with terrible effect, gave to the British general an advantage of which he amply availed himself. Hence, of the enemy, six thousand put *hors-de-combat* cannot be over the amount. Of this number, about three hundred, including General Simon, three colonels, and thirty-three inferior officers, were made prisoners; and nearly two thousand—for as the English buried the slain, they could form on this point a correct estimate—were left dead upon the battle-ground. Among the killed was the French general, Graind'orge; and three generals of division, Merle, Loison, and Maucune, were wounded. The entire casualties sustained by the allied army amounted to one thousand two hundred and sixty-nine, of whom seventy-four were officers of all ranks.

It was not, however, either in the physical loss or the abated pride which his victory inflicted upon Masséna, that Wellington's advantages were comprised. The moral effect was far more important: Busaco, for the first time, brought the Portuguese troops into collision with the French, and under circumstances, too, that gave them at once a victory. It may safely be affirmed that, owing to this success, on the day after the battle, the strength of the Portuguese troops was doubled. The sight of this auspicious change dispelled any desponding feeling from the British army. No presentiments of ultimate discomfiture were any longer entertained. The plan of defence which the far-seeing sagacity of their chief had formed, revealed itself to the meanest sentinel, and the troops of every nation prepared to follow the standard of their leader with that ready alacrity and undoubting confidence which is at once the forerunner and the cause of ultimate triumph.

That Masséna should persevere in advancing farther into

Portugal after the terrible lesson he had received on the Sierra of Busaco, was contrary to all military principles, and consequently Lord Wellington believed that the French marshal would abandon the attempt, and fall back to the Spanish frontier. But whether irritated at his defeat, or urged forward by his necessities, the French marshal sought for and acquired information, which enabled him to turn the British position, and by the pass of Sardaô to gain the Oporto road. His feint of a renewed attack upon the 28th failed—for the flank movement of his opponent did not for a single moment escape the eagle glance of Wellington. Instantly abandoning his mountain position, the British general took the direct route on Torres Vedras, through Coimbra and Leyria, enforcing, by every means within his power, the orders previously issued in his proclamation, which directed that the country should be wasted, and the towns deserted by their inhabitants, and left in desolate loneliness to the invaders.

Generally, these orders were obeyed with a devotion that seems remarkable. Property was wasted or concealed, and the shrine and cottage alike abandoned by their occupants—the peasant deserting the hearth where he had been nursed, the monk the altar where he had worshipped from his boyhood. These fugitives accompanied the army on its march,—and when it halted in the lines, one portion of the wanderers proceeded to Lisbon, while the greater number crossed the Tagus to seek on its southern shores a temporary retreat from those who had obliged them to sacrifice their possessions and fly from the dwellings of their fathers.

The regressive movement of the allied army was a military spectacle which had never been previously exhibited; and nothing could be more imposing, nor more strange. On the 1st of October, it presented an extraordinary scene, the varieties of which it is impossible minutely to describe; but when it is explained that the route was absolutely and continuously covered during its whole extent, some idea may be formed as to its unusual aspect. It was not alone troops of all arms, attended by the encumbrances or followers of an

army; it was not peasantry, removing with their families; it was not the higher orders of society, travelling conformably to their rank; it was not the furniture, grain, cattle, of an extensive line of country passing from one station to another; but it was all these combined, pressing forward in one varied, confused, apparently interminable mass.

On the evening of the 8th of October, the advanced guards of the allies entered the lines, and on the 16th, their posts were fully occupied—and now the secret labours of a year were about to recompense the skill and perseverance which, under every discouraging event, had brought an admirable commencement to a triumphant close.

A general notice of the localities of the country, with a cursory description of the nature of its defences, will enable the reader to form a correct idea of the strength and extent of those stupendous lines, with which English skill and labour had secured the capital of Portugal.

The peninsula on which Lisbon stands, is traversed by two lofty heights, that stretch from the Tagus to the ocean, varying in altitude and abruptness, and running in a parallel direction, at a distance of from six to nine miles. Through the passes in these mountains, the four great roads that communicate between Lisbon and the interior run. The line on the sierra next the capital is the stronger of the two. It commences at Ribamar, on the Rio Lorenzo, runs by Mafra, Cabeça de Montachique, and the pass of Bucellas, and descends precipitously on the plain, about an English league from the Tagus. This is the only weak point; and all that skill and labour could effect, was exhausted to fortify every spot that Nature had left open, and thus render Torres Vedras, its extent considered, the strongest position in Europe.

Nature and art had rendered the ground from Calhandrix to the river particularly strong; but to make the defences still more formidable, and to form an intermediate obstruction, redoubts were thrown up extending to the rear, nearly at right angles with the front line. These swept the whole portion of the valley, by which a column of infantry must penetrate,

even had it succeeded in forcing an entrance into the ravine. Sixty-nine works of different descriptions fortified this line; in these were mounted 319 pieces of artillery, requiring upwards of 18,000 men to garrison them; and the extent, in a direct line from flank to flank, was twenty-five miles.

In addition to the works thrown up on either line, or on the intervening points of communication, rivers were obstructed in their course, flooding the valleys, and rendering the country swampy and impassable; trenches were cut, from whence infantry, perfectly protected, might fire on the advancing columns of an enemy; these being also flanked by artillery, sweeping the approaches to them in every direction. Mountains were scarped as above stated; abattis, of the most formidable description, either closed the entrance to ravines, impeded an approach to the works, or blocked up roads, in which deep cuts were also marked out for excavation; routes, conducting from the front, were rendered impracticable; others within the lines either repaired, or formed to facilitate communication, to admit the passage of artillery, or reduce the distance by which the troops had to move for the purposes of concentration or resistance; bridges were mined, and prepared for explosion; and telegraphs, erected at Alhandra, Monte Agraça, Socorra, Torres Vedras, and in the rear of Ponte de Rol, rapidly communicated information from one extremity of the line to the other. These signal stations were in charge of seamen from the fleet in the Tagus.

To complete the barriers, palisades, platforms, and planked bridges leading into the works, 50,000 trees were placed at the disposal of the engineer department, during the three months ending on the 7th of October 1810. The cannon in the works were supplied by the Portuguese government. Cars, drawn by oxen, transported twelve-pounders where wheels had never previously rolled. Above 3000 officers and artillerymen of the country assisted in arming the redoubts, and were variously employed in the lines. At one period, exclusive of these, of the British engineers, artificers, or infantry soldiers, 7000 peasantry worked as labourers

in the completion of an undertaking only to have been accomplished under the most favourable circumstances, both with regard to cordiality of assistance, neighbouring arsenals, a British fleet in the Tagus, constant uninterrupted communication with a great capital, a regular remuneration to the labourers, an anxious and deep interest in the result to be accomplished by the assistance of the works in progress, and, above all, an intelligence and firmness in command that could at the same time extract the greatest benefits from these combinations, and urge exertion where it appeared to relax.

Ignorant of the matchless position of his adversary, the Prince of Essling pressed blindly on, but already his rival was beyond his grasp; while, in his rear, and on his flanks, a host of irregulars were swarming. In war, daring does much, but prudence does more—and Masséna's campaign points that moral well.

The experience of a few days showed Masséna how very desperate his chances were of driving out an enemy, who had been already tried on more assailable ground, and tried in vain. Before him rose the lines of Lisbon; behind, his communications with the Spanish frontier were cut off; Bacellar's army was spread over the country, and every post the Prince of Essling quitted was immediately occupied by Portuguese irregulars. Three days after he had established his hospitals in Coimbra, that city was surprised by Trant, and five thousand sick and wounded men, with the marine company that guarded them, were captured, and carried to Oporto. British gunboats filled the Tagus; supplies came freely to the allied camp; for the sea to them was open, and their intercourse with the capital was uninterrupted and direct. People flocked from Lisbon to visit the lines, in all that security which told the ruin of Napoleon's hopes,—and with winter coming fast—an exhausted country to depend on—increasing sickness—disunited officers, and a disheartened soldiery, Masséna felt his situation to be one, than which nothing could be more discouraging; for to attack were madness—to retreat, disgraceful—and to remain, impossible.

Contrary, however, to every principle of war, the marshal desperately persevered, and for six weeks maintained sixty thousand men and twenty thousand horses, in a country which could not have supplied a British brigade for a week.

The war had now assumed an unwonted character; and the question was not how to fight, but how to live. If the Prince of Essling could but obtain supplies, and remain in front of a position, which a careful reconnaissance convinced him that he could neither turn nor carry, some masterly diversion of Napoleon might still enable him to succeed; while Wellington, with admirable judgment, declined active measures, and trusted to starvation. Masséna spread his movable columns in the rear to seek for provisions, and commenced forming magazines at Santarem, where his principal depôt was established; but Wellington drew down all the militia and ordenanzas of the north on the French rear, putting their right in communication with the garrison of Peniché, and their left with the militia of Lower Beira. To strengthen the latter, he prevailed on Carlos d'España to cross the Tagus, and act between Castello Branco and Abrantes; and thus the French were completely enclosed, without any weakening of the regular army.

Every hour Masséna's situation became more unpromising, —for as the supplies grew scarcer, the difficulty to obtain them proportionately increased, and there was not a point on which he could move his foragers without encountering an enemy. Carlos d'España had interrupted all communications between Castello Branco and Abrantes. Some Spanish light troops and British cavalry were at Ramalhal. In Obidos, a daring partisan named Fenwick had a force. Waters with indefatigable activity was cutting off marauding parties. Near the lines, Wilson infested the country from Espinhal to the Zezere; and every day proved that Wellington's assurances to Lord Liverpool were hurrying with rapidity to their accomplishment. But war is a curious and complicated web; and while the purely military part was thus happily situated and strong, the political part was one of weakness and alarm.

The precarious resources of the enemy exposed them to the severest privations; even French ingenuity failed in discovering concealed magazines; for in fact, the country contained no more supplies. Hunger, cold, and fatigue produced disease. As the season advanced, Masséna's army became more sickly and more dispirited, and every deserter who passed the British outposts described the situation of the French soldiery as deplorable.

On the other hand, within the lines, neither scarcity was felt, nor danger apprehended. Lord Wellington was not inattentive to the comforts and even luxuries of his followers. Provisions were abundant; there was no want of wine; and sports and amusements went on as if the army had been, not at the seat of war, but in England. Officers of all ranks, and in every department, from the commander-in-chief down to the regimental subaltern, occasionally enjoyed the field-sports of hunting, shooting, and fishing. The men, too, had their pastimes, when not employed on duty; in a word, seldom has an army, occupying ground in the face of its enemy, enjoyed so many hours of relaxation, or contrived to unite so completely the pleasures of country life with the serious business of war. It is probably needless to add, that so great a show of security in their leader had the best possible effect upon the temper of the troops; or that the morale of the army was sustained, not more by a contemplation of things as they really were, than by a conviction that they must be going on prosperously, otherwise so much relaxation could not abound.

At last while Lord Wellington was engaged in crushing a corrupt administration in Portugal, and confirming a desponding government at home, the event he had predicted was accomplished, and Masséna, abandoning his position, retired from before the British lines. If, as all must admit, he had committed a serious error in making an imprudent advance, his retreat was worthy of his former reputation, and illustrated, in a striking degree, those military qualities which Napoleon affirmed that Masséna so eminently possessed.

His operations were effected with extraordinary secrecy, and they were so ably planned that they tended to encourage

a belief that the Prince of Essling was preparing to resume the offensive, rather than to recede from the position he had so long and so uselessly blockaded.

Having previously despatched his hospitals and heavy baggage to Santarem, repaired the bridge over the Zezere at Punhete, which had been swept away by the floods, and constructed a second one at Martinchel, he despatched strong detachments to Pombal, while the cavalry of Montbrun patrolled the country towards Leyria. The 6th corps was removed to Thomar, and Loison, reinforced with a brigade of dragoons, marched to Golegao.

As there was a dangerous defile in the rear of Alemquer, to withdraw the 8th corps from before the lines was a difficult operation, the whole position being commanded by the Monte Agraça. The movement was accordingly made during the night; and when the mists slowly cleared away on the morning of the 15th of November, the huts which the French division had occupied were found abandoned. At dusk Clausel had removed his posts, and, covered by a strong rear-guard, cleared the defile without molestation, while Solignac, taking the route to Santarem, retired by the royal causeway from Alhandra, the 8th corps marching on Torres Novas, the 2d halting at Santarem.

The French retreat was a decided and well-concerted operation; and, in the belief that Masséna intended to cross the Zezere by his bridges, and abandon Portugal altogether, Hill's corps was ordered across the Tagus, to move in that case on Abrantes, while Wellington himself, supposing that Santarem was merely occupied by a rear-guard, determined to force that position.

This city stands upon a height which rises abruptly from the Tagus, and stretching about a league to the north, furnishes a steep and difficult position. The walls of Santarem form the left of it; in front of this important height, a range of lower eminences, covered by the streams of the Rio Mayor, mask the main position, furnishing excellent outposts. The ground between these and a hostile force advancing by the great road

from Lisbon is a naked open flat, traversed for the last eight hundred yards by a raised causeway. By this alone Santarem can be approached; as on one side of the Ponte Seca is a deep wet marsh, quite impassable; and on the other, which extends to the Tagus, it is covered with reeds and sedges, and deep water-cuts, so as to make the passage of it extremely difficult for either horse or foot, and impracticable for guns.

The causeway had been secured in front of the French position by a strong abattis, while a height which commanded it was crowned with a battery, whose fire would have swept it from end to end. This difficult passage, when forced, would have only brought the assailants before a range of heights, overlooked by a bolder eminence; each was a strong position in itself; and all were to be carried before the town of Santarem could be assaulted.

A movement of Reynier's corps had led General Fane to forward a report to Lord Wellington, that the French were retreating on the Zezere. The former, finding himself separated completely from the 8th corps, and fearing that his division might in consequence be cut off, moved his sick and wounded men rapidly on Golegao, after sending his cavalry to observe the bridges of the Rio Mayor, by which route he feared that Lord Wellington would advance. This induced the allied general to conclude that Santarem was not held in force, and on the 19th he made all necessary arrangements to attack it.

Fortunately, a part of the artillery had not arrived; and, although the dispositions were in everything besides complete, he waited for the arrival of the guns. That pause was fortunate; and the eagle glance of Wellington detected appearances that bespoke preparations for a determined stand. It was evident that the position would be obstinately maintained. Every advantageous spot of ground was fully occupied; the most advanced sentinels boldly returned the fire of the skirmishers; large bodies of reserve were descried, some in arms, others cooking; the strokes of the hatchet, and the fall of trees, resounded from the woods clothing the hills;

and the commencement of a triple line of abattis, and the fresh earth of entrenchments, were discernible in many places.

Lord Wellington was convinced by the observations he made upon the following day, that the system he had himself pursued was now ably resorted to by his rival. Masséna had the same advantages at Santarem that Wellington had possessed at Torres Vedras; and as flank movements were impracticable —the routes being so broken up during winter as to render the manœuvring of heavy masses an impossibility—the British general determined to canton his troops, and patiently abide the issue.

In accordance with these views, the allied divisions were placed in cantonments at Alcoentre, Alemquer, and Villa Franca; Cartaxo being made headquarters. Torres Vedras was secured against surprise, and the works at Alhandra Aruda and Monte Agraça additionally strengthened, until the lines of Lisbon were rendered everything but impregnable. To prevent any communication between Soult and Masséna—an operation not unlikely to be attempted, as the former was known to be in considerable strength behind the Sierra Morena —the left bank of the Tagus was jealously secured by Marshal Beresford with a disposable corps, consisting of two brigades of cavalry, two divisions of infantry, and twenty guns. His headquarters were at Chamusca; but his brigades were extended along the river, from Almeirim to the mouth of the Zezere.

To prevent any sudden outbreak from Santarem, the light division, supported by a cavalry brigade, was posted on the heights which overlooked the marshes that surround the place; and the causeway, by which alone Masséna could move troops forward, was secured by mining the bridge at its extremity, fortifying the hill that commanded it, and forming an entrenchment sufficient to contain a regiment. To the left of Vallé, a chain of posts extended by Malhorquija along a range of hills to Rio Mayor; Anson's cavalry watched the roads from Pernes and Alcanhede, and a division of infantry held an entrenched position at Alcoentre, thus effectually securing the

approaches to the lines from the Monte Junto to the Tagus.

Masséna, in the meantime, had permanently fixed his head-quarters at Torres Novas, fortified Punhete in his rear, and thus secured his bridge upon the Zezere. His front was safe while the rains continued, a flooded country affording a sufficient protection. This position had every advantage, as his troops were well in hand, and on several points that of his opponent was vulnerable. He had also two lines open for retreating, by which, at the same time, he could communicate with the Spanish frontier, and cover the advance of any troops or supplies which might be forwarded from the rear. He knew that a convoy was on its march, and he was apprised that strong reinforcements, including the 9th corps under Drouet, might be hourly expected. Lastly, he could avail himself of assistance from the French army in Andalusia; while an extensive tract of country, which unfortunately had been but partially wasted by its inhabitants, afforded an ample field over which his marauding parties might range, and thus enable him to await Foy's return with orders from the Emperor, and receive the immense additions to his *corps d'armée* which he had good reason to believe were already in march to join him.

Political considerations, added to a soldier's pride, were sufficient inducements to keep Masséna in Portugal so long as he could subsist himself. While he held a position in the country, none could say that Lisbon was secure, or that Oporto was not open to aggression. The occupation of a portion of the kingdom increased the sufferings of a starving population, fostered discontent, encouraged disaffection, and gave reason to question the ultimate chances of British success. In England, the effect was still more powerful. The unfortunate madness of the King rendered the appointment of a regency unavoidable. An Opposition, dangerous before, had thus obtained an accidental accession to their strength. The anti-war-cry was at its height; and if the ministers were obliged to yield to the political pressure at home, the first act of their

successors would be to retire from that contest altogether, which they had so often and so emphatically pronounced to be only a hopeless expenditure of blood and treasure. All these considerations, therefore, confirmed Masséna's resolution to hold his present position to the last.

The arrival of the convoy which the French marshal had expected from Castile, was unexpectedly prevented. It had moved from Ciudad Rodrigo, protected by a corps of five thousand men, under the command of General Gardanne, and passing the frontier, it reached Cardijas safely; and now, within a march of the Zezere, danger might have been considered as ended. Grant, however, with an ordenanza force, suddenly attacked the French general, and Gardanne, deceived by the report of a peasant, who assured him that Masséna had retreated, and that Hill's corps was actually in Abrantes, hastily retired. Nothing could justify the hurried manner in which he conducted his retreat; for, besides a serious loss in men, the larger portion of the supplies he was escorting fell into the hands of the Portuguese irregulars.

Drouet also reached the frontier with the 9th corps; and urged forward by Foy, who had returned from his mission to the Emperor, determined to restore the communications with the Prince of Essling, which had been hitherto interrupted. He advanced accordingly, with a corps ten thousand strong, leaving another, of eight thousand, under Claperéde at Guarda, to keep Silviera in check.

Wilson, who had been driven from Cabacos, acted with his usual promptitude and success. Recrossing the Mondego, he followed Drouet so closely, that his videttes were entering Foz d'Aronce as the French rear-guard was leaving the village. Trant, also, with part of the garrison of Coimbra, operated in the direction of Miranda de Corvo, the partisan chiefs thus maintaining a desultory but troublesome warfare, until, in accordance with Masséna's orders, General Drouet established himself at Leyria.

For some weeks the armies of Wellington and Masséna continued quietly in each other's presence. Both generals

anxiously looked forward to a battle; it was an event which both desired; but, as the positions of both were strong, the assailant must fight at disadvantage, and neither seemed inclined to throw a chance away.

The arrival at Lisbon of reinforcements, which contrary winds had long detained, induced Masséna to believe that his opponent would now venture to attack. Rio Mayor, as the most vulnerable point, was the quarter from which danger might be expected; and, to satisfy himself that the allied divisions were not collecting at Alcoentre, the Duke of Abrantes made a reconnaissance on the 19th of January. With his characteristic intrepidity, Junot galloped into the place before the allied pickets had cleared the street; and a German hussar, who was retiring, turned and wounded him dangerously with a carbine ball, the bullet lodging between the nose and cheekbone, and disabling the French general for the remainder of the campaign.

On the 2d of February, General Foy reached Masséna's headquarters, after a perilous and harassing journey, during which he had been incessantly exposed to the attacks of the Partidas. On one occasion he lost his despatches and half the escort; and in a night march across the mountains, three hundred of the detachment which accompanied him perished from cold and fatigue. His opportune arrival relieved Masséna's uncertainty, and put him in full possession of the views and objects of the Emperor. Napoleon's commands were peremptory. The position then occupied by the French armies in Portugal must be maintained—Abrantes besieged—and while the 9th corps was added to the grand army, Masséna was apprised that orders had been already despatched to Soult to move through the Alemtejo, and assist in a series of concerted operations. It was further intimated that, should circumstances render it necessary, Andalusia would be abandoned, to enable the army of Portugal to hold their ground on the northern banks of the Tagus, and finally effect the great object of the Emperor, by driving Lord Wellington to his ships.

Repeated orders to the above effect had been transmitted from Napoleon to Marshal Soult, but the despatches had been intercepted by the guerillas, and it was therefore late in December before he was acquainted with the wishes of the Emperor. The marshal lost no time in carrying them into effect; and, having drafted four thousand infantry from the 1st corps, he marched with the cavalry of Latour Maubourg to Seville. To secure that city in his absence, he intrusted the command to General Daricau, and entrenched it on the side of Niebla; and having posted Godinot at Cordova, Digeon at Ecija, and Remond at Gibraleon, Soult immediately put his *corps d'armée* in motion. His force amounted to 20,000 men, of whom 4000 were cavalry, with fifty pieces of field artillery, a siege and pontoon train, and an enormous number of country carts, for the transport of ammunition and stores.

On the 6th the advanced cavalry carried the bridge at Merida; and Soult, having secured the passage of his artillery and stores, and driven the Partidas from the banks of the Tagus, marched against the town of Olivença, into which place Mendizabal, in opposition to the remonstrances of Lord Wellington, had thrown four thousand of his best soldiers.

Olivença was of no importance in itself, was weakly armed, had a breach but imperfectly repaired, and was neither worthy nor capable of being defended. After having thus madly compromised his best division, Mendizabal, when separated from Ballasteros, found himself unable to succour them; and, in his difficulty, applied to Romana for assistance, who despatched a brigade from Abrantes, on the 18th, under Don Carlos d'Espana, and a division from Cartaxo, under Virues, on the 20th, with directions to these commanders to relieve the place.

Although Soult had completed the investment on the 11th, the weather was so severe that the covered way was not crowned until the 19th, and on the 20th his batteries commenced breaching. Manuel Herk, the Spanish governor, was duly apprised that Romana had sent two divisions to his

assistance, and he assured Mendizabal that he had ample means to warrant him in holding out, and, consequently, that he would defend the fortress to the last; but, on the following morning, the first salvo from the French battery was the signal for an unconditional surrender. By this misfortune a large supply of provisions fell into the hands of the enemy, and Soult obtained twenty pieces of artillery and four thousand effective men.

The fall of Olivença was but a portion of the success that attended the operations of the French marshal. Ballasteros was overtaken and brought to action by Gazan's division, on the 28th, at Castallejoz, and defeated with the loss of one thousand men. The beaten army crossed the Guadiana in great confusion; and thus, in the brief space of three weeks, a fortress had been reduced, and two corps defeated and dispersed, after sustaining the loss of twelve thousand of their best soldiers.

On the 26th, Soult proceeded to invest Badajoz. Mendizabal was already in the fortress, and, with a strong position under the walls, and ten thousand men exclusive of the garrison, with common discretion he might have been considered in perfect security. He was protected by three fortresses, while the Guadiana and the Gevora covered his front. His right rested on Fort San Christoval, Elvas was in the rear of his centre, Campo Mayor behind his left; and Lord Wellington, in an able and lucid memorandum, had amply detailed the means by which he could, and with perfect safety to himself, prevent the French marshal from investing Badajoz at all.

At Cadiz it was not to be expected that a force numerically superior to that which held them in duresse would continue long inactive; but Victor, with an investing line of twenty-five miles in length, and hardly twenty thousand men to hold it, distributed his reduced force with excellent judgment, and made every preparation to repel the attempts which in Soult's absence he expected would be made by the Anglo-Spanish army, to force his position and raise the siege.

The allied troops who formed the garrison of the city were commanded by their respective officers; the British by Lieutenant-General Graham, the Spaniards by Don Manuel de Lapeña. When a plan of operations was finally arranged, the English general waived his right to command, and consented to act under the orders of a man who subsequently proved himself totally unworthy of the honour which a brave and able officer had thus conceded.

The plan adopted by the Anglo-Spanish generals was to embark their united forces, sail from Cadiz for Tarifa, land and countermarch for sixty miles, carry the intermediate posts at Vejer and Casa Vieja, and, assisted by a corps under General Zayas, fall, as they hoped, by surprise, on Victor's camp at Chiclana, and drive him from his lines. While Zayas, for the passage of his division, should throw a bridge over the Santi Petri near the sea, the Partidas were to menace Sebastiani; and Ballasteros, with the remnant of his corps, threaten Seville, and thus occupy the attention of the enemy, and prevent any union between Victor and the French detachments in the higher provinces and Grenada.

The embarkation could not be effected within sight of the enemy's works without convincing the French marshal that an attempt to raise the siege was contemplated,—but where or how it would be made, it was impossible to foresee,—and he therefore determined to remain on the alert, until the movements of the allies should disclose the true object of their operations. Leaving a sufficient garrison in his principal works, Victor collected the flower of his army near Chiclana; and with eleven thousand chosen troops in hand, he took a convenient position between the great roads of Corril and Medina.

A gale of wind prevented the allies from landing at Tarifa, and drove them to Algesiras, where they disembarked. Lapeña here assumed the command, and commenced a long and most fatiguing march, with a force, of all arms, amounting to 14,000 men, of whom about 4200 were British troops. After moving at first towards Medina Sidonia, and thus imposing

on his army a wearying and unnecessary circuit, he changed his line of march; and at noon on the 5th, reached the Cerro de Puerco, a low undulating ridge better known in Peninsular history as the Heights of Barrossa.

The position on which the allies rested is a rising ground which overlooks a rough and heathy plain, and stands about four miles south from the mouth of the river Santi Petri. It is bounded on the right by the forest of Chiclana, on the left by the Atlantic, and on the centre by a thick wood, beyond which is the Torre de Bermeja.

On reaching Barrossa, Lapeña found that Zayas had been attacked by Victor; and though he still held the bridge he had thrown over the Santi Petri, his communications with the Isla de Leon were seriously endangered. The Spanish general, in consequence, pushed forward his vanguard, under Lardizabal; and, after a sharp affair, the latter effected a junction with Zayas; and thus the whole of the allied force was safely posted on the left flank of Victor's lines.

But Lapeña could not estimate his advantage. His sole anxiety appeared to turn upon holding his communication safe with Cadiz; and while his rear, entirely separated from the centre, was still straggling over the country, and contrary to the expressed wishes of Graham, who implored him to hold Barrossa, he ordered the British to march through the pine wood on Bermeja. Graham, supposing that Anglona's division and the cavalry would continue to occupy the hill, leaving the flank companies of the 9th and 82d to protect his baggage, obeyed the order, and commenced his march. But the astonishment of the English general was unbounded, when, on entering the wood, he saw Lapeña moving his entire corps from the heights of Barrossa, with the exception of three or four battalions and as many pieces of artillery.

Unfortunately, the English general was not the only person who had observed that Barrossa was abandoned. Victor, concealed in the forest of Chiclana, anxiously watched the movements of the allies. He saw the fatal error committed by

the Spanish leader, and instantly made dispositions to profit from the ignorance and obstinacy of his antagonist.

Keeping three grenadier battalions in reserve, Victor sent orders to Latour Maubourg's cavalry to move rapidly on Vejer, while with the whole of his disposable force he rushed forward to seize the height which his opponent had so unwisely abandoned. Ruffin commanded the left, Laval the centre, and Villatte the reserve. Pivoting upon the latter, Laval's division moved to meet the British, while Ruffin, ascending the reverse of the hill, interposed between the Spaniards and Medina, dispersed the camp-followers in an instant, and captured the guns and baggage.

A crowd of fugitives apprised the English general that the heights were already won—the enemy in his rear—the French cavalry between him and the sea—and Laval's brigade moving in rapid march to fall on his left flank.

It was indeed a most perilous situation; and in that extremity, the brave old man to whom the British had been fortunately confided, proved himself worthy of the trust. He saw the ruin of retreat,—safety lay in daring; and though the enemy held the key of the position with fresh troops, Graham boldly determined to attack them with his wearied men.

Wheeling right about, with their rear ranks in front, the British regiments issued from the wood, and pressing boldly up the hill, the battle was instantly commenced. Duncan's artillery opened a furious cannonade on the column of Laval; and Colonel Barnard, with the rifles and Portuguese caçadores, extended to the left and began firing. The rest of the British troops formed two masses, without regard to regiments or brigades; one, under General Dilkes, marched direct against Ruffin, and the other, under Colonel Wheatly, boldly attacked Laval. On both sides the guns poured a torrent of grape and canister over the field; the infantry kept up a withering fire; and both sides advanced, for both seemed anxious to bring the contest to an issue. Wheatly, when the lines approached, came forward to the charge, drove the first line upon the second, and routed both with slaughter.

Dilkes's attack upon Ruffin's brigade had been equally bold, and obtained a similar success. Although the French held the crest of the hill, breathless, disorganised, but with a desperate resolution that seemed to hold ordinary disadvantages at defiance, Colonel Brown pressed up the ridge. Half of his detachment went down under the enemy's first fire; yet he maintained the fight, until Dilkes's column, which had crossed a deep hollow, and never stopped even to re-form the regiments, came up, with little order indeed, but in a fierce mood, when the whole ran up towards the summit; there was no slackness on either side, and at the very edge of the ascent, their gallant opponents met them. A dreadful, and for some time a doubtful, fight ensued; but Ruffin and Chaudron Rousseau, commanding the chosen grenadiers, both fell, mortally wounded. The English bore strongly onward; and their incessant slaughtering fire forced the French from the hill, with the loss of three guns and many brave soldiers.

Still the routed brigades, though heavily repulsed, exhibited an undaunted spirit worthy of their former fame, and made a brave but bootless effort to renew the fight, and restore the fortune of the day. Retiring by concentric lines, they attempted to rally at the point where their disordered masses united, and arrest the further advance of the British regiments. The English artillery, however, rendered every exertion to recover their formation unavailing; the fire of the guns was rapid, close, and murderous—the shattered brigades yielded to its violence—and the handful of cavalry charged furiously, and completed the victory.

Nothing could exceed the dastardly duplicity with which the Spanish general abandoned his gallant ally. Lapeña never made a movement towards the succour of the British; and although the French cavalry scarcely exceeded two hundred men, and the Spanish, under Whittingham, amounted to more than eight hundred, the latter never drew a sabre. Never was there a finer field for cavalry to act on with effect; Ruffin's left was perfectly open; and even a demonstration of attack must have

turned defeat to ruin. Three troops of German hussars, under Ponsonby, reached the field at the close of the battle, just as the beaten divisions were attempting to unite. They charged through the French squadrons, overthrew them, captured two guns, and sabred many of Ruffin's grenadiers, while endeavouring to regain their ranks.

To paint the character of Barrossa in a few words, Napier's might well describe it. "The contemptible feebleness of Lapeña furnished a surprising contrast to the heroic vigour of Graham, whose attack was an inspiration rather than a resolution—so wise, so sudden was the decision, so swift, so conclusive was the execution."

As he had left his allies during the conflict without support, Lapeña now allowed them to remain upon the battlefield without either sending food to maintain the living, or assistance to inter the dead, while he continued in his position an idle looker-on. Disgusted with the heartless neglect of a man in whom all military feeling seemed extinct, Graham declined any further communication with his unworthy confederate; and when he had collected his wounded men, returned to the Isla by the bridge of Zayas with the remnant of his gallant division. Lapeña speedily followed his example,—the bridge of Santi Petri was again broken down. Victor cautiously resumed his position round the bay, where he was soon after joined by Soult, returning from his victorious expedition into Estremadura; and the battle of Barrossa remained without result, save that imperishable one, which arises from the confidence which it communicated to the British arms, and the glory which it gave to the British name.

Never was a general placed in a situation where the indecision of a moment would have wrought such ruin. Had Graham or his troops given way, or even hesitated, the whole army must have been driven like sheep into an enclosure—the Almanza creek on one side, the sea on the other, the Santi Petri to bar their flight, and the enemy hanging on their rear in all the fierceness of victory. In the heat of battle, when the issue hung upon a thread, his horse was shot, and for

a few moments the English general lay upon the ground, unable to disengage himself from beneath the dying animal. Even then the coolness of the brave old man evinced itself. He called on the 87th to charge—a thrilling cheer answered the order—on went that glorious regiment with levelled bayonets, and the opposing ranks of the French grenadiers melted away before the coming rush, which even their oft-tried intrepidity had not the firmness to await.

A vote of thanks to General Graham and his gallant army passed both Houses without a dissentient voice.

After the destruction of Mendizabal's army, the French in Estremadura had pressed the siege of Badajoz with vigour, completed their second parallel, and carrying the sap to the covered way, their miners made preparations to blow down the counterscarp. Rafael Menacho, the governor, however, retrenched the streets; and as the fire of the place was superior to that of the French batteries, and the besiegers were annoyed by constant sallies of the garrison, Soult was under serious apprehensions that his efforts to reduce the fortress would prove fruitless. Unfortunately, while personally directing a sortie to prevent the covered way from being crowned, the brave old governor was killed by a cannon shot, and the command devolved upon a man, on whom it afterwards conferred an infamous celebrity.

José de Imaz had served under Romana in the north of Europe, and had been subsequently employed with the Spanish armies; and he now assumed the command of Badajoz under every encouragement. Of provisions and ammunition he had an ample supply, and his garrison comprised 8500 effective men. The besiegers were sadly reduced by sickness and fatigue, the breach was impracticable, and the telegraph at Elvas informed him that Masséna was in full retreat, and Wellington advancing to raise the siege—an assurance confirmed by a private letter which a confidential messenger succeeded in delivering. Imaz read the letter, and instantly surrendered, handing over, at the same moment, the intelligence thus obtained to the enemy.

But national pride required that some honourable token of respect should be offered by the enemy, as an attestation of his bravery; and Imaz demanded and obtained permission that his grenadiers should defile through the breach. Alas! that feat was more difficult than he had imagined; the fracture in the escarp was found too small, and Imaz was obliged to enlarge the opening himself. Not a French soldier would assist; they all stood looking on in silent contempt, while, with Spanish stateliness, and in all the pomp of full-blown ignominy, the governor of Badajoz marched out 8000 men, in the presence of a besieging force which did not much exceed the number of his own garrison!

Was this base traitor shot or hanged? He was neither. To the indignant remonstrances of Lord Wellington, the Spanish government tardily responded, and proceedings were instituted to bring Imaz to justice; but in tedious formalities they surpassed even those of an English court of equity, and they consequently outlived the war! It is not improbable that the worthy governor of Badajoz long lived to enjoy the dignified ease which the purchase-money of his treason had secured.

With the fall of Badajoz, Soult's expedition terminated. The reverses experienced in Andalusia and the weakness of Victor's corps before Cadiz demanded his immediate presence; so leaving Mortier to reduce Campo Mayor, after an unexampled success with means so comparatively small, the French marshal returned to resume his command in the south of Spain. Never was a campaign more splendid or more rapid. Within two months, Marshal Soult had taken more prisoners than exceeded the effective strength of his whole corps when he marched from Seville to commence his operations. He had placed 10,000 more *hors-de-combat*, reduced four fortresses, and obtained the mastery in Estremadura. Yet, great and daring and successful as his operations had been, the principal object of his expedition was frustrated, for Masséna was in retreat, and Lord Wellington's combinations had palsied the hand of the conqueror.

CHAPTER VIII.

RETREAT OF MASSÉNA—BATTLES OF FUENTES D'ONORO AND ALBUERA—CAPTURE OF ALMEIDA—ARROYO DE MOLINOS.



HILE these events were progressing in Andalusia and Estremadura, Masséna commenced a retreat, as admirable in a military point of view as it was execrable in a moral one. In his present position, the French marshal had no longer the means of remaining. Sickness wasted the army, food became daily scarcer, the organisation of the troops was seriously lessened, the leading generals were at variance, and a conspiracy to put St. Cyr at the head of the army in Spain was by no means relinquished. Aware that large reinforcements were expected by Lord Wellington, Masséna appeared to await their arrival in the Tagus as his signal to retire. The transports, after a six weeks' passage, landed on the 2d of March, and the Prince of Essling, having been apprised by a secret agent of the circumstance, broke up from Santarem on the morning of the 6th.

The French marshal had four lines open by which he might retreat, but that through the valley of the Mondego was the one which he determined to adopt, and in selecting it, he secured a double route. By crossing the Mondego he might march upon Oporto, through a country as yet unexhausted, and therefore capable of affording supplies for his army while engaged in the operation; or by moving up by

the left bank of the river, he had Guarda and Almeida in his rear. One objection existed to the adoption of a route by the Mondego. From the present position his corps occupied, he must execute a flank movement to his right to gain the actual line of his retreat; and burdened with 10,000 sick men, and the whole *matériel* of an army, this was a serious difficulty indeed.

With admirable skill, while removing his hospitals and baggage to the rear in the direction of Thomar, he still maintained a bold front, and seemed as if his intention was not to retire, but actually to cross the Zezere; while an able disposition of Ney's corps, which was concentrated near Leyria, indicated that a movement on Torres Vedras was contemplated, and, of course, added to the uncertainty of Lord Wellington. On the night of the 5th the grand business of the retreat commenced.

The difficulty of obtaining means of transport for his sick men obliged Masséna to destroy such stores as might be dispensed with, and the guns he could not horse efficiently. Every incumbrance had been removed four marches in his rear, and thus a great object was achieved before his retreat virtually commenced. To his reserve cavalry the protection of the sick and wounded was entrusted. They led the march, followed by the 8th corps; and the 6th corps, the light cavalry, and the best of his artillery formed an imposing rear-guard.

There was a skirmish at Pombal which was most creditable to the British light troops, as well as to the caçadores of the 3d division, who were engaged. The old castle which the French had occupied was bravely carried, and the enemy driven from the town so vigorously, that they were unable to fire a mine, already prepared and charged, and the bridge was thus fortunately saved.

At Redinha, Ney's dispositions were those of an able soldier. Ground, highly favourable in itself, was advantageously occupied, and with such skill, as rendered it impossible for Lord Wellington to form an accurate opinion of the amount of force that held it. With his right outflanked by

Erskine, and Picton on the wooded heights upon his left, Ney boldly held his position, drove in the skirmishers of the 3d division, and masked his real strength so well, that Wellington hesitated to attack until additional troops were brought forward.

In this posture both sides remained for about an hour, when three shots were fired from the British centre as a signal for a forward movement, and a most splendid spectacle of war was exhibited. The woods seemed alive with troops; and in a few moments thirty thousand men, forming three gorgeous lines of battle, were stretched across the plain, but bending on a gentle curve, and moving majestically onwards, while horsemen and guns, springing forward simultaneously from the centre and from the left wing, charged under a general volley from the French battalions: the latter were instantly hidden by the smoke, and when that cleared away no enemy was to be seen.

Availing himself of the breathing-time his masterly dispositions had gained, Ney had rapidly withdrawn his right while Wellington's formations were being made, and while the light troops of his left held Picton's skirmishers in check, the village of Redinha was gained.

War seems at times to be an inexplicable science—the object sought being often so immeasurably below the means required to obtain it. This was strongly instanced at Redinha. A dismounted howitzer, unserviceable in itself, produced a furious conflict. Although the village was in flames, Ney personally remained under a heavy cannonade, while the light troops of the 3d division, chasing like heated bloodhounds, passed the river almost at the same time with the French. The marshal carried off the useless metal; but pressed steadily by Lord Wellington, after a short stand on the heights above the village, he continued his retreat to Condeixa.

Circumstances favoured the French retreat. Rain fell in torrents—the rivers rose with the rapidity so common in a hilly country; and the villanous misconduct of the Portuguese government, at this trying moment, was painfully displayed.

Masséna's retreating army was amply provisioned; and the advancing columns of the allies were actually threatened with starvation. For the Portuguese troops no means of subsistence had been provided by their own executive,—from actual inanition they were unable to get on,—and but for the assistance rendered by the British commissariat, they must have actually perished from mere hunger. No language can describe the shameful misconduct of the regency. The most flimsy pretexts were made apologies for the most iniquitous neglect. To the wants of their own soldiers, as well as to those of their allies, they were equally indifferent,—a scarcity of fuel in a country abounding in wood, was a plea for the starvation of the one; and when reinforcements landed in the Tagus, they were left in the streets of Lisbon without a meal, or even a bed to rest upon.

Had not the British light troops already signalised themselves during the pursuit, the conduct of these splendid battalions in a skirmish at Sabugal alone was sufficient to immortalise the division. Hurried prematurely into action through the rashness of their commanding officer—embarrassed by mist and rain, which prevented them from perceiving danger, until the skirmishers and 43d were involved in a contest with the whole of Reynier's corps, and that, too, when not a division of the English army had reached its appointed battle-ground—in this desperate situation, the beautiful discipline and chivalrous courage of these gallant soldiers kept the multitude of their assailants in check, until the 52d arrived to their assistance. A brilliant charge cleared the heights; the French were forced back, and a howitzer was captured. The advance of the light regiments, however, was arrested by the enemy's cavalry, and the skirmishers quickly driven back upon the battalion companies of the 43d, which had sheltered themselves behind a stone enclosure. The French horsemen swarmed in squadrons over the hill; and some, more daring than the rest, surmounted the ascent, and, with incredible desperation, riding up to the wall, were in the act of firing over it with their pistols, when a rolling volley laid nearly the

whole of them lifeless on the ground. By this time, however, a second and stronger column of infantry had rushed up the face of the hill, endeavouring to break in and retake the howitzer, which was on the edge of the descent and only fifty yards from the wall; but no man could reach it and live, so deadly was the 43d's fire.

After his defeat, Reynier fell back on Rendo. The French loss was exceedingly heavy—the minimum has been laid at a thousand, while others raise it to one-half more. This trial of strength seemed to have decided Masséna upon abandoning Portugal altogether. On the 4th his march was rapidly directed on Ciudad Rodrigo; and on the 5th the French rear-guard crossed the frontier, and left the land they had invaded without an enemy!

The discomfiture of the army of Portugal was in every way decisive, and Masséna's campaign conveyed two useful lessons. Regarding the qualities of the British army, the Continental belief was very general, that with much active courage and matchless endurance, they had neither talents for manœuvring, nor, had they possessed them, were their generals sufficient tacticians to turn them to account. This error was removed by Lord Wellington's recent operations. When he acted on the defensive, at every place where he awaited an attack, his positions were so ably chosen, that the French were always obliged to fight at disadvantage. When it was his interest to advance, half the objects at which he aimed were effected by previous combinations, and sometimes without losing a man. Another military delusion was exposed by the events of this campaign, namely, the irresistible effect of the French attack *en masse*. A quarter of a century had established this opinion; and the revolutionary victories acquired by movements in heavy columns, had been confirmed by the overthrow of those European powers with whom Napoleon had been more recently engaged. No wonder, therefore, that against the unpractised soldiery of Britain, they had been employed in the fullest assurance of success. But with English battalions opposed to it, the *colonne serrée* proved

unavailing; and against the steady array of even a two-rank line, these perpendicular attacks of Masséna ended invariably in discomfiture.

The head of a column, no matter how steadily it advances, must soon be shattered by the converging fire of the enemy who receives it in line. To be effectively employed, a close column should, wedge-like, drive itself through the obstacles opposed, reserving its fire until it gained the flank or central intersection it was launched against, and when it had consequently sufficient space to deploy. Anything short of breaking a line, or forcing itself between the intermitted spaces of a formation, must be considered as a failure in the attack. To the fire of an enemy in line, a column cannot presume to reply—a front of thirty muskets will be overwhelmed by the fire of three hundred; and with every shot radiating from its head to its centre, of necessity the leading files of the column are shot down, and the movement of the mass arrested.

The natural repugnance of men to trample on their own dead and wounded, the cries and groans of the latter, and the whistling of the cannon-shots as they tear open the ranks, produce the greatest disorder, especially in the centre of attacking columns, which, blinded by smoke, unsteadfast of footing, and bewildered by words of command coming from a multitude of officers crowded together, can neither see what is taking place, nor make any effort to advance or retreat without increasing the confusion: no example of courage can be useful, no moral effect can be produced by the spirit of individuals, except upon the head of the column, which is often firm, and even victorious at the moment when the rear is flying in terror.

Notwithstanding these evident disadvantages, to this their favourite method of attack the French adhered tenaciously to the last moment of the war, although the trial of heavy columns against lines was repeatedly made, and always proved unsuccessful. It is an interesting coincidence, that the regiment which, with the others of its division, proved the inefficiency of the *colonne serrée* at Sabugal by the bloody repulses

it inflicted upon Masséna's 2d corps, confirmed it at Waterloo by the annihilation of a division of Napoleon's reserve; and thus produced, as has been asserted, the crisis of that battle, which immortalised the name of Wellington, and achieved the deliverance of Europe!

When Masséna reached the Agueda, his army did not exceed 35,000 effective men. He invaded Portugal with 65,000—at Santarem, Drouet had joined him with 10,000 more; and 9000 reinforced him during his retreat; consequently, the losses sustained during the campaign amounted in round numbers to 40,000 men, of whom at least two-thirds were veteran soldiers.

Although the junction of convalescents and detachments in a few days increased the strength of his *corps d'armée* to 40,000 troops of all arms, Masséna did not consider himself in a state that warranted him in recommencing active operations. His troops required a season for repose,—they had been not only numerically, but physically reduced,—their energies exhausted by fatigue, and their spirit broken by a constant succession of defeats. These considerations determined the Prince of Essling to avoid hostilities for the present, and accordingly he retired to Salamanca. In consequence of this movement of the French marshal, Lord Wellington, cantoning his army between the Coa and the Agueda, invested Almeida, while Beresford, with a corps increased by the fourth division and a brigade of heavy cavalry to 22,000 men, was detached to relieve Campo Mayor, and commence the siege of Badajoz.

The former place had surrendered on the 21st, when Beresford had reached Chamusca, and his advanced guards were only two marches distant from the fortress. The very gallant defence made by a Portuguese officer, named Tallia, who, with a garrison of not two hundred men, five guns mounted on his works, and the sap pushed forward to the crest of the glacis, resisted with an open breach, and repulsing one assault, surrendered on most honourable terms, and that only when the enemy were forming their storming parties for a second

effort, formed a noble contrast to the base treachery of the worthless governor of Badajoz; and it was a subject of regret to all, that one who had defended a weak fortress so bravely, could not have held out a little longer, and received the succour he so well deserved.

Although apprised of the fall of Campo Mayor, Marshal Beresford thought that he might surprise the besiegers; and with this intention he marched rapidly towards the place; and on the morning of the 25th the British advanced guard found itself in presence of the enemy. The French, commanded by Latour Maubourg, were filing out of Campo Mayor in some confusion, their force comprising three battalions of infantry, twelve hundred cavalry, a troop of horse artillery, and the siege train of thirteen heavy guns. Instant orders were issued for an attack. Colborne marched with the infantry on the right—Head, with the 13th light dragoons and two squadrons of Portuguese, on the left—and the heavy cavalry formed a reserve. Perceiving that their battering train was endangered, the French cavalry, as the ground over which they were retiring was favourable for the movement, charged the 13th. But they were vigorously repulsed; and, failing in breaking the British, the whole, consisting of four regiments, drew up in front, forming an imposing line. The 13th instantly formed and galloped forward—and nothing could have been more splendid than their charge. They rode fairly through the French, overtook and cut down many of the gunners, and at last entirely headed the line of march, keeping up a fierce and straggling encounter with the broken horsemen of the enemy, until some of the English dragoons actually reached the gates of Badajoz, where many of them were captured.

But from the disorderly manner with which the pursuit was carried on, the more solid advantages were lost, which a steadier and more systematic attack might have probably secured. A considerable loss was also a consequence of this rash and ill-directed gallantry; for, besides seventy prisoners, the allies had one hundred men killed or wounded; the French losing thrice that number, and a howitzer. The affair of

Campo Mayor gave serious displeasure to Lord Wellington; and the light cavalry were in consequence reprimanded; but all bore testimony to their valour, and the unsparing admiration of the whole army consoled them.

In this affair, there were many opportunities for the display of individual courage and dexterity. Colonel Chamorin, of the 26th French dragoons, was encountered by a corporal of the 13th, whose comrade he had just before shot through the head: each was a master of his horse and weapon; but at length the corporal, striking off the helmet of his enemy with one blow, cleft his head down to the ears with another.

Having obtained possession of Campo Mayor, Marshal Beresford cantoned his troops in Elvas and the villages in its vicinity. The army required rest,—their recent duties had been severe,—and the fourth division in particular had suffered much from fatigue, a scarcity of shoes having obliged them to march barefooted. At Elvas the marshal had been assured by the Portuguese authorities that he should find the necessary *matériel* for throwing a bridge across the Guadiana, a necessary preliminary to the investment of Badajoz. But the amount of the means for effecting this work was found to be miserably insufficient. Instead of twenty large boats, which it was alleged had been brought from Badajoz before the siege, but five were found; and the pontoons sent up from Lisbon were so small, that they neither were calculated to withstand the rapidity of the current, nor bear the weight of artillery. By this delay, General Philippon, the governor of Badajoz, was enabled to restore the defences and fill in the trenches; while Latour Maubourg, who had succeeded Mortier in the command, with his accustomed activity spread his foragers over the country in all directions, and thus obtained a sufficiency of provisions to enable the fortress to withstand a siege.

On the 16th, Marshal Beresford was rejoined by the 4th division from Olivença; and the concentration of the allied army at Zafra was followed by the retreat of Latour Maubourg, who retired to Guadalcanal on the 18th, leaving Estremadura

and its resources at the disposal of his opponent. At this time a brigade of German light infantry reached Olivença from Lisbon, and on the 21st, Lord Wellington himself arrived at Elvas from the north, and there Marshal Beresford joined him, and received orders to cover the siege of Badajoz, if Soult, as was expected, attempted to relieve it.

It was a subject of general surprise how quickly the French army of Portugal restored its organisation during its brief rest at Salamanca; and nothing could have proved more forcibly what immense advantages in warfare are derived from military experience. As the orders of the Emperor were so peremptory, every facility had certainly been given to his lieutenant that could enable him to carry them into effect. Bessières reinforced the Prince of Essling with 1000 cavalry, and a battery of guns from the Imperial Guard—troops were drafted for a similar purpose from Leon and Castile; while Joseph Buonaparte's visit to Paris rendered disposable a large proportion of the corps hitherto retained at Madrid for the personal protection of the king, and these, also, were promptly moved forward to the Agueda. Masséna's *corps d'armée* was thus increased to 46,000 effective men, of whom 5000 were cavalry—and with this imposing force he immediately broke up from the Tormes, announcing, in a general order to "the army of Portugal," that the relief of Almeida was the first object to be achieved.

It was a manifesto, however, far better calculated to bring to memory their late disasters, than give any reasonable assurance of an approaching victory. To describe a country, from which they had been so recently and ingloriously expelled, as "a scene of triumphs," and even to name "the lines of Lisbon," was to recall a period of want and misery, sickness and privations, all sustained without a single advantage, and terminated by a ruinous retreat from Santarem.

When Lord Wellington arrived at Villa Formosa from visiting Beresford's army, on the 28th of April, he found that the French army were concentrating fast at Ciudad Rodrigo, where Masséna had been stationary since the 25th. The object of the marshal was no secret; and his superiority in

point of strength had been clearly ascertained. For Lord Wellington there was no alternative, and he must either permit Almeida to be relieved, or risk a battle. Upon the latter he decided; he united his detached corps, and with 32,000 infantry, 1500 cavalry, and 42 guns, took up a position that covered the blockaded fortress.

The allied battle position was on a tableland, the centre in front of Alameda, the left flank resting on Fort Concepcion, and the right in the village of Fuentes d'Oñoro, and it had this advantage, that the French general could not, with any prudence, venture to march, by his own right, against Almeida, lest the allies, crossing the ravine at the villages of Alameda and Fuentes d'Oñoro, should fall on his flank, and drive him into the Agueda. Hence, to cover the blockade, which was maintained by Pack's brigade and an English regiment, it was sufficient to leave the 5th division near Fort Concepcion, and the 6th division opposite Alameda. The 1st and 3d were then concentrated on a gentle rise, about a cannon-shot behind Fuentes d'Oñoro, where the steppe of land which the army occupied turned back, and ended on the Turones, becoming rocky and difficult as it approached that river.

The height of the Azava had made it a hazardous operation to cross the fords; and Masséna, pushing his pickets up to the line from Espeja to Marialva, which was held by the light division, waited until the waters should subside and permit an easier passage. On the 2d of May the river had fallen considerably; and early on that day, the whole of the enemy's *corps d'armée* were discovered moving from Ciudad Rodrigo. Their passage over the Azava was undisputed, for, after a slight cavalry affair at Gallegos, Craufurd leisurely retired, and crossing the Duas Casas, occupied the hamlet of Fuentes d'Oñoro.

This lovely village had been alternately possessed by the allies and the enemy; and, by a very singular good fortune, it had been hitherto respected by both. It stands in a valley on the left bank of the Duas Casas, with rising grounds on either side. The road to Ciudad Rodrigo passes through the

hamlet, and a morass extends on that side, until it is bounded by a thick wood; while, on the other, the ground undulates considerably, and the surface is rocky and uneven. There were many stone enclosures in Fuentes which would yield good protection to the infantry that might be engaged in its defence; and the heights behind afforded a rallying point for troops if forced from the lower village, and also a means of feeding them with reinforcements from the divisions posted in their rear. The upper part of the village stands upon the edge of a ravine which rises boldly from the channel of the Duas Casas; and the old chapel and a few houses which crowned the height were, from a situation of difficult approach, particularly defensible.

Upon this sweet village, the first and final efforts of the enemy were made. Moving towards the river, the 2d and 8th corps, in two columns approached Alameda and Fort Concepcion; while a third, comprising the whole cavalry, the 6th. and part of the 9th corps, advanced against Fuentes d'Oñoro.

The assault was furiously made, and it was as fiercely repelled. Overwhelmed by a heavy cannonade, the lower village was gradually abandoned to the enemy, but the chapel and craggy eminence were desperately maintained. Loison redoubled his efforts; Wellington reinforced his hard-pressed battalions; and when night fell, the lower houses of Fuentes remained in possession of the French, and the upper village was occupied by British regiments.

The *reconnaissance* of the next day confirmed Masséna in his first intention of storming the opposite flank of the position, and gaining the plateau, which stretched away from the rugged banks of the Duas Casas. Julian Sanchez, after a short contest, was driven across the Turones, the village of Poco Velho was carried, and Montbrun poured his heavy squadrons over the level summit of the height. After a noble but unavailing resistance, the allied cavalry were forced to retire, and seek protection from the infantry. The French horsemen instantly galloped forward. They found the light infantry in squares, and unassailable; but as the 7th division had not effected

that formation, many were cut down in line, and a troop of horse artillery completely surrounded. With other troops a certain defeat must have ensued; but at this fearful moment their own gallantry and discipline saved the British soldiers. Although surprised by the sudden rush of the cuirassiers, the chasseurs Britanniques threw themselves behind a broken fence, and maintaining a rolling fire that fell upon the assailants with murderous effect, they checked the onward career of the enemy. At one place, however, the fury of the fight seemed for a time to centre. A great commotion was observed amongst the French squadrons; men and officers closed in confusion towards one point where a thick dust was rising, and where loud cries and the sparkling of blades and flashing of pistols indicated some extraordinary occurrence. Suddenly the multitude was violently agitated, an English shout arose, the mass was rent asunder, and Norman Ramsay burst forth at the head of his battery, his horses breathing fire, and stretching like greyhounds along the plain, his guns bounding like things of no weight, and the mounted gunners in close and compact order protecting the rear.

At this period of the day, while isolated displays of gallantry might for a time have checked the progress of the French, still the final issue of the contest seemed fraught with danger to the British general. Wellington's right was turned—his divisions separated—a murderous combat raging on his left in Fuentes, and to secure success, it was imperative that his outflanked wing should be instantly thrown back, and his communications with the bridge of Sabugal abandoned. Looking with just confidence rather to victory than to any likelihood of retreating, he drew in the right of his army, sending the 7th division over the Turones to Frenada, on its left bank. The light division, covered by the cavalry, retired over the plain—and the 1st, 3d, and Portuguese formed line nearly at right angles with their first position, now resting their battalions upon the height which ran perpendicularly with Fuentes, their left being still pivoted on that village.

To effect this delicate change of formation was indeed a

perilous essay; one which a master-spirit only dare adopt, and one which might be entrusted alone to British soldiers. To retire troops across a level plain, the outer flank having a surface of four miles to traverse, surrounded by heavy masses of French cavalry, flushed with the full assurance of approaching victory, and waiting a false movement to fall on, was certainly a daring resolution. Far as the eye could range, the plateau was crowded with camp-followers and equipage. These fugitives added to the confusion, and consequently increased the risks; and if any of the divisions had given way, the enemy would have burst in upon them with such force, as would have sent the disorderly multitude headlong against some of its own squares, and thrown the whole into irreparable confusion.

But in that dread hour, perhaps the most perilous of the whole war for England, she was saved by the skill of her chief and the incomparable valour of her soldiers. Slowly, and in perfect order, the squares of the 1st, 7th, and light divisions retired for many miles, flanked on either side by the terrible cuirassiers of Montbrun, flushed with the newly won glories of Wagram, and pressed in rear by the columns and batteries of Ney's corps, which had broken the Russian army at Friedland. In vain their thundering squadrons swept round these serried bands, and the light of the British bayonets was, for a time, lost in the blaze of the French cuirasses; from every throng the unbroken squares still emerged, pursuing their steady way amidst a terrific fire; the 7th division successfully accomplished its long semicircular sweep, crossed the Turones, and took up its ground between that stream and the Coa; the centre of the army soon gained the ridge of heights for which it was destined; while the left, with invincible firmness, still made good the crags and chapel of Fuentes d'Oñoro. When the whole had taken up their ground, Masséna recoiled from the prospect of attacking such an enemy as he had now combated, posted in dense masses on a ridge not two miles in length, and covered on either flank by a steep ravine; and, confining himself to a cannonade along its front, redoubled

his efforts on the left, where he sent the whole division of Drouet against the village of Fuentes d'Oñoro.

The attack was made with all that reckless desperation which indicated that on success or failure the fortunes of a doubtful day were staked. Every arm was used—cavalry appeared waiting an opportunity to act; infantry burst into the lower village in heavy masses; and while the French artillery poured a storm of shot upon the houses and enclosures, the enemy advanced with imposing steadiness, although their passage led through a street choked with the dead and dying, who had already perished in vain but reiterated attempts. The British regiments, far over-matched in numbers, were gradually forced back upon the heights and chapel, after sustaining a heavy loss, two companies of the 79th having been taken, and Colonel Cameron slain. But beyond the upper village no effort of the enemy could drive its gallant defenders. In vain the French were frequently and strongly reinforced, until the whole of the 6th and a part of the 9th corps were engaged. Lord Wellington, in turn, sent in his reserves, and the assault and defence were on both sides obstinately continued, the fortune of the day alternating as fresh combatants took part in the affray. At one time the fighting was on the banks of the stream and amongst the lower houses; at another upon the rugged heights and round the chapel, and some of the enemy's skirmishers even penetrated completely through towards the main position.

For a moment the upper village seemed lost. A heavy column followed the tirailleurs closely—and, unchecked by a well-directed fusillade, the enemy crowned the chapel ridge, and announced with loud cheers that Fuentes was at last their own. That triumph was a short one. Colonel Mackinnon directed the British battalions to advance, and gallantly that order was obeyed. Supported by the 71st and 79th, Colonel Wallace led his own regiment on; and his brief address, "At them, Eighty-eighth!" was answered with the soul-stirring huzza, with which an Irish regiment rushes to the onset. The Imperial Guard waited and received the charge—bayonet

crossed bayonet—and the combatants fought hand to hand. But it was the struggle of a moment, and the best soldiers of France gave way before the Connaught Rangers. In the awful shock, many were impaled and lifted fairly from the ground; while broken, trodden down, and slaughtered, the routed enemy were forced in wild disorder by the Irish and Highland soldiers through the same street by which, in all the confidence of approaching victory, they had so recently and gallantly advanced.

The French loss was never accurately given. It was erroneously estimated after the action at little short of 5000 *hors-de-combat*, but probably half the amount would come nearer to the truth. The French absurdly stated their casualties at 400—and one circumstance alone would prove that this was ridiculously incorrect, for 500 of their dead and wounded horses alone were left upon the battle-ground.

Evening closed the combat. Masséna's columns on the right were halted, and his 6th corps, with which he had endeavoured to storm Fuentes d'Oñoro, was withdrawn—the whole French army bivouacking in the order in which they had stood when the engagement closed. The British lighted their fires, posted their pickets, and occupied the field they had so bravely held; and both parties lay down to rest, with a confident assurance on their minds, that the battle was only intermitted till the return of daylight.

A brigade of the light division relieved the gallant defenders of Fuentes, and preparatory to the expected renewal of the attack, some works were thrown up to defend the upper village and the ground behind it. But these precautions were unnecessary; Masséna remained during the next day in front of his antagonist, but exhibited no anxiety to renew the combat. The 7th found the British, as usual, under arms at dawn, but the day passed as quietly as the preceding one had done. On the 8th, the French columns were observed in full retreat, marching on the road to Ciudad Rodrigo; thus proving that the French marshal, with an army reinforced by every battalion and squadron he could collect from Galicia

and Castile, had been beaten by four divisions of the British army. With that unblushing assurance, however, for which the French marshals have been remarkable, defeat was tortured into conquest, and Masséna did not hesitate to call Fuentes d'Oñoro a victory. But the falsity was self-apparent—the avowed object for which the battle had been fought was unattained—he failed in succouring the beleaguered city—and Almeida was left to its fate.

Masséna's retreat was instantly followed up by a closer blockade of that fortress, which he had avowedly crossed the Agueda to relieve; and as it was known that the scanty supply of food within the walls of Almeida was almost exhausted, the fall of the city was deemed inevitable. Brennier, who had already distinguished himself at Vimeiro, where he had been wounded and taken prisoner, but subsequently exchanged, was governor; and to a more trusty soldier the custody of a place of strength had never been confided.

Although fully expecting that the Prince of Essling would succeed in his operations, and oblige the blockading division to withdraw, Brennier, nevertheless, had mined the works, and made every preparation by which he might, if necessary, ruin the defences of the place. The heavy firing at Fuentes told him that a severe action had been fought. A day passed —no succour came; and during the night a French private reached the fortress, having with wonderful sagacity eluded the sentries and pickets who were on duty. Tillet confirmed Brennier's suspicions that Masséna had been seriously repulsed, and brought with him, at the same time, the Prince of Essling's order for the immediate evacuation of Almeida.

For two days Brennier destroyed the fortifications of Almeida, and with so much cleverness, that the frequent explosions attracted no particular attention from the blockaders. At midnight of the 10th, all being ripe for the attempt, the mines were fired, and by moonlight the garrison issued from the fortress in solid columns, bayoneting any sentries whom they encountered, and passing between the quarters of the reserves with a precision that seemed unaccountable.

The partial escape of the garrison of Almeida was, in every point of view, a most annoying and discreditable occurrence. "It seemed as if, by this untoward event," says a staff officer, "all the advantages obtained by the battle of Fuentes d'Oñoro were thrown away. Not that we very deeply regretted the escape of the individuals: they were brave men, had made a bold venture, and deserved that it should be crowned with success; but it was mortifying to reflect that now Masséna might, with some show of reason, speak of his late operations as a victory, and not as a defeat. He might, in a specious manner, inform Europe that he had manœuvred merely for the purpose of bringing off the garrison of Almeida; and as the garrison had actually escaped, how could we contradict him? It is not worth while to dwell longer on this affair; but I will venture to affirm that no one who witnessed the effect this disappointment produced upon our army, will ever be able to forget it."

Hardly had Almeida been secured, when Lord Wellington hurried southward to take command of Beresford's corps, and heard of the hard fought battle of Albuera at Elvas. It had been unanimously determined at an interview at Valverde between the English and the Spanish generals, on the 13th—the intelligence of the rapid approach of Marshal Soult having been confirmed—that a battle should be risked; and Albuera having been selected as the best position, Blake undertook that the detached divisions of the Spanish army should be concentrated there, before noon of the 15th.

The village of Albuera is a street of mean houses, with a church, situated on a little river from which it is named. This village is traversed by the high road leading from Seville to Badajoz; which, about two hundred yards to the right, crosses the river by a handsome bridge of stone. Immediately to the left of Albuera, and just below the rough and rising ground on which it stands, there is another bridge, of unhewn stone, old, narrow, and incommodious. The river in summer is not above knee-deep. Its banks to the left of the old bridge, and directly in front of the village, are very

abrupt and difficult; but to the right of the main bridge the passage of the stream is easy for all arms.

The position chosen by the allied leaders was an undulating ridge, having the Albuera river in its front and the Arroya in its rear. The extreme extent might be four miles. A rivulet called the Ferdia unites itself immediately above the village with the Albuera; and the intermediate surface, and the whole country beyond the larger stream, is thickly, but dispersedly, covered with ilex trees, a species of wood sufficient to conceal the formation, but not interrupt the movements of an army.

At three on the afternoon of the 15th, the allied cavalry were driven in great confusion over the Albuera, abandoning the wooded heights to the enemy, an advantage of which Soult instantly availed himself.

With but a few miles to march, Blake moved so tardily that his leading brigades did not reach their intended battle-ground until midnight, and all were not up for some hours afterwards. In his disposition of the allies, Beresford gave the Spaniards the right of the position, as the ground was more elevated, and consequently less assailable. But, unfortunately, a wooded height which overlooked the Valverde road was left unoccupied; and this mistake enabled the French marshal to concentrate, during the night, 15,000 men and 40 pieces of artillery within cannon shot; and any advantage the ground might have afforded for defence was greatly overbalanced by the facilities of attack which the possession of the Valverde wood gave to an enemy, who knew so well as Marshal Soult did, how the omission could be turned to the best account.

The Portuguese brigades were on the left; the British in the centre; and the cavalry in the rear. The allied force amounted to 30,000 men, of whom about 2000 were cavalry. Of these, nearly one-half were Spanish troops; the remainder, British and Portuguese, in nearly an equal proportion.

In gross numbers the French marshal was inferior to his

opponent; in infantry, he was weaker by a third; but in the other arms, dangerously superior. He brought 4000 cavalry and 50 heavy guns into action; all were French troops; and all consequently admirable soldiers. In every requisite Soult's *corps d'armée* was complete; and, save his master, few could employ it more skilfully, and none with more promptitude and determination.

The enemy, on the morning of the 16th, did not long delay his attack. At eight o'clock Soult was observed to be in movement, and his cavalry was seen passing the rivulet of Albuera, considerably above the English right; and shortly after, he marched out of the wood a strong force of cavalry, and two heavy columns of infantry, pointing them towards the allies' front, as if to attack the village and bridge of Albuera. During this time, under cover of his vastly superior cavalry, he was filing the principal body of his infantry over the river beyond the English right; and it was not long before his intention appeared to be to turn them by that flank, and to cut them off from Valverde.

On perceiving that the right was seriously menaced, Beresford had sent Colonel Hardinge to request that Blake would change his front. But the Spanish general doggedly insisted that the village was the true object of attack, and refused to change his position. Beresford then rode in person to the right; and as the French columns were now observed in rapid march, then at last Blake proceeded to make the evolution, yet with such pedantic slowness, that Beresford, impatient of his folly, took the direction himself.

But before the change could be effected, the day might have been considered by Beresford as lost! Two-thirds of the French were in a compact order of battle on a line perpendicular to his right, and his army, disordered and composed of different nations, was still in the difficult act of changing its front. It was in vain that he endeavoured to form the Spanish line sufficiently in advance to give room for the second division to support it; the French guns opened,

their infantry threw out a heavy musketry, and their cavalry, outflanking the front, and charging here and there, threw the Spaniards into disorder at all points; in a short time the latter gave way, and Soult, thinking the whole army was yielding, pushed forward his columns, while his reserves also mounted the hill, and General Ruty placed all the batteries in position.

Seeing the desperate state of affairs, General William Stewart bravely, but rashly, endeavoured to restore the battle; and pushing his brigade up the hill, he mounted, for greater despatch, by columns of companies. But as the regiments were endeavouring to open into line, each as it crowned the ridge in the loose order it had advanced in, the French light cavalry, under cover of a heavy shower of rain, passed round the right flank of the brigade, and came in a thundering onset direct upon their rear. A sad slaughter ensued—and every regiment, except the 31st, which fortunately had not began to deploy, was literally cut to pieces. The Polish lancers galloped right and left, spearing men without mercy, who could neither escape, nor, from confusion and surprise, offer an effective resistance; while the Spaniards, regardless that their fire was falling fast upon the English ranks, kept up an unabating fusillade—but when ordered to advance, and succour men who were perishing through the brave but rash celerity with which they had rushed to their assistance, no power could move them forward.

Happily the weather cleared; and the distressed brigade was observed by General Lumley, who rode at speed to the rescue. The British cavalry charged nobly. In turn, the lancers were taken in the rear; and numbers of these desperadoes fell beneath the sabres of the English horsemen.

The mist which had favoured this sanguinary charge, averted also in a great degree the fatal consequences it must have otherwise produced. Soult, from the obscurity of the weather, could not see the battlefield with sufficient

clearness to allow him to push forward his infantry, and consummate the destruction of a brigade already half exterminated. The 31st regiment steadily maintained its ground—the British artillery came up—Houghton's brigade cleared the hill and deployed in beautiful order—two Spanish regiments were brought forward,—and the battle was restored.

Though for a moment checked, the French soon renewed their efforts to break the English line; but the British regiments stood with a stubborn gallantry that refused to yield an inch. On both sides, the batteries poured torrents of grape at half range, and the roar of musketry was incessant. Upon the close formation of the French, the storm fell with terrible violence—whole sections fell—but still these noble soldiers remained unshaken by this crushing fire; and their reserves were coming rapidly up. A column appeared already moving round the right flank of the British,—the British ammunition failed,—their fusillade gradually became feebler,—the Polish lancers charged again, and a battery was taken. That moment was the crisis. To retreat, was Beresford's first thought,—orders were being issued to commence it, when Colonel Hardinge saw that the battle might yet be won, and, without having obtained his general's permission, he ordered Cole's division and the remaining brigade of the 2d to advance, and thus redeemed the fortunes of a day which all beside thought desperate.

In a few minutes more the remnant of the British must have abandoned the hill or perished. The French reserve was on its march to assist the front column of the enemy, while with the allies all was in confusion; and as if the slaughter required increase, a Spanish and English regiment were firing in mutual error upon each other. Six guns were in possession of the French, and the Polish lancers, riding furiously over the field, threatened the feeble remnant of the British still in line, and speared the wounded without mercy. At this fearful moment the boundless gallantry of British officers displayed itself; Colonel Arbuthnott, under the double musketry,

rushed between the mistaken regiments, and stopped the firing; Cole pushed up the hill, scattered the lancers, recovered the guns, and passed the right of the skeleton of Houghton's brigade, at the same instant that Abercrombie appeared upon its left. Leaving the broken regiments in its rear, the fusileer brigade came forward with imposing gallantry, and boldly confronted the French, now reinforced by a part of its reserve, and who were, as they believed, coming forward to annihilate the "feeble few" that had still survived the murderous contest. From the daring attitude of the fresh regiments, Soult perceived too late that the battle was not yet won; and, under a tremendous fire of artillery, he endeavoured to break up his close formation and open out his front. For a moment the storm of grape, poured from Ruty's well-served artillery, staggered the fusileers; but it was only for a moment. Though Soult rushed into the thickest of the fire, and encouraged and animated his men, though the cavalry gathered on their flank and threatened it with destruction, on went those noble regiments; volley after volley falling into the crowded ranks of their enemy, and cheer after cheer pealing to heaven in answer to the clamorous outcry of the French, as the boldest urged the others forward.

Nothing could check the fusileers; they kept gradually advancing, while the incessant rolling of their musketry slaughtered the crowded sections of the French, and each moment embarrassed more and more Soult's efforts to open out his encumbered line. The enemy's reserve, coming forward to support their comrades, was forced to the very edge of the plateau, and increased the crowd without remedying the disorder. The English volleys rolled on faster and more deadly than ever—a horrid carnage making all attempts to hold the hill vain, and thus uselessly increased an unavailing slaughter. Unable to bear the withering fire, the shattered columns of the French were no longer able to sustain themselves,—the mass were driven over the ridge, and trampling each other down, the shattered column sought refuge at the bottom of the hill.

On that bloody height stood the conquerors. From 1500

muskets a parting volley fell upon the routed column as it hurried down the height. Where was the remainder of the proud array of England, which on the morning had exceeded 6000 combatants? Stretched coldly in the sleep of death, or bleeding on the battle-ground!

A tempestuous night closed the memorable day of Albuera. The rain, which during the action had fallen heavily at intervals became more constant and severe as evening advanced; and the streams which rolled down the heights and mingled with the waters of the river were not unfrequently observed to be deeply tinged with blood. The village of Albuera had been plundered and destroyed by the enemy, every house was roofless, every inhabitant had disappeared; and had there been a place of shelter near, there was neither carriage nor beast of burden by which the wounded could have been removed. Throughout the night, and during the following day, the dead and the disabled lay upon the field as they had fallen; and nothing could be more painful than the groans and complainings of the wounded. Almost every man who had escaped unhurt was needed for picket duty; and the few who remained otherwise disposable, were quite unequal to afford assistance to half the sufferers who required it. In this cruel situation Beresford sent Colonel Hardinge to demand assistance from Blake; but wrath and mortified pride were predominant in that general's breast, and he refused; saying it was customary with allied armies for each to take care of its own wounded; and he declined extending the least relief to these heroic sufferers, who, by a prodigal expenditure of their blood, had saved his sluggish legions from extermination.

That such continued and desperate fighting must cause an enormous loss may be readily imagined. Besides 2000 Spaniards and 500 Germans and Portuguese placed *hors-de-combat*, the British casualties amounted to 4407—an enormous loss when it is remembered that little more than 6500 English soldiers were actually on the battle-ground. Almost all the field officers were killed or wounded. Houghton died, cheering his men on; and Myers and Duckworth, at the heads

of their respective regiments. Stewart, Cole, Inglis, Ellis, Blakeney, and Hawkshaw were wounded. Few regiments could muster in the evening a third of the number with which they went into action; and the loss sustained by the 57th—known afterwards by the sobriquet of "die-hards"—stands without a parallel. Its strength, when led into fire, was about five hundred and seventy bayonets; and its casualties, at two o'clock, were twenty-three officers and above four hundred rank and file.

Both armies claimed a victory; but the title rested indubitably with the allies. Soult was master of a howitzer, some stands of colours, and 500 prisoners, of whom the greater proportion rejoined their regiments within a fortnight. Beresford remained upon the battlefield, from which his assailant had been driven, and his trophies were sad but certain attendants on success—the bodies of the slain, and numbers of maimed unfortunates too badly wounded to bear removal. Soult's total loss exceeded 8000 men; and, in common with the British, the French field officers suffered heavily. Two generals were killed, and three wounded; while a thousand of the enemy lay disabled on the heights; and horrid piles of carcases within their lines told, with dreadful eloquence, who were the conquerors.

The banner gained from a regiment almost exterminated in its defence, confers more honour in the loss than in the acquisition. Through many a hand the English colours passed, before a single stand was obtained by the assailants. Two were picked up upon the ground—for all immediately about them were dead or dying; and several, like those of the Buffs, were recovered after signal heroism had been displayed in their defence. Ensign Thomas, who bore one of the flags, was surrounded, and asked to give it up. "Not but with my life!" was his answer, and his life was the instant forfeit; but the standard thus taken was regained, and the manner in which it had been defended will not be forgotten when it shall be borne again to battle. Ensign Walsh, who carried the other colours, had the staff broken in his hand by a cannon

ball, and fell severely wounded; but, more anxious about his precious charge than himself, he separated the flag from the shattered staff, and secured it in his bosom, from whence it was taken when his wounds were dressed after the battle.

It was generally expected that Soult on the next morning would have renewed the combat; and, certainly, he was in every arm infinitely more effective than his opponent. The storm of war had fallen heavily on Beresford's best troops, and though he sternly held his ground, he dreaded a second trial, for which he knew his strength was quite unequal. On the evening of the 17th, a British brigade joined him by a forced march; and, on the same night, Soult sent off all his wounded men who could bear removal to Seville, and retreated next morning by a flank march on Solano. Hamilton's Portuguese brigade partially reinvested Badajoz; and the allied cavalry were despatched to follow the enemy with caution, as from their great inferiority no serious impression could be expected.

Albuera holds a singular character among the Peninsular battles. It was a glorious display of British bravery, and a useless expenditure of British blood. On its ensanguined heights the decided superiority of the "island soldiery" was established; and the high compliment was paid them by the ablest of the French marshals, that they could not be persuaded they were beaten.

The personal bravery of both generals was boundless; and both were seen throughout the day, wherever the battle raged most furiously. By voice and gestures, Soult urged his soldiers forward; and when they finally recoiled from the slaughtering volleys of the fusileers, to the last the French marshal was observed in the battle's front, ordering brave but vain attempts to rally and renew the combat. During the hottest of the action, Marshal Beresford exposed himself with a degree of intrepidity, which could hardly fail of spreading an example of heroism around. The person of the general-in-chief was indeed seen everywhere, like a gallant soldier. He repeatedly dragged the Spanish officers from their ranks, com-

pelling them to lead their men forward, and show them the way; and when individually charged by a Polish lancer, he grappled his adversary by the throat, threw him from his saddle, and an orderly dragoon despatched him.

Immediately on the arrival of the 3d and 7th divisions, the siege of Badajoz was actively resumed under the personal supervision of Lord Wellington himself. On the left bank of the Guadiana the investment had been commenced by General Hamilton on the 19th. That on the right was effected on the 25th by the 7th division, under Major-General Houston; and on the 27th Picton forded the river above the fortress, and united the 3d division with the Portuguese corps already beforethe place.

During the siege, which, from want of means, was bound to fail, the movements of the French marshals were clearly developed. The flank position taken by Marshal Soult at Llerena had always convinced Lord Wellington that Badajoz was his dearest object, and that he only waited for reinforcements to assume an offensive attitude on the Guadiana. On the 14th Drouet joined Soult, and both generals moved forward to Fuente del Maestro, while Hill, who had returned from England, and again assumed the command of his old corps, took post on the heights of Albuera, and covered the besieging force. Marmont, who had been specially sent by Napoleon to succeed Masséna, simultaneously commenced his operations, by despatching Reynier with two divisions through the pass of Baños, while with the remainder of his *corps d'armée* he advanced to Ciudad Rodrigo, protecting an immense convoy destined for the use of that fortress.

The advance of Soult confirmed Wellington's resolution of remaining at Albuera to the last moment that prudence would warrant, in the hope that he might succeed in bringing him to action before he could be joined by Marmont, who had reached Truxillo on the 14th. The caution of the French marshal, however, was extreme; and on the 17th, the allies recrossed the Guadiana, taking a position on the Caya, while, on the 19th, the enemy introduced their convoys into Badajoz; and that fortress, when reduced to great extremity, was a

second time abundantly replenished with provisions and all the munitions of war.

The position of the allies was chosen with admirable judgment. It embraced a surface of scarcely four leagues, the right extending to the lower bridge of the Caya, and the left resting upon the heights over the Gevora, and protected by the fortress of Campo Mayor. The nature of the ground effectually masked the dispositions of the allied brigades from observation by the enemy, while excellent communications enabled Lord Wellington to move the mass of his army with celerity on any threatened point; and from the flatness of the country round Badajoz, any hostile movement was discernible from Fort La Lippe and the numerous watchtowers which stud the Portuguese frontier.

It was necessary, indeed, that the strength of his position should compensate for Lord Wellington's numerical inferiority. The united armies of Soult and Marmont in his front outnumbered him in every arm, comprising 63,000 infantry, 7500 cavalry, and 90 pieces of cannon; consequently the allied general was weaker in infantry by 10,000, while in cavalry and artillery the French marshals exceeded him nearly by one-half.

The opinion in the British camp was general, that a battle must be fought, and on the morning of the 24th the movements of the enemy tended to confirm this belief. Their cavalry and horse artillery crossed the Guadiana in two heavy columns, the right being directed towards Campo Mayor, and the left on Elvas. Although the allied divisions got immediately under arms, their masses were never exposed to view; and Soult and Marmont, after manœuvring in front of the position until evening, ended their unsatisfactory reconnaissance and withdrew. The right column had been steadily and successfully checked by the English and Portuguese heavy cavalry, but on the left, the enemy had better fortune; a squadron of the 11th Light Dragoons was lost through the inexperience of their commanding officer, and the 2d German hussars driven in great confusion into Elvas, raising the casualties on this occasion to more than one hundred and fifty men.

For a month the French marshals remained together; their numerous cavalry scouring the face of the country to an immense extent, and wasting it of everything that was convertible into sustenance for either men or horses. At last, these precarious supplies failed altogether; and Soult and Marmont retired from Estremadura,—the latter marching northward, and the former falling back upon Seville.

When the marshals separated, Soult left the 5th corps under the command of Gérard with Marmont; and the latter moved by the valley of the Tagus, and established his headquarters at Salamanca, occupying Truxillo and Plasencia, each with a division, and securing by military posts the passes of Bejar and Baños. Gérard was cantoned at Zafra, and the northern army directed to co-operate with that of Portugal, when an opportunity of striking at Lord Wellington should present itself. Napoleon had planned the mode in which the future operations of these armies should be conducted; and when Dorsenne succeeded Bessières, he received instructions from the Emperor to concert measures with Marmont, and act vigorously with their combined forces against the allies.

The retirement of the French armies produced an immediate change on the positions of the allies; and Lord Wellington, leaving Hill in the Alemtejo in observation of Gérard, changed his headquarters from the Quinta de St. Joaô to Portalegre, and subsequently to Fuente Guinaldo. The occupation of the line of the Coa was highly desirable; it placed the posts and villages in the more immediate vicinity of Ciudad Rodrigo in the possession of the allied commander, and thus cut off all casual supplies from a fortress, already straitened by the guerillas of Julian Sanchez, and separated from its covering army by a space of fifty miles. In fact, Rodrigo was the object at which Lord Wellington had secretly aimed; and measures had been taken to get up a powerful siege train from Lisbon, and forward all necessary arrangements for the immediate reduction of a fortress, which he justly considered, in a military point of view, to be invaluable.

The consequences Lord Wellington expected to result from

his presence on the frontier were speedily realised. While he remained upon the Coa, the efforts of the French marshals were completely paralysed; and, with immense means, they found themselves unable to effect commensurate objects, because these means were not disposable. Distant services they dared not undertake; for if they ventured to detach troops, they feared, with good reason, that Ciudad Rodrigo would be instantly besieged; and unless the blockade could be broken, and supplies safely and speedily introduced, the place could not hold out for any length of time. To effect the latter, a grand junction of the armies under Marmont, Souham, and Dorsenne was determined; and having collected large convoys at Plasencia and Salamanca, the united force assembled at Tamames on the 22d, having previously apprised the governor of Rodrigo that the fortress would be relieved.

This junction of the French corps produced a magnificent army. Their total strength was over sixty thousand men, of which the cavalry might be reckoned at nearly seven thousand, and the artillery comprised one hundred and ten guns. A finer army for its numbers was never ranged beneath the eagles of Napoleon; for all the reinforcements were veteran soldiers, and of these a large proportion had been detached from the Imperial Guard.

Lord Wellington, perfectly aware of the object, but not exactly of the force by which it would be effected, concentrated his divisions, as far as the locality of the country would allow. Determined that the fortress should not be relieved, excepting by an army numerically superior, and anxious to see the amount of a force, of which so many conflicting accounts had reached him, he made his dispositions accordingly.

In the progress of a campaign, situations of interest or beauty are not unfrequent, and nothing could be more striking than the first appearance of the united French armies, as they advanced to the relief of Ciudad Rodrigo. Far as the eye could range, the roads from Salamanca and Tamames were crowded with dense masses of sparkling soldiery, accompanied by a countless number of waggons, cars, and loaded

mules. Their progress was slow, and apparently cautious; but towards evening the convoy began to enter the place, under cover of about fifteen squadrons of cavalry, which passed the Agueda, and a large column of infantry, which halted upon the plain. Still no symptoms were manifested of a design to cross the river in force, or to attempt anything further than the object which was thus attained; for the advanced cavalry withdrew at once, and all bivouacked that night near the town. In the morning, however, as soon as objects became discernible, one corps of cavalry, amounting to at least five-and-twenty squadrons, supported by a whole division of infantry, appeared in motion along the great road which, leading from Ciudad Rodrigo to Guinaldo, leaves El Bodon on the left; while another, less numerous, perhaps, but, like the former, strongly supported by infantry, marched direct upon Espeja. They both moved with admirable steadiness and great regularity; and as the sun happened to be out, and the morning clear and beautiful, their appearance was altogether warlike and imposing.

It was a moment when the boldest spirit might have felt alarm. Advanced upon a naked height, the allies at El Bodon were isolated and unsupported; for, from necessity, the British brigades were widely separated from each other. To hold the height was their best hope; for to retire over an extensive plain in the presence of an overwhelming cavalry force, supported by light artillery, would have been an attempt too perilous for any but desperate men to risk. The danger of their position was apparent to all; none blanched from the trial, and with fearless intrepidity, they waited for the French assault.

While squadron after squadron were defiling along the road, the English infantry remained in columns of battalions along the ridge, and the cavalry stood dismounted, each dragoon with the bridle on his arm, and apparently as careless to coming events, as if he were on the parade-ground of his barrack, waiting for the trumpet call to "fall in." But when the advanced squadrons were about to mount the ridge, the infantry formed line; the dragoons sprang to their saddles;

and the artillery, which had occasionally cannonaded the hostile squadrons as they came within their range, opened with additional spirit, and poured from the height a torrent of grape and case shot that occasioned a serious loss to the enemy.

The French appeared to feel sensibly the effect produced by the fire, but a brigade cheered and charged up the heights. The English gunners stood by their guns to the last, but eventually they were obliged to retire. The French dragoons gained the battery, and the cannon were taken.

Their possession by the enemy was but for a moment. The 5th regiment came steadily forward in line, and after delivering a shattering volley, lowered their bayonets, and boldly advanced to charge the cavalry. This—the first instance of horsemen being assailed by infantry in line—was brilliantly successful. The French were hurried down the height, and the guns recaptured, limbered up, and brought away.

But valour could not maintain the height against numbers so fearfully disproportionate. A heavy column had moved unnoticed round the rear of the British right, and the position being turned was abandoned. Now was the moment to effect their destruction; for the British infantry were in rapid retreat, and the French squadrons, in all the assurance of success, coming down at speed to annihilate them.

But they had yet to learn of what stern stuff the British soldier is composed. In a moment the 5th and 77th formed square, and in steady silence awaited the coming onset. The charge was made—the cheering of the dragoons pealed over the battlefield as they came on at speed, and with a fiery determination that nothing apparently could withstand. Against every face of the square a hostile squadron galloped; the earth shook—the cheers rose louder—another moment of that headlong speed must bring the dragoons upon the bayonets of the kneeling front rank. Then from the British square a shattering volley was poured in,—the smoke cleared away, and, but a few yards from the faces of the square, men and horses were rolling on the plain in death. The charge was repulsed, the ranks disordered; and the French

dragoons, recoiling from that fearless array they had vainly striven to penetrate, rode hastily off to re-form their broken ranks, and removed themselves from an incessant stream of musketry which had already proved so fatal.

The retreat of the right brigade was conducted by Picton in person; and the same daring, the same skill, and the same good fortune attended it. The whole of these gallant regiments united on the plain, and fell back on Guinaldo, which, with Cole's division, they occupied.

The position was not particularly good; and as one of much greater strength lay immediately in his rear, Lord Wellington issued orders for the troops to retire from Guinaldo, and take up ground he had previously selected on the Coa. From delay in the transmission of that order to the light division, and General Craufurd considering, when it did arrive, that it would be hazardous to ford the Agueda then, he determined to cross the mountains, and join the main body by a circuitous route, being ignorant that the passes of Gata and Perales were already in possession of the French. Lord Wellington despatched instant orders for the division to countermarch upon Robleda; and strengthening both flanks of his position with 13,000 infantry and 2500 horsemen, he remained boldly on Guinaldo.

The night of the 25th, to some who knew how critically Lord Wellington was situated, passed in anxiety and suspense; but the soldiery, wearied with the exertions they had made during the day, slept soundly in their dangerous bivouacs. Fires blazed along the allied line, and every appearance bore the semblance of confidence and defiance.

Long before dawn, however, all were astir and in their places; and the different regiments looked anxiously for the moment which should behold the commencement of a game as desperate as any which they had been yet called upon to play. But, instead of attacking the English as they expected, Marmont contented himself with making an exhibition of his force, and causing it to execute a variety of manœuvres in their presence; and it must be confessed that a spectacle more strik-

ing has rarely been seen. The large body of French cavalry which had followed the English to their position, and had bivouacked during the night in the woods adjoining, were first drawn up in compact array, as if waiting for the signal to push on. By and by, nine battalions of infantry, attended by a proportionate quantity of artillery, made their appearance, and formed into columns, lines, échelons, and squares. Towards noon, twelve battalions of the Imperial Guard came upon the ground in one solid mass; and as each soldier was decked out with feathers and shoulder-knots of a bloody hue, their appearance was certainly imposing in no ordinary degree. The solid column, however, soon deployed into columns of battalions—a movement which was executed with a degree of quickness and accuracy quite admirable; and then, after having performed several other evolutions with equal precision, the Guards piled their arms, and prepared to bivouac. Next came another division of infantry in rear of the Guards, and then a fresh column of cavalry, till it was computed that the enemy had collected on this single point a force of not less than 25,000 men. Nor did the muster cease to go on, as long as daylight lasted. To the very latest moment, there could be observed men, horses, guns, carriages, tumbrils, and ammunition waggons, flocking into the encampment; as if it were the design of the French general to bring his whole disposable force to bear against the position of Fuente Guinaldo.

Indeed the salvation of the light division was achieved by Wellington, when old-school commanders would have abandoned it in despair. The object was certainly one of an importance sufficient to justify the resolution, but the resolution itself was one of those daring strokes of genius which the ordinary rules of art were never made to control. The position was contracted, of no great natural strength in front, and easily to be turned; the entrenchments constructed were only a few breastworks and two weak field redoubts, open in rear, and without palisades.

While Marmont was amusing himself with this singular

review, Lord Wellington looked on with the calmness of an ordinary spectator. Scarcely a third of the allied army was within his reach; and sixty thousand troops, some of them hitherto unconquered, with one hundred and ten pieces of artillery, manœuvring barely out of cannon range. It was at this moment that a Spanish general, remarkable for his zeal and gallantry, and a great favourite of Wellington's, observed to him—"Why, here you are with a couple of weak divisions in front of the whole French army, and you seem quite at your ease;—why, it is enough to put any man in a fever." "I have done according to the very best of my judgment, all that can be done," said Wellington; "therefore I care not either for the enemy in front, or for anything which they may say at home."

But Marmont allowed the golden opportunity to pass. During the night Wellington retreated, united his scattered brigades in their new position, and then courted rather than declined a battle. The affairs at Aldea da Ponte showed that no impression could be made; and having exhausted their provisions, the French armies retired on the 28th, covered by a cavalry rear-guard, far too powerful in numbers for Lord Wellington to molest.

The military talents of Lord Wellington had been already duly appreciated by the French; and his bold stand at Guinaldo, and masterly retreat upon the Coa, elicited their warmest admiration. In the conduct of these critical operations, the allied general was personally present; and frequently, and as his staff thought imprudently, exposed himself to fire. On one occasion, he narrowly escaped from being taken prisoner, having been deceived by the perplexing similarity of the dresses worn by the allied and French light cavalry.

When Marmont was assured that his formidable opponent had lain for six-and-thirty hours in his front, like Samson shorn of his strength, nothing could surpass his astonishment save the mortification which it caused. The mischief was, however, attributed by the French marshal to planetary

influence; and he somewhat prophetically exclaimed, that "Wellington's star was as brilliant as Napoleon's!"

On no occasion was the intrepidity of the officers on both sides more strikingly displayed. Many instances of personal daring were observed; and one very interesting occurrence is recorded. Felton Harvey, of the 14th Light Dragoons, had lost an arm at the passage of the Douro in 1809, but although unable to protect himself, he still was seen foremost in the fight. In a cavalry charge, he was encountered by a French officer. With an uplifted sword, the gallant horseman perceived, when about to strike, that his opponent was defenceless. Instantly the *coup de sabre* was exchanged for a graceful salute, and, spurring his charger on, the chivalrous Frenchman rode into the thickest of the *mêlée*, to seek a trial with some stronger antagonist.

Immediately on the retreat of the enemy, Lord Wellington broke up from his position in front of Alfayates, and leaving outpost duty and the observation of Ciudad Rodrigo to the light and 4th divisions, he crossed the Coa, and took cantonments in the villages on the left bank of the river. The weather became dreadfully wet; the accommodation for the soldiers was very wretched; disease increased frightfully; and, in a short time, sixteen thousand men were in hospital. Outdoor pursuits were interrupted by the inclemency of the season; and a dull dispiriting season passed away, in which there was little to amuse, and nothing to excite.

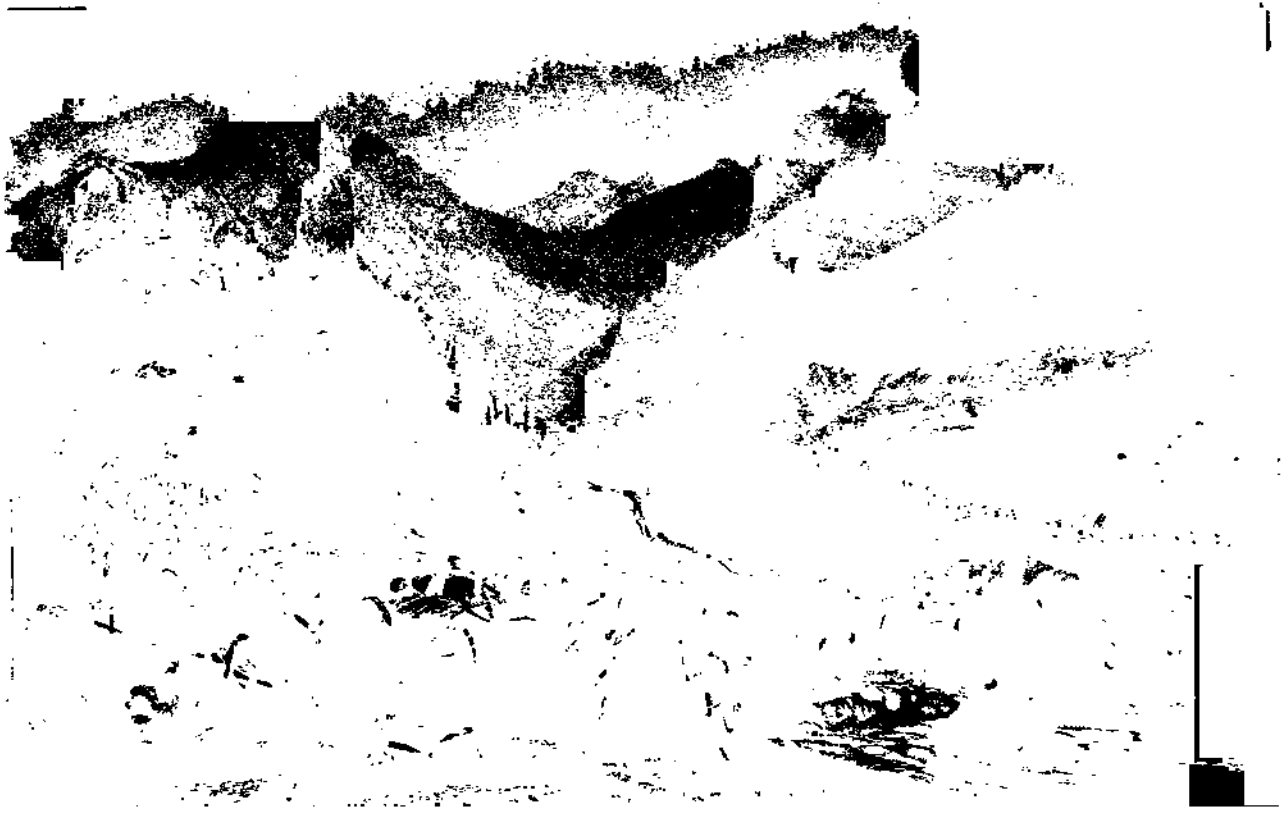
The only event of importance during the autumn occurred in the south. From his cantonments round Portalegre, Hill had kept the garrison of Badajoz on the alert, and prevented any movements in Estremadura. The local position of his corps was in another respect advantageous, as it enabled Castaños with the ruined army of Estremadura to establish his headquarters at Carceres, a point particularly well adapted for recruiting his reduced battalions, and organising his troops anew. Soult, to prevent recruits and supplies from reach-

ing the Spanish commander, detached Gérard with a movable column, composed of four thousand infantry and one thousand dragoons; and the French general having crossed the Guadiana at Merida, became so excessively troublesome in the northern district of the province, that Lord Wellington determined if possible to oblige him to withdraw. Orders to this effect were forwarded to General Hill, and that able officer lost no time in having them successfully executed. On the 22d of October he marched from Portalegre, with a corps he had assembled at Codiceira, and directing his route towards Carceres, he learned at Albuquerque that Gérard, after pushing on to Aliseda, had suddenly fallen back on Arroyo del Puerco. On the 25th, Hill reached Aliseda, where he found some Spanish light cavalry under the Conde de Penne Villemur. Instantly commencing operations, the Spanish horse overtook the French, and drove them to Malpartida, which place they abandoned in the night, as Gérard did Carceres, on finding that an allied corps was in motion to attack him.

On the evening of the 26th, General Hill having ascertained that the French column was leisurely on its march towards Merida, by the road of Torre Mocha, he pushed for that city by the shorter route of Aldea del Cano and Casa San Antonio, while Gérard, ignorant that an enemy was so near him, halted on the 27th at Arroyo de Molinos, with his rear-guard at Albala.

Late in the evening, the allied corps reached Alcuescar, a village within four miles of Arroyo de Molinos. Their approach was not detected. The French had neglected to patrol; and the antipathy of the Spanish peasants to Gérard, whose severity had been extreme, prevented him from receiving any intimation that a dangerous enemy was beside him.

At two o'clock in the morning, Hill marched for Arroyo; and abandoning a bivouac, which throughout a tempestuous night had been uncheered by a single fire, through storm and darkness he moved silently on his enterprise. The delay in marching was alarming, but he reached a hollow within half a mile of the place at half-past six. Here, finding himself still undiscovered, he rapidly completed his dispositions. A



column under Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart marched upon the town—a second under Major-General Howard made an extensive détour round the right of Arroyo, to gain the Medellin road — and the allied cavalry moved between the brigades, ready to act wherever their services might be useful.

A brigade of Gérard had marched two hours before; but Dombrouski's infantry and Briche's dragoons were only falling in on the Medellin road, when the alarm was communicated by a solitary vidette. Gérard was at first incredulous, but above the howling of the storm, the rush of infantry was heard, and in a few minutes, the 71st and 92d regiments burst into the street, while the wild music of their bagpipes was heard amid the cheering of the Highlanders, playing the very apposite tune, "Hey Johnny Cope, are ye waukin' yet?" Gérard and part of the dragoons had not quitted the village, but they now galloped off, making a bold and irregular resistance, while the infantry formed square, and attempted to cover their retreat. But their pursuers came fast upon them; one Highland regiment lined the vineyard fences—another formed line upon their right—the 50th regiment secured the prisoners—and the rest of the column, with part of the cavalry, extended round the village, and cut off all escape. The English guns had now got up, and opened a crashing fire on the squares, while the French cavalry were dispersed by the charge of the allied dragoons, and the 13th rode bravely forward, and captured the artillery.

But Gérard kept his infantry together, and continued his retreat by the Truxillo road; the right column of the allies was, however, already in possession of that line, the cavalry and artillery were close upon the French flank, and the left column, having re-formed, was again coming up fast. Gérard's men were falling by fifties, and his situation was desperate, yet he would not surrender, but giving the word to disperse, endeavoured to escape by scaling the almost inaccessible rocks of the sierra. His pursuers, not less obstinate, immediately divided. The Spaniards ascended the hills at an easier part beyond his left, the 39th regiment and Ashworth's Portuguese

turned the mountain by the Truxillo road; the 28th and 34th, led by General Howard, followed him step by step up the rocks, and prisoners were taken every moment, until the pursuers, heavily loaded, were unable to continue the trial of speed with men who had thrown away their arms and packs.

The surprise at Arroyo de Molinos was a clever and spirited affair, and in a moral point of view, this expedition was less important in itself, than as it was the first indication of a spirit of hopeful enterprise in the British army; it seemed as if that army had now become conscious of its superiority, and would henceforth seek opportunities of putting it to the proof. For the Spaniards it was a well-timed success, when all their own efforts tended only to evince more mournfully the inefficiency of their troops and the incompetence of their generals.

The affair at Arroyo was still more enhanced in military value, because a decisive success had been obtained at an expense of life comparatively trifling. The French suffered heavily; and the summary of their loss was thus detailed by General Hill, in his despatch to Lord Wellington:—

"The ultimate consequences of these operations I need not point out to your lordship; their immediate result is the capture of one general of cavalry (Brun), one colonel of cavalry (the Prince d'Aremberg), one lieutenant-colonel (*chef d'état major*), one aide-de-camp of General Gérard, two lieutenant-colonels, one *commissaire de guerre*, thirty captains and inferior officers, and upwards of 1000 men, already sent off under an escort to Portalegre; the whole of the enemy's artillery, baggage, and commissariat, some magazines of corn, which he had collected at Carceres and Merida, and the contribution of money which he had exacted from the former town, besides the total dispersion of General Gérard's corps.

. . . . . .

"*P.S.*—Since writing the above report a good many more prisoners have been made, and I doubt not but the whole will amount to 1300 to 1400.

"Brigadier-General Morillo has just returned from the pursuit of the dispersed, whom he followed for eight leagues. He reports that, besides those killed in the plains, upwards of 600 dead were found in the woods and mountains.

"General Gérard escaped in the direction of La Serena, with 200 or 300 men, mostly without arms, and is stated by his own aide-de-camp to be wounded."



CHAPTER IX.

STORMING OF CIUDAD RODRIGO AND OF BADAJOZ—BATTLE OF SALAMANCA—OCCUPATION OF MADRID—RETREAT FROM BURGOS.

THE surprise and dispersion of Gérard's corps had occurred so unexpectedly, that when the extent of its loss was known, it spread a general alarm throughout Estremadura. Badajoz closed its gates, patrols were constantly kept moving along the fords of the Guadiana, and the more remote detachments of Soult's brigades were directed to concentrate around Seville.

From the allied army, General Hill received a well-deserved meed of approbation; and the manly testimony which Lord Wellington bore to the merits of his lieutenant, was honourable to both. On the recommendation of the former, the Order of the Bath was bestowed by the Prince Regent upon the conqueror of Arroyo—an honour to which past services had founded a claim, which after-exploits more amply confirmed.

After a period of inactivity, Sir Rowland Hill was again moved from his cantonments into Estremadura; and he marched on the 1st of January 1812, from Merida, to attack part of the 5th corps, under Drouet, then posted at Almendralejoz. The French general, however, declined a contest, and abandoning his magazines retreated by Zafra to Llerena. On this occasion a sharp affair took place between the allied cavalry and a part of Drouet's rear-guard at Fuente del

Maestre; the latter were stoutly charged and broken, and lost in killed and prisoners nearly fifty men.

But the secret object which had occupied Lord Wellington's mind so long, was now about to be disclosed, for all the preparations for the siege of Rodrigo were complete, and preliminary measures already taken for an immediate investment of the fortress. Gallegos, Villa del Ciervo, and Espeja had been made entrepôts for the siege stores; while Almeida formed the grand magazine for the battering train and ammunition.

It seemed unaccountable that the extensive movements of artillery and stores from Lisbon to Almeida, should not have aroused the jealousy of the French marshals. It is true they were ostensibly intended to re-arm the latter place; and while Marmont was deceived by the careless attitude assumed by the allies in their cantonments, Soult's attention was distracted from the point where the storm was about to burst, by the operations then in progress against Tarifa, and the sudden irruption of Hill's corps into Estremadura, in the pursuit of General Drouet. Unheeded, the allied general was thus enabled to close up his divisions to the more immediate vicinity of the fortress he was about to attack; while, straitened for provisions, the marshals were obliged to spread their troops over an expanse of country, which rendered it impossible on their parts to effect a rapid concentration, should that be required by any hostile demonstration of the allies.

These were great advantages in favour of Lord Wellington, but he had many countervailing obstacles to surmount. His means of land transport were very scanty, and although by water carriage he had managed to forward seventy heavy guns to Villa de Ponte, he could bring only thirty-eight pieces to the trenches, with a very inadequate allowance of shot. Fortunately, however, enough were picked up among the ruined works of Almeida to supply the deficiency; but the task of their removal was most difficult, as the Portuguese muleteers consumed two days in traversing with empty carts a distance of barely ten English miles in length.

On the 8th of January, the light division forded the river at

La Caridad, and formed the investment; and the engineers' stores were brought across the Agueda by the bridge, and parked 1800 yards from the fortress. During the day everything was kept as quiet as possible, and an equal examination made of every side of the town, so as to prevent any suspicion of an immediate effort being intended, or betray to the garrison the point about to be attacked.

At eight o'clock that evening the redoubt upon the upper Teson was carried by assault. The affair was gallantly effected by three companies of the 52d, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Colborne, and conducted by Lieutenant Thomson. The loss was trifling, and the possession of the work was found of immediate value. From the lodgment a distinct view was obtained of the defences of the place and of the intervening ground, and the commanding engineer was enabled to decide on the best trace for the parallel and the best sites for the batteries, and at dusk he picketed them out.

Until the 11th, the approaches were rapidly pushed forward, and the batteries and their magazines constructed. Some casualties occurred every day, but at this period the garrison distinguished the batteries from the other parts of the work, and attained their range so precisely, that two-thirds of their shells fell into them; and their round shot caused many casualties, particularly amongst those at work in the ditch next the place, whenever they unthinkingly exposed themselves. In consequence of this, and some very destructive effects produced from shells exploding in the ditch amongst the workmen, who could not jump out in time to save themselves, the exterior excavation was discontinued altogether, and the interior of the batteries was directed to be sunken to the necessary depth to furnish earth for the parapets. About this time also the garrison adopted the expedient of firing shells filled with powder, and having long fuses in salvos. Some of these falling together into the parapets blew away in an instant the work of hours.

Intelligence in the meantime had been received, which induced Lord Wellington to alter his system of attack. Marmont

was collecting his detached divisions, and his avowed object being the relief of the place, Wellington determined to prevent it by storming Rodrigo, without waiting to blow in the counter-scarp—in other words, to overstep the rules of science, and sacrifice life rather than time; for such was the capricious nature of the Agueda, that in one night a flood might enable a small French force to relieve the place.

Until the 19th, with the usual incidents that attend a siege, the besiegers continued to breach, and the garrison to offer the boldest and most scientific opposition. The irresistible fire of the British guns had gradually ruined that portion of the works against which its violence was directed. The convent of San Francisco had been already taken with little resistance by the 40th regiment, the breaches rendered practicable, and a summons sent to the governor and declined.

Early in the day the order of attack had been issued by Lord Wellington; and the officers to whom the conduct of the assault was to be intrusted, had thus ample time allowed them to become perfectly apprised of the duties which they had respectively to perform. To many the day appeared interminably long, and some passed the tedious hours in real or affected merriment, but others in the performance of a more sacred duty—that of conveying to wives or relatives what might prove the last expressions of an undying regard.

To the 3d and light divisions, whose turns of duties fell upon the 19th, the assault was confided by Lord Wellington; and they marched from their cantonments to the more immediate vicinity of the trenches. A few minutes after six o'clock, the 3d moved to the rear of the first parallel, two gun-shots from the main breach, while the light division formed behind a convent, three hundred yards in front of the smaller ones. Darkness came on, and with it came the order to 'Stand to arms.' With calm determination, the soldiers of the 3d division heard their commanding officer announce the main breach as the object of attack, and every man prepared himself promptly for the desperate struggle. Off went the packs, the stocks were unbuckled, the cartouch-box arranged to meet

the hand more readily, flints were screwed home, every one after his individual fancy fitting himself for action. The companies were carefully told off, the sergeants called the rolls, and not a man was missing!

The bell from the tower of the cathedral tolled seven; and in obedience to previous orders, the troops marched rapidly, but silently to the assault. The 3d division preceded by its storming party under Major Manners, a forlorn hope under Lieutenant Mackie, and accompanied by a body of sappers with hay-bags and ladders, made directly for the greater breach; while the light division, led by Major George Napier, with 300 volunteers, and a forlorn hope under Lieutenant Gurwood were directed against the lesser one. A Portuguese brigade, commanded by General Pack, were to alarm the fortress on the opposite side, and threaten to escalade at the gate of St. Jago; and, should circumstances warrant the attempt, convert a false attack into a real one.

No piece of clock-work, however nicely arranged, could obey the will of its maker more accurately than the different columns obeyed that night the wishes of their chief; and his orders were in consequence executed at every point with the same precision and regularity as if he had been manœuvring so many battalions upon parade. For a few moments, the heavy tramp of many men put simultaneously into motion alone broke upon the solemn stillness of the evening. But, suddenly, a shout upon the right of the line nearest the bridge was heard; it was taken up along the whole line of attack, a spattering of musketry succeeded, the storming parties rushed forward to the breaches, and every gun upon the ramparts that would bear opened with one tremendous crash, and told that the garrison were prepared for the assault, and ready to repel it.

At the first alarm, the storming party of the 3d division advanced, and descended the ditch. At the bottom a range of heavy shells had been placed with continued fuses; but hurried by the suddenness of the attack, the French prematurely fired them, and their fury had fortunately expended



itself before the assailants were close enough to suffer from the murderous explosion.

General Mackinnon's brigade instantly pushed up the breach, in conjunction with the 5th and 94th regiments, which arrived at the same moment along the ditch from their right. The men mounted in a most gallant manner against an equally gallant resistance; and it was not till after a sharp struggle of some minutes that the bayonets of the assailants prevailed, and gained them a footing on the summit of the rampart. The defenders then concentrated behind the retrenchment, which they obstinately maintained, and a second severe struggle commenced. The lesser breach was at the same time assaulted with equal intrepidity, but more decided success. The darkness of the ditch occasioned a momentary confusion, which the fall of the leading officers increased; while the ardour of the light troops brought so many to the breach, that they choked its narrow aperture with their numbers. For a moment the assailants recoiled, but it was only to return more resolutely to the onset. A cheer was heard above the thunder of artillery, up rushed the stormers, the breach was gained, the supporting regiments mounted in sections, formed on the rampart, the 52d wheeling to the left, the 43d to the right, and that success alone would have decided the fate of Rodrigo.

Although the greater breach had been carried by the first rush, isolated by a rampart twelve feet deep in front, retrenched on either flank, and swept by the fire of a field-piece and musketry from the houses which overlooked and enfiladed it, the progress of the storming party was arrested, and men and officers fell fast. At this trying moment, the gallantry of an adventurous individual opened the gates of success. Mackie, who led the forlorn hope, dropping from the rampart into the town, discovered that the trench upon the right of the breach was cut quite across, and, consequently, that an opening was left by which the assailants might get in. Reascending the top of the breach, he led the men through the trench into the street; and the enemy on their appearance abandoned any

further effort at defence, and fled towards the citadel. The false attack by the Portuguese, under General Pack, had been equally effective. They carried by escalade a small redoubt in front of the St. Jago Gate, and of course materially assisted in distracting the attention of the garrison by the alarm their movement had caused.

Thus terminated the struggle for Rodrigo. Some of the garrison still offered a useless opposition and were put to the sword, but any who demanded quarter received it. From the great breach, Mackie, with a mixed party, reached the citadel; and his gallantry was rewarded by receiving there the submission of General Barrié and such of the garrison as it contained.

After all resistance had ceased, the usual scene of riot, plunder, and confusion, which by prescriptive right the stormers of a town enjoy, occurred. Every house was entered and despoiled; the spirit stores were forced open; the soldiery got desperately excited; and in the madness of their intoxication, committed many acts of silly and wanton violence. All plundered what they could, and in turn they were robbed by their own companions. Brawls and bloodshed resulted; and the same men who, shoulder to shoulder, had won their way over the "imminent deadly breach," fought with demoniac ferocity for some disputed article of plunder. At last, worn out by fatigue, and stupefied with brandy, they sank into brutal insensibility. On the second day, with few exceptions, the whole rejoined their regiments; the assault and sacking of Rodrigo appearing in their confused imaginations rather like some troubled dream than a sad reality of blood and violence.

A place of strength defended so desperately as Ciudad Rodrigo could not have been carried but with a heavy expenditure of life, and consequently, the losses of the 3d and light divisions were severe, and both had to lament the fall of a favourite general. Craufurd was mortally wounded in leading the attack upon the lesser breach, and Mackinnon perished on the greater, as it was supposed, by the explosion of a mine,

—the last desperate effort of the garrison when driven from their defences. Both were officers of the greatest promise, men already distinguished, and wanting only further opportunities to display the military talents which they unquestionably possessed, to place their names among those of the best generals of the day. Craufurd was buried in the breach before which he had received his mortal wound; and Mackinnon was carried to Espeja by the officers of the Coldstream Guards, and there interred with due solemnity. In reporting Craufurd's death, Lord Wellington bore the amplest testimony to the "tried talents" of one whom he justly termed "an ornament to his profession," and from whose experience and ability he declared that he had derived much valuable assistance. Mackinnon was universally regretted. To personal accomplishments, he united the blandest address and the gentlest disposition. Every quality which constitutes a perfect soldier he possessed—and he was one of those men whom the dreadful discipline of war renders only more considerate for others, more regardless of themselves, more alive to the sentiments and duties of humanity.

The casualties attendant on the siege and storm amounted to above 1000; and unhappily the loss of life did not end with the battle, for the next day, as the prisoners and their escort were marching out by the breach, an accidental explosion took place, and numbers of both were blown into the air.

The military importance of Ciudad Rodrigo rendered it a valuable conquest; and its capture placed in Lord Wellington's hands 80 French officers and 1500 men. The arsenal was abundantly supplied; and besides the artillery of the place, consisting of 110 mounted guns, Marmont's battering train was taken with the fortress.

The rapid reduction of Ciudad Rodrigo was unparalleled in modern war, and its fall was so unexpected, that Marmont's efforts to relieve it were scarcely conceived and commenced, before the tidings reached him that the fortress he prized so highly was lost. By the lowest estimate of time it was calculated that four-and-twenty days would be required to bring the siege to a

successful issue. On the 8th ground was broken, and on the 19th the British colours were flying from the flagstaff of the citadel. Masséna, after a tedious bombardment, took a full month to reduce it; Wellington carried it by assault in eleven days. No wonder, therefore, that Marmont, in his despatch to Berthier, was puzzled to account for the rapid reduction of a place, respecting whose present safety and ultimate relief he had previously forwarded the most encouraging assurances.

The splendid achievement of the conqueror of Rodrigo obtained an honourable requital. He was advanced, in Spain, to the rank of a grandee of the first order, with the title of Duque de Ciudad Rodrigo; by the Portuguese, he was made Marquess of Torres Vedras; and at home, raised to the earldom of Wellington, with an increased annuity of £2000 a year. In the debate which took place in the Lower House when the grant for supporting his additional honours was proposed, "Mr. Canning took occasion to state that a revenue of £5000 a year had been granted to Lord Wellington by the Portuguese government when they conferred upon him the title of Conde de Vimeiro; that as captain-general of Spain, £5000 a year had been offered him, and £7000 as marshal in the Portuguese service; all which he had declined, saying, 'he would receive nothing from Spain and Portugal in their present state; he had only done his duty to his country, and to his country alone he would look for reward.'"

Not satisfied with the capture of one great fortress, Lord Wellington now determined to attack another; so leaving a Spanish garrison in Ciudad Rodrigo, and a division on the Agueda to observe the frontier, he moved towards Badajoz, and fixed his headquarters at Villa Velha on the 11th of March. A pontoon bridge was thrown across the Guadiana on the 15th, and on the same day two flying bridges were established. On the 16th Marshal Beresford passed the river, and invested Badajoz with the 3d, 4th, and light divisions, and a Portuguese brigade; General Graham, with the 5th, 6th, and 7th divisions, and two brigades of cavalry, marched upon Llerena; while General Hill moved by Merida upon Almend-

ralejoz. These covering armies were intended to prevent a junction between the corps of Soult and Marmont, while the siege should be in progress—the former marshal being at this time in front of Cadiz, the latter moving by Toledo in the direction of Valladolid.

When Lord Wellington sat down before Badajoz, its garrison consisted of five thousand effective men, under the command of a most distinguished engineer who had already defended the fortress with success. Since the former siege, Baron Phillipon had strengthened the place by mounting additional guns, retrenching the castle, and securing Fort San Christoval, which he connected by a covered way with the bridge by which the fort and city were united. The Pardaleras, too, had been repaired and strengthened, and magazines established in the castle, into which, and into the citadel, it was the governor's intention to retire, if the place should be rendered no longer tenable. The enemy had also formed galleries and trenches at each salient of the counterscarp, in front of what they supposed would be the point of attack, that they might form mines under the breaching batteries, and afterwards sink shafts for other mines, whereby to destroy the works in proportion as the assailants should gain them, and thus leave only a heap of ruins if the place should be taken. No foresight, indeed, had been wanting on the governor's part. The peasantry having taken flight at the first siege and left their lands uncultivated, he had given directions for ploughing them with the oxen which were intended for slaughter, and they were sown by the soldiers within a circle of 3000 yards; the kitchen gardens had also been distributed among the different corps and the officers of the staff, and in these they had a valuable resource.

Convoys had reached Badajoz on the 10th and 16th of February, and the garrison was amply provisioned. Part of the inhabitants, to avoid the horrors of a siege which they had already twice experienced, voluntarily quitted the place; and such of the remainder as had not a sufficiency of food to maintain their families for three months were forcibly expelled. In

powder and shells Phillipon was inadequately provided: for two convoys, which had attempted to bring him a supply, had been threatened by Hill's corps, and obliged to return to Seville.

Such was the condition of Badajoz when, limited both in time and means, Lord Wellington determined to attack it. Although his battering train was respectable, and by exertions under which an iron constitution had nearly yielded, a tolerable supply of stores and ammunition had been obtained, still he was unprepared to undertake a formal siege. Mortars he had none—his miners were few and inexperienced—and if his operations were delayed, an advance of the French armies, or even the stormy weather he might prepare for at the equinox, must certainly interrupt the investment, and render his efforts to reduce Badajoz unavailing.

On the night of the 17th, Lord Wellington broke ground in front of the Picurina, within 160 yards of the fort. The tempestuous state of the weather favoured the operation—the workmen were undiscovered by the enemy—and at daybreak, the approaches were three feet deep.

During the 18th the work continued; the relief improving the parallel, and the garrison, which had been strongly reinforced, keeping up a heavy fire of musketry on the labourers, assisted by frequent discharges from some field-pieces and a howitzer. The fire, however, produced but few casualties; and during the night the parallels were prolonged, and two batteries traced out.

On the 19th, while the working parties were busily engaged, 1500 French infantry, and 40 horsemen, commanded by General Veilland, issued from the town by the Talavera gate unobserved, and with 100 from Picurina, fell suddenly on the working party in the parallel. Mostly unarmed, and completely taken by surprise, the men were driven from the trench in great confusion; but, being almost immediately rallied by their officers, in turn they charged the French vigorously and repulsed them. The sally caused much alarm; but it was too promptly repelled to occasion any loss more serious than the overturning of the gabions, and a trifling filling in of part of the approaches. Some hundred entrenching

tools were carried off, for Phillipon had promised a high price for each; yet this turned out ill, because the soldiers, instead of pursuing briskly, dispersed to gather the tools. After the action a squadron of dragoons and six field-pieces were placed as a reserve-guard behind St. Michael, and a signal-post was established on the Sierra de Venta, to give notice of the enemy's motions.

The fighting while it lasted was severe, the French losing above 300 officers and men, and the allies about half that number. Several English officers were taken by the French cavalry, who secured them to their saddles, and attempted to carry them into the town; but the pursuit became so hot, that they were soon obliged to free themselves from such encumbrances, and consequently the captives got away.

Colonel Fletcher, the commanding engineer, was unfortunately wounded. Although unable to continue a personal superintendence, he possessed Lord Wellington's confidence so highly, that the attack was continued under his direction; and the commander-in-chief came every morning to his tent, accompanied by the staff-officers of the day, with the plan of the work executed and in progress, and consulted the colonel on the operations as they proceeded.

From this period of the siege the weather became most severe, and the rain came down in torrents. The labour in the trenches was consequently both slowly and painfully executed; and nothing but the best spirit in the troops, united to an ardent zeal in the officers, enabled them to overcome difficulties, from which besiegers less determined would have recoiled. The customary task of excavation was easier far than the other duties entailed upon the working parties. Half the day was consumed in emptying the trenches of rain water; and the bottom became so muddy, that it was found necessary to have it artificially renewed by a layer of sandbags and fascines.

The fort of the Picurina was stormed on the 25th, and the events of the succeeding ten days form but the usual history of a siege, in which the bold and continued operations of the assailants were opposed by all that science could devise, or

gallantry effect. Before the crushing fire of the breaching batteries, the solid masonry of the bastions of La Trinidada and Santa Maria gradually gave way; and, on the morning of the 5th of April, the engineers reported to Lord Wellington that both breaches were practicable.

The near approach of Marshal Soult, whose advanced guards were already at Llerena, determined the allied general to assault Badajoz that evening. Accordingly, he made a close personal reconnaissance of the breaches; but the commanding engineer having reported that the enemy had retrenched the greater breach, and adopted the most effectual means for an obstinate resistance, Lord Wellington decided on deferring the attack for another day, and during that interval, effect a third breach in the old curtain which connected the bastions against which his fire had hitherto been directed. Accordingly, on the morning of the 6th fourteen guns concentrated their fire on the escarp, which they saw to its very base; and by four in the afternoon the curtain was beaten down and the breach reported practicable.

Phillipon had made every preparation to receive the assault, which his own observations led him to expect upon the night it was given, and which belief the intelligence of deserters had confirmed. The French governor availed himself of the inability of the besiegers to destroy the counterscarps—an operation they had neither time nor means of accomplishing—and formed behind the breaches the most formidable obstructions which destructive ingenuity could devise. Night and day they were employed in clearing away the rubbish, destroying the ramps of the covered way, and making retrenchments behind the trenches. The fallen parapets were replaced with fascines, sandbags, and woolpacks; casks filled with tarred straw, powder, and loaded grenades, were arranged along the trenches, and large shells with them. Immediately in front of the breaches at the foot of the counterscarp, sixty fourteen-inch shells were placed in a circular form, about four yards apart, and covered with some four inches of earth, and a communication formed to them with powder hoses placed between tiles

in the manner of mine-tubes. *Chevaux de frise* were formed of sabre-blades; all the artillery stores were turned to account; and even a large boat was lowered into the ditch and filled with soldiers, to flank one of the breaches.

The day passed, and every preparation for the assault was completed. The evening was dark and threatening,—twilight came,—the batteries ceased firing,—darkness fell,—and the trenches, though crowded with armed men, remained unusually quiet. Lights were seen occasionally flitting back and forward through the fortress, and the "All's well" of the French sentinels was distinctly heard. While waiting in readiness for the assault, the deep gloom which hitherto had shrouded the beleaguered city was suddenly dissipated by a flight of fireworks, which rose over the town, and displayed every object around it.

The word was given to advance, and the 4th and light divisions issued from the trenches. At that moment the deep bell of the cathedral of St. John struck ten; an unusual silence reigned around, and except the softened footsteps of the storming parties, as they fell upon the turf with military precision, not a movement was audible. A terrible suspense,—a horrible stillness,—darkness,—a compression of the breathing,—the dull and ill-defined outline of the town,—the knowledge that similar and simultaneous movements were making on other points,—the certainty that two or three minutes would probably involve the forlorn hope in ruin, or make it a beacon-light to conquest,—all these made the heart throb quicker, and long for the bursting of the storm, when victory should crown daring with success, or hope and life should end together.

On went the storming parties; and one solitary musket was discharged beside the breach, but none answered it. The 4th and light divisions moved forward, closing rapidly up in columns at quarter distance. The ditch was gained, the ladders were lowered, on rushed the forlorn hope, with the storming party close behind them. The divisions were now on the brink of the sheer descent, when a gun boomed from the parapet. The

earth trembled, a mine was fired, an explosion, and an infernal hissing from lighted fusees succeeded, and, like the rising of a curtain on the stage, in the frightful glare that suddenly burst out around the breaches, the French lining the ramparts in crowds, and the British descending the ditch, were placed as distinctly visible to each other as if the hour were noontide!

The explosion nearly annihilated the forlorn hope and the heads of the storming party. For a moment, astounded by the deafening noise, the supporting troops held back; but as if by a general impulse, some rushed down the ladders which had been lowered to the bottom of the ditch, others leaped boldly in, reckless of the depth of descent, and while some mistook the face of an unfinished ravelin for the breach, which on gaining was found to be entirely separated from the ramparts, the rest struggled desperately up the breach, only to encounter at the summit a range of sword-blades, framed in beams too massive to be cut through, and secured by iron chains beyond the power of removal.

In this fearful situation, the courage of the assailants assumed a desperation that appears almost incredible: officers and men in fast succession gained the summit, only to be shot down; and many perished in vain attempts to force an impassable barrier of bristling sword-blades. The garrison never appeared intimidated nor to lose their decision and coolness for a moment on any point, for whilst some were repelling the assailants with their bayonets from the summits of the breaches, others continued to roll down with the greatest precision and effect, shells and fire-barrels on the men in the ditch below, and their tirailleurs unceasingly fired with accuracy and steadiness from cuts in the parapets between the points of contention.

Similar gallant efforts to those above described were frequently repeated to carry the breaches, but the combustibles prepared by the garrison seemed inexhaustible. Each time the assailants were opposed by appalling and destructive explosions, and each time were driven down with a great loss of officers and of the bravest soldiers.

After several efforts the remaining men, discouraged by such constant repulses, could not be prevailed upon to make a further effort. Their situation in the ditch, with an incessant fire upon them from the parapets, was most trying; still not an individual attempted to withdraw — they remained patiently to be slaughtered, though far too discouraged to make a fresh attempt to extricate themselves by forcing the breaches.

But at other points bravery obtained success, and Badajoz was already carried. The 3d division crossed the Rivillas, surmounted the castle hill, and, under a tremendous fire, planted their ladders. The boldest led the way, and unappalled by a shower of shells and missiles, they gained the parapet. But there the French received them with the bayonet; while utterly incapable of resistance, they were hurled from the top, and crushed by huge stones and beams which, showered from the walls, destroyed any who survived the fall. Receding a few paces, the assailants formed again, two officers caught up the ladders, and the boldest men sprang after. Both reached the parapet unharmed, the assailants swarmed up, a firm footing was gained, and the bayonet did the rest. Too late a reinforcement detached by Phillipon reached the gate, and a sharp fusillade ensued, in which Colonel Ridge was most unfortunately slain. But the French retired in despair, and the castle remained in the possession of the "fighting third."

Badajoz, on that fearful night, was encircled by men, desperately resolute to force their way through the iron defences that opposed them. A heavy fire had been opened on the Pardaleras, the bridge was assailed by the Portuguese, and the more distant bastion of San Vincente was at the same time escaladed by Walker's brigade. After a desperate resistance, the French were driven along the ramparts, each bastion resolutely defended, and each as bravely stormed.

In carrying the last, General Walker was severely wounded. A lighted port-fire having alarmed a soldier, he called out loudly that a mine was sprung, and a singular panic arose

among troops who but a few minutes before had braved death so recklessly. The whole gave ground, while General Veilland, coming up with a French reinforcement, drove the affrighted soldiers along the rampart, and recovered possession of the works to the very bastion of San Vincente. But there a weak battalion of the 38th had been held in reserve. Retaining their fire until the enemy closed, a shattering volley was delivered, and the regiment cheered and charged. Instantly the routed soldiers rallied, all advanced with renewed confidence, and the French, abandoning the defences, fled into the town, followed by a part of the assailants.

Lord Wellington, previous to the assault, had stationed himself on the left of the Calemon, as the best point from which he could issue future orders for the conduct of the attack. Although the blazing faggots thrown from the town, by betraying the 3d division to the garrison, had precipitated the attack, with the exception of the 5th division, whose ladders were delayed, all went forward correctly. The town clock announced the marching of the storming parties, and the roar of the artillery told that the conflict had begun. From a height beside the quarries, where Lord Wellington and his staff were standing, he saw the outline of the works, and, for a minute, the fireworks thrown from the place showed the columns at the breaches. Darkness followed—stillness more horrible yet —and then the sudden burst of light, as shells and mines exploded. The main breach was literally in a blaze, sheets of fire mounting to the sky, accompanied by a continued roaring of frightful noises, as every villainous combustible was ignited to discover or destroy the assailants.

The wounded came fast to the rear, but they could tell little how matters were progressing. At last, a mounted officer rode up. He was the bearer of evil tidings—the attack upon the breaches had failed, the majority of the officers had fallen, the men, left without leaders to direct them, were straggling about the ditch, and unless instant assistance was sent, the assault must fail entirely. Pale, but thoroughly undisturbed, the British general heard the disastrous communication, and

issued orders to send forward a fresh brigade (Hay's) to the breaches. Half an hour passed, and another officer appeared. He came from Picton to say the castle had been carried by escalade, and that the 3d division were safe within the town.

Lord Wellington instantly transmitted orders to hold the castle till the morning, and then blowing down the gates, to sally forth if necessary, and support a fresh assault. No further attempt to gain the breaches was required, and an officer was despatched to withdraw the columns, which was effected about midnight.

Resistance had ceased on the part of the garrison. Some irregular fighting occurred on the streets, but the intelligence of the capture of the castle at once occasioned an abandonment of the breaches; and Phillipon and Veilland, with part of the garrison, retired to San Christoval, where they surrendered on the first summons in the morning. At daybreak the remnant of the 4th and light divisions entered the breaches unopposed; and Badajoz, after a well-conducted defence, and a last and desperate effort to repulse an assault, fell to no ordinary conqueror.

Would that the story of that siege had ended with its capture; for now commenced that wild and desperate wickedness which tarnished the lustre of the soldier's heroism. Shameless rapacity, brutal intemperance, savage lust, cruelty and murder, shrieks and piteous lamentations, groans, shouts, imprecations, the hissing of fires bursting from the houses, the crashing of doors and windows, and the reports of muskets used in violence, resounded for two days and nights in the streets of Badajoz.

The loss of the victors was most severe, for in the siege and storm nearly 5000 men were killed and wounded. Lieutenant Colonel Macleod of the 43d, and Major O'Hare of the 95th, died sword in hand in the breaches; and five generals, namely, Picton, Colville, Kempt, Walker, and Bowes, were wounded.

The first care of the victorious general was to apportion buildings for the use of his wounded men, and remove them

thither as speedily as circumstances would permit; and on the second day, finding that riot and drunkenness among the soldiery was unabated, Power's Portuguese brigade was marched in, and the provosts posted in the squares, with discretionary power to punish those whom they found marauding. Order was promptly restored—headquarters removed to the city, the besieging park broken up, the guns and stores returned to Elvas, and the entrenching tools brought to the town. The immediate restoration of the damaged works was next proceeded with; and while his important conquest was placed in an attitude of defence, Lord Wellington allowed a short period of repose to his noble army, to enable it, with renewed vigour, to strain forward in the path of victory.

The reduction of Rodrigo and Badajoz had opened an extended field for the future operations of the allied leader. A prompt march into Andalusia might have been considered as the first consequence of his recent success, and the fall of Seville would have formed a glorious pendant to the capture of the frontier fortresses. The army was burning for fresh service, and its condition, like its spirit, was admirable, every arm was perfect, the cavalry well mounted, and the artillery superb. Prudence, however, forbade Lord Wellington from undertaking what he might have so confidently expected to effect. Rodrigo was unprovisioned, its garrison mutinous, and the defences of Badajoz unrepaired. If he followed Soult towards Seville, and withdrew his divisions from the Guadiana, Marmont might fall suddenly on Rodrigo—an effort to which he would be fully equal, as a fresh train of siege artillery was on its way from France, to replace the battering guns taken at that place. Lord Wellington therefore determined to secure the conquests he had already made; but at the same time, and by a different line of operations, achieve every advantage which he might probably have obtained by advancing to Seville. He therefore selected the north for the scene of his operations, and his first care was to sever the corps of Soult and Marmont, and interrupt their communications. Below Arzobispo, the bridges on the Tagus had been broken; and

the passage of the river was maintained by means of pontoons and boats, thrown across the stream at Almaraz by the French marshals after its noble bridge had been destroyed. A post of such importance had not been neglected; and on both banks of the river strong works had been erected for its defence. On the left bank, a well-constructed *tête-du-pont* was overlooked by Fort Napoleon, a redoubt having an interior entrenchment and loop-holed tower, and with nine heavy guns and a garrison of 400 men. These defences were most formidable, and the right bank was secured by a redoubt called Fort Ragusa, flanking the bridge, with which it was connected by a flèche. The only opening in the mountain passable for artillery is by the Puerto de Mirabete, which, at a league's distance from the bridge, is commanded by a castle, now in ruins. Lord Wellington determined to destroy this bridge, and thus prevent Marmont and Soult from communicating with each other except by the circuitous road which crosses the Tagus at Toledo. He therefore detached Sir Rowland Hill to carry out his design, but the strength of the works, and the difficulty a mountain route added to an enterprise whose success was so much dependent on the rapidity of its execution, were not the only obstacles to be encountered. Several French corps were in the vicinity of Almaraz. Foy's had occupied again the valley of the Tagus, D'Armagnac's was at Talavera, and Drouet's at Hinojosa de Cordova, with his cavalry nearer to Merida than Hill's division was to Almaraz, and consequently, in a position which would enable him to interrupt Sir Rowland's retreat. Lord Wellington, however, masked his intended operation by demonstrations calculated to mislead the French marshals, and induce a belief that an incursion into Andalusia was the object of these movements; and although an unexpected delay had been occasioned by repairing the bridge at Merida, Hill crossed the Guadiana on the 12th of May, with 6000 men and twelve pieces of artillery. Being joined by the heavy howitzers belonging to the siege train, and a convoy with pontoons and scaling ladders, the English general reached

secure, the commandant abandoned it most disgracefully, and added its defenders to the fugitive troops who were hurrying towards Naval Moral. The river was soon passed; the towers and magazines in the forts and in the *tête-du-pont* were blown up; the guns thrown into the Tagus; the palisades, barriers, stores of timber and of tools, the pontoons and their carriages were consumed by fire, and the works utterly effaced and destroyed.

In addition to the destruction of the bridge and works, attended with a severe loss in killed and drowned, 260 prisoners were taken, including the governor and sixteen officers. A colour belonging to the 4th battalion of the *corps étranger* was captured by the 71st; and the whole was achieved with a loss comparatively trifling.

Separated from the right bank of the Tagus, the castle and works at Mirabete must have fallen had Hill ventured to attack them; but within the reach of several French corps, and alarmed by a groundless report from Sir William Erskine, that Soult with his united divisions was actually in Estremadura, the English general very prudently retreated on the 21st, and reached Merida safely on the 26th. Having effected the object of his expedition, there was nothing to be gained equivalent to the risk it must involve; and the possession of the mountain forts would not have made amends for the valuable blood which must have been shed in taking them.

Hill's success at Almaraz was but the opening movement to a course of splendid victory; for while, by the destruction of that bridge, the communication between Soult and Marmont was completely interrupted, Lord Wellington facilitated his intended operations by repairing the ruined arch at Alcantara. By this the best and shortest routes were secured for an advance; and while Hill's corps was immediately at hand, Drouet's would have required ten marches to unite it with that of Marmont.

Early in June all was prepared for active operations, and Lord Wellington with the allied army crossed the Agueda on the 13th. To some of the troops the route leading through

Rodrigo was most interesting; and many indications of the siege and the storm were still apparent. Its environs presented a gloomy picture of the effects of war on everything near to an armed place subjected to such devastating visitations. The public walk, deprived of the foliage that had given it beauty and shade, looked bare, sterile, and deserted; the trees had fallen for the purpose of giving scope to the uninterrupted sweep of artillery; roofless houses and battered walls presented themselves in all directions. The earth, thrown up to shelter the troops, still exhibited the rugged and bare aspect attendant on its being replaced without much attention to natural beauty or convenience. The great square contained dismounted cannon, shattered wheels, and ruined tumbrils; while the effects of bombardment had torn up and rendered unequal its former smooth and level area.

The weather was fine, and as the route lay principally through forest lands, nothing could be more picturesque and beautiful than the country which the line of march presented. The wooded landscape displayed its verdure under the sunny influence of a cloudless sky, and singularly contrasted its summer green with the snow-topped pinnacles of the Sierra de Gata. No enemy appeared—for days the march was leisurely continued —until, on clearing the forest at Valmasa, the German hussars in advance had a slight skirmish with a French picket.

The enemy's cavalry, few at first, gradually showed themselves, extending in detached parties over the plain; while others, occupying the rising grounds that flanked it, indicated that they intended to allow no inferior force to oblige them to retire. The British horsemen rode forward, and a sharp combat succeeded, marked with all that animation which attends a cavalry affair. Parties were observed firing or charging in all directions. Repeated attacks were made by either force, as circumstances warranted, or as they became most numerous at the particular points. In one direction was to be seen a troop or squadron charging half their number of opponents, who, by a precipitate retreat, fell back on others, until their strength became superior, when, in turn, they for a time

carried with them the successful tide of battle. The plain was covered with officers and scattered cavalry soldiers; carbines and pistols were discharged without intermission; and frequent personal conflicts took place. On one occasion, Major Brotherton, of the 14th Light Dragoons, mounted upon a very small Spanish horse, crossed swords with a French officer of chasseurs, and continued cutting and parrying until the *mêlée* broke up the encounter. With evening the skirmish closed; the enemy retiring across the Tormes, and the allies bivouacking on its banks, overlooked by Salamanca, a city already venerable from its antiquity, famed as a seat of learning, and which was destined shortly to obtain a different and a more enduring celebrity.

Marmont on the preceding night had evacuated the city, and with a cavalry corps and two divisions of infantry retreated leisurely to Fuente el Sauco, followed by the allied advanced guard; while, with the exception of Clinton's division, which remained in Salamanca to invest the forts, the whole of the army of Lord Wellington took a position on the Sierra of San Christoval.

In a city of convents and colleges, there could be no difficulty in finding buildings equally adapted, as well from their situation as the solidity with which they had been constructed, for being converted into places of defence. Marmont had ruined thirty-five edifices, and fortified with the timber and materials they afforded three convents, of which that of San Vincente was the principal. Placed on a sheer rock which overhung the Tormes, and severed by a deep ravine from other edifices, it had every capability of being rendered formidable, and the French engineers displayed considerable skill in its defences. It was secured in front by palisades, and on the re-entering angle by a fascine battery, while the windows were built up and crenellated, and no pains spared in the application of the necessary labour and materials which could secure it from aggression.

Lord Wellington got up siege guns from Almeida, and on the 27th the reduction of the forts of Salamanca was effected, though

not without considerable loss, for 540 men were rendered *hors-de-combat*, from the passage of the Tormes to the fall of San Vincente. When it was ascertained that Marshal Marmont had retired, a Te Deum was performed in the cathedral, at which Lord Wellington, accompanied by a numerous body of the officers of his army, was present. The scene was grand and impressive, the spacious noble building crowded to excess, and the ceremony performed with all the pomp and splendour of Catholic worship. The pealing organ never poured its tones over a more brilliant, varied, or chivalrous audience. To describe the variety of groups would be endless; the eye, wandering through the expanse of the building, could seldom rest twice on objects of similarity.

All the pomp of a great episcopal seat was displayed on the occasion. Contrasted with the sombre dresses of the numerous unofficiating clergy, the scarlet uniforms of the British were held in relief by the dark Spanish or Portuguese costume. The Spanish peasant, in all the simplicity and cleanliness of his dress, appeared by the moustached and fierce-looking guerilla; while the numerous mantillas and waving fans of the Spanish ladies attracted attention to the dark voluptuous beauties of Castile. It was an enthusiastic and imposing scene; nor was its least impressive effect produced by the quiet, unassuming presence of the great man who, in the career of his glory, knew that by showing respect to the religious institutions of other countries, he best secured for himself those feelings which are only to be substantially acquired by deference to the customs of a people, having an equal right with ourselves to adopt the persuasion or the forms most congenial to their minds, and most consistent with their conscientious views.

The adulation of "a giddy crowd" had no charms for one whose mind was centred upon objects, from which the evanescent displays of popular approbation could never for a moment distract it. Ordering that the city forts should be razed, and the castle of Alba de Tormes dismantled, Lord Wellington quitted Salamanca on the evening of the 28th, and on the 29th rejoined the army.

At no period of the campaign was the excitement in both armies raised to a greater pitch. The allies were flushed with victory, and confident of fresh success—the enemy, receiving daily an accession to their strength, and burning to wipe away the disgrace attendant upon their recent discomfitures. Marmont courted an action upon ground on which, from its being favourable for defence, he knew that his adversary must attack him at a disadvantage—while Wellington, as ardent for a battle, but with a resolution not to be disturbed, refused to throw away a chance, and coolly waited until he could deal a blow that should be decisively effective. No time could be fraught with more military interest than that when the rival armies were in each other's presence on the Douro. The weather was very fine, the country rich, and the troops received their rations regularly; wine was so plentiful that it was hard to keep the soldiers sober; the caves of Rueda, either natural or cut in the rock below the surface of the earth, were so immense and so well stocked, that the drunkards of two armies failed to make any very sensible diminution in the quantity. Many men of both sides perished in that labyrinth, and on both sides also, the soldiers, passing the Douro in groups, held amicable intercourse, conversing of the battles that were yet to be fought: the camps on the banks of the Douro seemed at times to belong to one army, so difficult is it to make brave men hate each other.

This state of inaction was hurrying to its close. Marmont had determined to resume the offensive; and having masked his design by deceptive movements for some days, he commenced a series of operations, well conceived and ably executed, but which the superior genius of his opponent rendered nugatory in their results.

For what could be more beautiful than the military spectacle which the movement of ninety thousand men, in parallel lines, presented? The line of march was seldom without the range of cannon, and often within that of musketry. When the ground allowed it, the guns on each side occasionally opened. But the cannonade was but partially maintained. To reach a

point was Marmont's object—to intercept him was that of Wellington. The French general, moving his army as one man along the crest of the heights, preserved the lead he had taken, and made no mistake; and the extraordinary rapidity of his marching bore evidence to the truth of Napoleon's observation, that for his greatest successes he was as much indebted to the legs as he was to the arms of his soldiers.

The morning of the 21st found the allied army in a position at San Christoval. Marmont having garrisoned the castle of Alba, crossed the Tormes, marched up the valley of Machechuco, and bivouacked in the forest of Calvaraso de Ariba. In the afternoon, Wellington passed the bulk of his army also across the river, leaving the 3d division and a brigade of Portuguese cavalry entrenched upon the right bank of the Tormes.

The march of the 21st was tedious and fatiguing, and before the last of the columns had passed the fords, night had fallen, and a thunder storm of unusual violence came on. Nothing could harbinger a bloody day more awfully, than the uproar of the elements on the night which preceded that of Salamanca. Crash succeeded crash—and in rapid flashes the lightning played over height and valley, while torrents burst from the riven clouds, and swelled all the streams to torrents. Terrified by the storm, the horses broke away from their picketings, and rushing madly to and fro, added to the confusion. One flash killed several belonging to the 5th Dragoon Guards, and occasioned serious injury to the men in the attempts they made to recover and secure them.

The morning broke sullenly before this uproar ended; and with the first dawn, the light troops of the enemy commenced skirmishing; while frequent movements of heavy columns, as they marched and countermarched, seemed rather calculated to confuse an opponent than effect a particular object. On one of two heights, named the Arapiles, the allied right rested, and the occupation of the other was attempted; but the French, with a similar design, had already detached troops, who succeeded in obtaining its possession. The day wore

on—the late tempest apparently had cleared the atmosphere,—all was bright and unclouded sunshine—and over a wide expanse of undulating landscape nothing obscured the range of sight but dust from the arid roads, or wreathing smoke occasioned by the spattering fire of the light troops. Marmont was busily manœuvring, and Lord Wellington coolly noticing from a height the dispositions of his opponent, which as he properly calculated would lead to a general engagement.

At noon, from the rear of the Arapiles, Marmont made a demonstration, as if his design was to attack the allied left. The movement brought Lord Wellington to the ground; but readily perceiving that it was but a feint of the French marshal, he returned to his former position on the right.

At two o'clock, finding that his abler antagonist was not to be deceived, Marmont determined to outflank the right of the allies, and interpose between them and the Rodrigo road; and in consequence, commenced marching his columns by their left. This was a fatal movement—and as the French infantry extended, a staff officer announced it to Lord Wellington. One eagle glance satisfied him that the moment for attack was come—a few brief orders passed his lips—and the doom of his rival's army was pronounced.

No conflict had been so long desired, and none more unexpectedly brought on. The baggage of the allied army was moving towards the Rodrigo road; the commissariat had already retired; evening was coming on fast; and still no note of preparation indicated that the storm of battle was about to burst. Marmont, fearing that his cautious opponent would avoid a contest by retreating, hurried his own dispositions to force a battle, and Thomières' division, with his light cavalry and fifty guns, was put in rapid march. The centre columns were debouching from the forest, and Lord Wellington's corresponding movement was to be Marmont's signal to fall on. Suddenly, the inactive masses which hitherto had been resting on the English heights, assumed a threatening attitude. Was it a feint? A few minutes removed that doubt—the allied brigades closed up rapidly on each other—and the 3d

division, in four columns, rushed down the hill, and he who would have been the assailant was assailed!

Unchecked by a furious cannonade, Pakenham, who commanded the 3d division during Picton's enforced absence owing to the wounds he had received at Badajoz, crossed the hollow between the high grounds occupied previously by the opposing forces; scattered the light troops who would have stayed his progress; and pressing up the hill, without pausing to deploy, the regiments brought their right shoulders forward in a run, and without halting, formed line from open column. No troops were ever more nobly led; and none advanced under showers of grape and a heavy fusillade with more imposing steadiness. The crest was gained. The French line commenced firing, beat the *pas de charge*, and moved forward a few paces; but undauntedly Wallace's brigade closed up ranks necessarily disordered by a rapid advance over irregular ground, and all pushed boldly on.

The French, alarmed by this movement, became unsteady. The daring advance of an enemy, whom the concentrated fire of five thousand muskets could not arrest, was indeed astounding. All that brave men could do was done by their officers —as they strove to confirm the courage of their troops, and persuaded them to withstand an assault that threatened their wavering ranks. The colonel of the 22d Light Infantry, seizing a musket from a grenadier, rushed forward, and mortally wounded Major Murphy of the 88th. Speedily his death was avenged —a soldier shot the Frenchman through the head, who, tossing his arms wildly up, fell forward and expired. The brigade betrayed impatience; and the 88th, excited to madness by the fall of a favourite officer—who passed dead along their front, as his charger galloped off with his rider's foot sticking in the stirrup—could scarcely be kept back. Pakenham marked the feeling, and ordered Wallace "to let them loose." The word was given—down came the bayonets to the charge—the pace quickened—a wild cheer, mingled with the Irish hurrah, rent the skies, and unwilling to stand the shock, the French gave ground. The Rangers, and the supporting

regiments, broke the dense mass of infantry, bayoneting all whom they could overtake—until, "run to a stand-still," they halted to recover breath, and stayed the slaughter.

Marmont, perceiving the error he had committed, endeavoured to redeem it by issuing orders to halt the marching by his left, and hurry on the movement of his centre columns, and thus reconnect his severed line. But at this moment, a howitzer shell shattered his arm, lacerated his side, and obliged him to be carried from the field. Bonnet, who succeeded to the command, was also badly wounded; and the task of restoring the fortunes of the day developed upon Clausel. Thomières had fallen at the head of his division; Foy and Ferey were among the wounded; and thus, the confusion incident to a sudden attack was increased, when the example and exertions of superior officers were most required to arrest the growing disorder, which otherwise threatened to end, as it did, in a general *déroute*.

Although driven from the first height, the French formed on their reserves upon a wooded hill, offering a double front, the one opposed to Pakenham's division, the other to that of Leith, which, with the Portuguese brigade under Bradford, and a strong cavalry and artillery support, were now coming rapidly into action. The advance of these noble troops, as they crossed the valley under a furious cannonade, was beautiful. A storm of grape fell heavily upon their ranks, but the men marched with the same orderly steadiness as at first; no advance in line at a review was ever more correctly executed; the dressing was admirable, and spaces were no sooner formed by casualties, than they closed up with the most perfect regularity, and without the slightest deviation from the order of march.

On cresting the height, the enemy were seen in squares, with their front ranks kneeling. They appeared steady and determined; and until the drum rolled, not a shot was heard. Presently the signal was given—a sheet of fire burst from the faces of the squares—and a rolling volley as promptly answered it. This double fire hid the combatants from each other's view; but the English cheer rose wildly as the rattle



of the fusillade died away; and next moment a steady array of glittering bayonets cleared the smoke, and the French square was shattered by the charge.

At this crisis, their flank fiercely assailed by Pakenham, and their front broken by Leith, the smoke was succeeded by clouds of dust, and the trample of approaching cavalry was heard. It was Le Marchant's. The rush of horses' feet rose above the din of battle; and that sound, so ominous to broken infantry, announced the final ruin of the French left wing.

Bursting through smoke and dust, the heavy brigade galloped across the interval of ground, between the heights where the 3d division had made its flank attack, and the 5th its more direct one. Sweeping through a mob of routed soldiers, the brigade rode boldly at the three battalions of the French 66th, which, formed in supporting lines, endeavoured to check the advance of the allies, and afford time for the broken divisions to have their organisation restored. Heedless of its searching fire, the British dragoons penetrated and broke the columns; and numbers of the French were sabred, while the remainder were driven back upon the 3d division and made prisoners. Still pressing on, another regiment, in close order, presented itself; this too was charged, broken, and cut down.

Although this brilliant attack had disordered the formation of the brigade, still the heavy cavalry rode gallantly at new opponents, and under a fire from which horsemen less resolute would have recoiled, they broke a third and stronger column, and seized and secured five pieces of artillery. Nothing could arrest their headlong career. Their noble commander, Le Marchant, had already fallen, fighting at their head; but leaders were not wanting; Cotton and Somerset were foremost in the front of battle; wounds were unheeded; and men attached to other arms of the service, carried away by a chivalrous enthusiasm, were seen charging with the heavy dragoons, and engaged in the thickest of the *mêlée*.

With the ruin of the French left wing, the struggle might have been expected to have terminated and victory certain; but while

the right of the allies, by its impetuous charges, had swept away all that opposed its advance, the battle was raging in the centre, and the fortune of the day for a brief time wavered. Against that Arapiles, which had been occupied by a French battalion and a battery of guns, Pack's Portuguese brigade was detached; while the 4th division, under General Cole, simultaneously attacked Bonnet's corps, with a vigour which promised a successful result. But Pack's assault failed totally. The Portuguese regiments recoiled; and after the gallant exertions of their officers had been used in vain, the attack was abandoned, and the height left in possession of the enemy.

Nothing could be more unfortunate than this repulse. Unassailed themselves, the French turned their musketry and guns upon the flank and rear of the 4th division, now completely exposed to their fire; while Bonnet, remarking the failure of Pack's attack, rallied his retreating battalions, and in turn, becoming the assailant, drove back the British regiments. From the Arapiles a murderous fire was maintained; showers of grape fell thickly on the retiring division; men and officers dropped fast; and although Marshal Beresford, with a Portuguese brigade, came promptly to the assistance of the hard-pressed fourth, the French gathered both strength and courage —for numbers of their companions, routed upon the left, joined their companions in the centre, while Boyer's heavy cavalry moved forward to support an advance which promised to end in victory. At this dangerous crisis the confusion was increased by the loss of the commanding officers; for both Cole and Beresford were wounded, and carried from the field.

Lord Wellington marked the emergency, and ordered the 6th division under Clinton to advance. This fine and unbroken corps, numbering 6000 bayonets, pushed rapidly forward, confronted the victorious enemy, who, with loud cheers, were gaining ground on every point, as the hard-pressed 4th division was driven back by overwhelming numbers. Bonnet, determined to follow up his temporary success, met Clinton's division manfully. For a time neither would give ground—a close and furious conflict resulted—while the ceaseless roll

of musketry, and the thunder of fifty guns, told how furiously the battle-ground was disputed. Both fought desperately, and though night was closing, the withered grass, blazing on the surface of the hill, threw an unearthly glare upon the combatants, and displayed the alternations that attended the heavy fighting. But the British bayonet at last opened the path to victory. Such a desperate encounter could not endure. The French began to waver, the 6th division cheered, pushed forward, gained ground, while no longer able to withstand an enemy who seemed determined to sweep everything from before it, the French retired in confusion, leaving the hard-contested field in undisputed possession of the conquerors.

The daring efforts of the French centre to restore the battle but tended to increase the severity of the defeat. Like Thomières', Bonnet's division was entirely broken and dispersed; and had not darkness enabled the remnants of these corps to shelter in the woods, or gain the fords at Alba, the whole must have been cut down or made prisoners.

When the battle was lost irretrievably, Clausel's dispositions to cover what threatened to prove a ruinous retreat were in fine keeping with his previous efforts to restore a disastrous day. With the divisions of Foy and Maucune, after the latter had abandoned the Arapiles, he rallied on a rising ground, covering the roads leading to the fords at Encinas and Huerta, and thus secured the route to Alba de Tormes. To dislodge him, the light division, part of the 4th, and the Guards were advanced, supported by the 7th division and a Spanish reserve. The enemy fell back under a heavy fire of light troops, who disputed every height, while their retiring batteries occasionally maintained a heavy cannonade. Never pausing to reply to the fusillade of the French skirmishers, the British columns pushed steadily on, severed Foy's corps from Maucune's, and rendered the escape of the former all but desperate. But the devoted bravery of Maucune saved his colleague from destruction. His own situation was most perilous. His flank was turned; for the 3d division

was moving round his left, while his assailants with increasing numbers were pressing him hard in front; and although the fire of the French artillery was rapid and well directed, it could not arrest the British advance, and the 6th division, with a brigade of the 4th, mounted the hill with fearless intrepidity. Darkness had fallen, but in a stream of fire the movements of the combatants could be traced. On the side of the British a sheet of flame was seen, sometimes advancing with an even front, sometimes pricking forth in spear heads, now falling back in waving lines, and anon darting upwards in one vast pyramid, the apex of which often approached yet never gained the actual summit of the mountain; but the French musketry, rapid as lightning, sparkled along the brow of the height with unvarying fulness, and with what destructive effects the dark gaps and changing shapes of the adverse fire showed too plainly. Yet when Pakenham had again turned the enemy's left, and Foy's division had glided into the forest, Maucune's task was completed, the effulgent crest of the ridge became black and silent, and the whole French army vanished as it were in the darkness.

In the belief that Alba de Tormes was secured by a Spanish garrison, Lord Wellington directed his pursuit towards the fords of Huerta and Encinas. There, he naturally calculated that he should find the broken masses of the enemy; and with fresh troops, the capture or destruction of the whole must have followed. In person he urged on the march of the troops; and so close was he on the heels of the enemy, that a spent bullet perforated his holster, and slightly bruised his thigh.

Profiting as well by the darkness, as by the terrible mistake of Carlos d'Espana, in leaving the Castle of Alba undefended, Clausel, passing the Tormes by the bridge and fords, retreated hastily on Penaranda. At daybreak the allied pursuit recommenced; and in a few hours the advanced cavalry of the left wing, the German dragoons, and Anson's light brigade, came up with the French rear-guard. Assailed vigorously by some squadrons of the 11th and 16th Dragoons, the French horse-

men broke and abandoned three infantry battalions, which hastily endeavoured to reach the crest of a height named La Serna. Two regiments succeeded in the attempt, and formed square; but the third, assaulted when in column, was completely overthrown. Following up their success, Bock's heavy dragoons, under a destructive musketry, formed, charged, and totally dispersed the remaining squares; and while many fugitives were cut down, more than five hundred of the broken battalions were overtaken and made prisoners.

After the destruction of the rear-guard at La Serna, the French divisions continued their flight with a rapidity that speedily removed them beyond Lord Wellington's pursuit. At Nava de Sotroval, some cavalry and horse artillery, under General Chauvel, joined the beaten army—and thus covered by fresh horsemen, Clausel reached Floris de Avila by a single march—crossed the Zapardiel next morning, and retreated by Arevalo on Valladolid. The allies, worn down with fatigue, halted on the 25th; but the light cavalry and guerilla horse hung upon the French rear, securing many prisoners—while more, less fortunate, fell into the hands of the peasantry, from whom little mercy was either to be expected or obtained. On the 30th, Lord Wellington entered Valladolid, Clausel falling back on Burgos; but intending to strike a blow against King Joseph and the army of the centre, the allied general recrossed the Douro on the following day, and established his head-quarters at Cuellar. Having obtained supplies from the rear, Lord Wellington, leaving Clinton's division to observe the line of the Douro, with Anson's cavalry at Villavarrez, resumed his operations on the 6th of August, and marched on Madrid, which he reached on the 13th of that month.

In the capital he found nothing but misery and want. The iron grasp of the usurper had wrung from a once proud city, not only the means by which an ally could be succoured, but those that were necessary for their own existence and support. But yet the wild enthusiasm which hailed him when he appeared might have intoxicated a weaker-minded conqueror. The blessings of the people accompanied him wherever he went.

The municipal authorities gave a bull-fight in his honour, and when he appeared in the royal box, the air rung with the repeated shouts of not less than 12,000 spectators. He could not walk abroad by daylight because of the pressure of the multitudes who gathered round him; even in the dark, when he went into the Prado, though he and his suite were dressed in blue greatcoats in hopes of escaping notice, they were generally recognised and followed by crowds, the women pressing to shake hands, and some even to embrace them. But this was that hollow and idle exultation, which expends itself in noisy ebullitions, and leads to no important results, and the intuitive quickness of Lord Wellington saw how valueless were the professions of the Spaniards.

He says, writing to Lord Bathurst, "I do not expect much from their exertions, notwithstanding all we have done for them. They cry *Viva* and are very fond of us, and hate the French; but they are in general the most incapable of useful exertion of all the nations that I have known: the most vain, and at the same time the most ignorant, particularly of military affairs, and above all, of military affairs in their own country."

Could honours have compensated for annoyances, the allied general would have had no reason to complain. One wise proceeding emanated from the Cortes; for Lord Wellington was declared generalissimo of the Spanish armies, and the regency conferred upon him the order of the Golden Fleece, the collar of that order which had belonged to the Infante being presented to him by the daughter of Don Luiz, Donna Maria Teresa de Bourbon. From his own prince, the conqueror of Madrid obtained a high mark of approbation, he was created a marquess, and his arms received a royal augmentation, namely, "in the dexter quarter, an escutcheon, charged with the crosses of St. George, St. Andrew, and St. Patrick, *being the Union badge of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland*, as a lasting memorial of the glorious and transcendent achievements of the said Arthur Marquess of Wellington, on various important occasions, but more particularly in the recent brilliant and decisive victory obtained over the

French army by the troops under his command, near Salamanca, on the 22d day of July last; such royal augmentation being first duly exemplified according to the laws of arms, and recorded in the Herald's College."

Intelligence soon reached Lord Wellington that Clausel had come down the valley of the Pisuerga,—the 1st, 5th, and 7th British divisions, two Portuguese brigades (Pack's and Bradford's), the German heavy cavalry, and Anson's light brigade, were directed by rapid marches on Arevalo; and, on the 1st of September, he left the capital, and assumed the command. On the 6th, the allied army forded the Douro, and reached Valladolid on the 7th, Clausel having abandoned that city on the preceding evening. Hoping that Castaños would join him as he had promised, Lord Wellington halted during the 8th, while the French leisurely fell back through the valleys of Pisuerga and Arlanzon.

The line of march by which Clausel retreated, and Lord Wellington advanced, was equally picturesque and fruitful. In patriarchal wealth, no valleys in the Peninsula were richer; for everywhere an abundance of corn, wine, and oil was found. To an advancing army these supplies were most valuable; and to a retreating one, this route gave great facilities of defence. The enclosures, so frequent in a highly-cultivated district, presented continued obstacles to the march of the allies; while numerous ridges crossed the valleys, and with their flanks resting upon the mountains which rose boldly on either side, afforded at every mile a position that could be vigorously defended. Of these local advantages Clausel availed himself, and baffled his great adversary in the most surprising manner. Each day he offered battle, but on ground which Wellington was unwilling to assail in front, partly because he momentarily expected the Galicians up, but chiefly because of the declining state of his own army from sickness, which, combined with the hope of ulterior operations in the south, made him unwilling to lose men. By flank movements he dislodged the enemy; yet each day darkness fell ere they were completed, and the morning's sun always saw Clausel

again in position. At Cigales and Dueñas, in the Pisuerga valley; at Magoz, Torquemada, Cordobilla, Revilla, Vallejera, and Pampliega, in the valley of the Arlanzon; the French general thus offered battle, and finally covered Burgos on the 16th, by taking up a strong position at Cellada del Camino.

At last, however, his tardy ally came up, and on the 17th a Spanish corps of 12,000 men joined Lord Wellington. To force on a battle was now the great object of the English general; but Clausel, observing that his opponent had been largely reinforced, with excellent discretion declined an action, and retreated to Frandovinez. On the following night he retired through the town of Burgos, having been joined by Caffarelli, who had completed the necessary preparations for defending the castle. Both generals fell back to Briviesca, where a reserve, organised specially by Napoleon, and intended to remedy any disaster which might befall the army of Portugal, united itself with the French corps.

When the advance guard of the allies entered Burgos, the city was in the greatest confusion. The French had fired some houses, which would have covered the approaches of a besieged army; and the Partidas, intent only on plunder, were marauding in all directions. Fortunately the flames were arrested, and the guerillas restrained by the exertions and influence of Carlos d'España; and, by the arrival of Lord Wellington, order was completely restored.

On the 19th of September the castle was regularly invested, and the duties of the siege intrusted to the 1st and 6th divisions, with the Portuguese brigades of Pack and Bradford.

Until the night of the 22d, the operations of the siege were vigorously continued, the garrison maintaining a heavy fire of shot and shells upon the working parties. Anxious, therefore, to abridge the attack, Lord Wellington decided on carrying the exterior defences of the castle by escalade, and then form a lodgment on the wall; and that night the assault was given. Major Laurie of the 79th, with detachments from the different regiments before the place, formed the storming party. The Portuguese, who led the attack, were quickly repulsed; and

though the British entered the ditch, they never could mount a ladder. Those who attempted it were bayoneted from above, while shells, combustibles, and cold shot were hurled on the assailants, who, after a most determined effort for a quarter of an hour, were driven from the ditch, leaving their leader, and half the number who composed the storming party, killed and wounded.

Three similar assaults were delivered and repulsed with great loss, and on the evening of the 21st of October an official order was given to raise the siege. And thus a general of consummate abilities, and a victorious army, were obliged to retire unsuccessfully from before a third-rate fortress, strong in nothing but the skill and bravery of the governor and his gallant soldiers, after—the casualties which occurred between the 18th and 21st being included—sustaining a total loss of 509 officers and men killed, and 1505 wounded or missing; a loss in numbers nearly equalling the whole garrison of the place.

The failure of Lord Wellington's attack on Burgos occasioned a powerful sensation in England, when the news arrived that the siege had been abandoned, and the allied army was in full retreat. The operations to reduce the castle were then freely canvassed, and many were found who pronounced the method of attack defective. Professional men, however, will find but little difficulty in determining the true causes of the failure. It was solely attributable to the deficiency of Lord Wellington's means; for the best authorities have agreed that the siege arrangements were ably planned. There were some officers who thought those means not judiciously applied. Other modes and other points of attack were suggested, and even submitted to Lord Wellington; but they were all found to be the visionary schemes of men unacquainted with the details—beautiful as a whole, but falling to pieces on the slightest touch. His lordship condescended to receive the projects offered, analysed them, saw their fallacy, and rejected them.

Well might Lord Wellington describe that period of the

campaign, from the night upon which he abandoned the heights before Burgos, until he halted at Salamanca, as "the worst military situation" in which a British general had ever been placed. With a weak and dispirited army he commenced a retreat of two hundred miles, followed by a force physically and numerically superior. The country he traversed afforded many fine positions for defence, but they were the most dangerous a general can occupy. The route was everywhere intersected by swollen rivers, whose safe passage depended on the accuracy with which the regressive movements were effected, while severe rains, deep roads, and the sudden rising of tributary streams, rendered it almost impossible to time the marching of a column with that precision on which the nice combinations of an army are dependent. To fall back over a flat surface is much more hazardous than to retire by a hill country. In the latter, cavalry can seldom act, and artillery is useless. Every mountain pass presents an obstacle to pursuit—they are positions the most embarrassing to a general—they cannot be forced in front; and the time they require in being turned, allows a retreating army to move leisurely away, and consequently, impose forced marches on an advancing one to overtake it. Hence, with the exception of the weather, which at times was desperate enough, of the two celebrated retreats, Wellington's was more difficult than Moore's. The former's was open at every moment to attack—lateral roads branched off in every direction; cavalry could act in all parts of the country; there were no mountain positions to defend; nor were the flanks of the retiring columns secure for an hour.

Other circumstances added seriously to Lord Wellington's embarrassments. The relaxed discipline of the soldiers had risen to an alarming height, and the more so, because the privations they endured were but temporary, and their marches not unusually severe. The excesses of the soldiery at Torquemada were fully equalled by Hill's rear-guard at Valdemoro—and hundreds of these besotted wretches were picked up by the enemy in the cellars they had plundered. Drunkenness produced cruelty, and many of the peasantry, hitherto well

affected to the allies, perished by the hands of the infuriated savages, who seemed reckless whether friend or foe became the victim of their ferocity. On the first day's march from Madrid, seventeen murdered peasants were reckoned either lying on the road or thrown into the ditches.

Another mischievous breach of discipline had become very general. Numerous herds of swine were found among the woods, and the soldiers broke from their columns, and commenced shooting pigs wherever they could be found. The spattering fire kept up in the forest by these marauders, occasioned frequently an unnecessary alarm, and thus disturbed the brief space allowed for rest to the exhausted soldiers. Nothing but the greatest severity checked this most dangerous offence; and though two of the delinquents, when taken "red-handed" and in the very fact, were hanged in the sight of their guilty comrades, the evil was not abated by example; for hunger had made starving soldiers indifferent to the desperate consequences their offending was certain to draw down.

But the most serious cause for Lord Wellington's displeasure arose from the misconduct of some regimental officers, and the indifference of more; and those feelings in the commander were increased, by recollecting the zeal and devotion with which his orders had been hitherto obeyed. Apathy among inferior officers, however, was not the only annoyance the allied general had to contend against; for at this trying time, men were found who presumed to question the dispositions of their chief, and actually disobeyed the orders he had given.

Winter had set in before Lord Wellington had occupied the cantonments which he thought best suited to restore the health and discipline of the soldiery, and fit them for that memorable campaign, which closed the military dynasty of France and the contest in the Peninsula. The headquarters of the French armies were settled early in December; that of the south occupied Toledo; the northern was at Valladolid; and Joseph, with the centre and his guards, took post at Segovia.

The allies were distributed as extensively as security and comfort would permit. Coria and Plasencia were occupied

by Hill, having a strong detachment in Bejar. Two divisions had their cantonments in Upper Beira, and round Castello Branco. Of the Spanish corps, one retired to Galicia, another into Estremadura, and a third garrisoned Ciudad Rodrigo. Most of the allied infantry were quartered with the light division and Anson's cavalry on the Agueda, and the remainder on the banks of the Douro. The cavalry moved to the valley of the Mondego, excepting the Portuguese, who were collected at Moncorvo.

Four months of continued operations had occasioned enormous losses both to the allies and the enemy. But though in total amount the French losses might have been considerably greater, their numbers had never deteriorated, for their casualties were more than replaced by the reinforcements which continually joined them. With the allies the case was different; for the troops sent out from England bore no proportion to those expended in the recent contest. In the opening of the campaign the balance was heavily against the French; and from the advance across the Douro, on the 18th of July, until they repassed that river on the 30th, their loss had exceeded fourteen thousand men, while that of the allies was under six thousand. But from the time that Burgos was invested until the Huebra was recrossed, the allied casualties, occasioned chiefly by the drunkenness and insubordination of the soldiery, rose fearfully above the enemy's; as during the operations of Wellington's and Hill's retreat, on a moderate computation, eight thousand men were killed, wounded, or made prisoners.

All being quiet in front of his cantonments, Lord Wellington availed himself of the inactivity which winter caused to visit Cadiz in person, communicate with the Spanish government, and, if possible, induce them to adopt his views. Leaving Frenada on the 12th, he reached Badajoz on the 20th, and Cadiz on the 24th—his journey having been considerably delayed by the swelling of the rivers. His reception by the Cortes was enthusiastic; and the pompous ceremonial which marked his entrance, formed a striking contrast to the

unassuming manner in which he had travelled from his own headquarters to the seat of government. The highest authorities of the country meeting him on his route, conducted him in triumph along the ramparts that had been prepared for the uninterrupted passage of the cortège assembled to do honour to the British general. Accustomed in their own country, and from the habits of the French marshals to find a commander-in-chief placing much importance in outward show or gaudy parade, the Spanish regency and members of Cortes met with surprise the great leader of the allied army, accompanied by his military secretary, Lord Fitzroy Somerset, and one orderly dragoon. During his brief visit, the city presented the appearance of a carnival—fête succeeded fête—and every class, the noble, the artist, the soldier, and civilian, vied with each other in exhibitions of attachment and respect.

From Cadiz Lord Wellington repaired to Lisbon. Along the line of his route triumphal arches were erected, and his entrance into the capital of Portugal was celebrated by an illumination of the city for three nights, and at the theatre of San Carlos his exploits were dramatised and enacted. But parade and the acclamations of the "giddy multitude" had small attractions for the English general. The objects which brought him to Lisbon were speedily accomplished, and leaving that city on the 20th of January, he reached his headquarters on the 25th, and resumed the command of the allies.

CHAPTER X.

INVASION OF SPAIN—BATTLE OF VITTORIA—BATTLES OF THE PYRENEES—STORMING OF SAN SEBASTIAN.

OWING to the measures he adopted in the Peninsula, and the assistance he received from home, in April 1813, Lord Wellington had under his command 200,000 fighting men, which, taken as a whole, was the finest force which Britain had ever embattled. Its *matériel* was truly magnificent, for abundant supplies and powerful reinforcements had arrived from England. The Life and Horse Guards had joined the cavalry; and that arm, hitherto the weakest, was increased to nineteen efficient regiments. The infantry had been recruited from the militias—the artillery was complete in every requisite for the field—and a well-arranged commissariat, with ample means of transport, facilitated the operations of the most serviceable force that had ever been placed under the command of an English general. Of these masses of armed men, the flower was the Anglo-Portuguese army. It was composed of 45,000 British troops and 28,000 Portuguese; all were effective soldiers, strong in health, buoyant in spirit, and perfect in discipline.

The plan of the allied general was a splendid military conception. Aware that the defences of Douro had been strengthened, he determined to avoid the danger and delay which would be required in forcing them; and by a fine combination of the Anglo-Portuguese army with that of Galicia, he gained the northern bank of the river, taking in

reverse the line of defensive posts on the Douro, and opening to attack the whole right flank of the French army, whose scattered corps were too loosely cantoned to admit of rapid concentration. Thus 70,000 Portuguese and British, 8000 Spaniards from Estremadura, and 12,000 Galicians,—that is to say, 90,000 fighting men, would be suddenly placed on a new front, and marching abreast against the surprised and separated masses of the enemy, would drive them back in retreat to the Pyrenees. A grand design, and grandly it was executed! For high in heart and strong of hand Wellington's veterans marched to the encounter; the glories of twelve victories played about their bayonets, and he the leader felt so proud and confident, that in passing the stream which marks the frontier of Spain, he rose in his stirrups, and waving his hand, cried out "Farewell, Portugal!"

The allies pushed forward on the 27th and 28th of May—the left towards Zamora, and the right towards Toro—while Lord Wellington, leaving the command with Hill, hurried off to observe the movements of his left wing; and after passing the Douro at Miranda, by a rope and basket, he reached Carvajales on the Esla on the 30th.

The difficulties encountered by Graham, who commanded the left wing, in his route through the Tras os Montes, had been ably surmounted; but the passage of the Esla had occasioned a serious delay, and thus prevented the surprise and consequent separation of the French armies. On the 31st, although the water was swollen, a part of the hussars and light infantry forded the river at Almendra, and captured an enemy's picket at Villa Perdrices. The pontoon bridge was immediately laid down, and the whole of the allied left wing was promptly sent across.

On the 1st of June the allies entered Zamora, the French falling back on Toro; and at Morales, their rear-guard was overtaken and attacked by the 10th Hussars, supported by the 15th. The enemy's cavalry, formed in two lines, waited and received the British charge; and nothing could be more brilliant in both its execution and success. The French 16th

Light Dragoons was totally overthrown, losing two hundred prisoners, which, with its other casualties, rendered that fine regiment for a time unserviceable. A singular proof was given in this affair of the indifference with which a people, familiarised to danger, look upon events that others regard with terror. Though the fighting was almost in the streets of Morales, the Spaniards were now so accustomed to sights of war, that, within ten minutes after the firing had ceased, the women were spinning at their doors, and the little children at play, as if nothing had happened.

The allied army had now secured its junction on the Douro, which was now fordable, while Julian Sanchez had surprised the French picket at Castro Nuno, and driven their outposts from the fords at Pollos. Finding that the enemy were concentrating, Lord Wellington halted on the 3d, to allow the Galician army to close upon his left, and give time to the columns to get forward whom the passage of the Esla had delayed. On that evening the allies were finely combined. Wellington, in his open advance, had scarcely been checked for an hour, while Graham had conducted forty thousand troops, with every appurtenance that war requires, over a country hitherto considered impassable. The artillery and pontoons had traversed roads which even a muleteer accounted bad; and, stranger still, the operation was completed, before the initial movement was known to the enemy! The field was now clear for the shock of battle, but the forces on either side were unequally matched. Wellington had ninety thousand men, with more than one hundred pieces of artillery. Twelve thousand were cavalry; and the British and Portuguese present with the colours were, including sergeants and drummers, above seventy thousand sabres and bayonets: the rest of the army was Spanish. On the other hand, though the French could collect nine or ten thousand horsemen, and one hundred guns, their infantry was less than half the number of the allies, being only thirty-five thousand strong, exclusive of Laval's division. Hence the way to victory was open, and on the 4th Wellington marched forward with a conquering violence.

Unable to arrest the progress of an army too powerful and too well combined to be checked, Joseph had no alternative but to fall back and leave that capital for ever, to which he had so long held with culpable tenacity. Napoleon had urged him repeatedly to send away his heavy baggage, and remove everything that would impede the abandonment of Madrid; but his advice had always been disregarded. The Emperor had also directed that Burgos should be strengthened and provisioned; but the place was unprovided with magazines, and the new works which had been commenced were not only incomplete, but, as they commanded the old defences, the castle could not hold out four hours. Hence, it was determined that the French corps should fall back behind the Ebro, and the artillery and stores, previously collected in the depôts of Madrid, Burgos, and Valladolid, were ordered to be hastily removed to Vittoria, whither the court of Joseph, and the Spaniards who had attached themselves to his cause, were also directed to proceed.

On the 7th, Lord Wellington crossed the Carrion; Joseph, with the armies of the south and centre, falling back on Burgos, and Count Reille, with that of Portugal, retiring by Castro Xerez. The allied leader, however, turned the line of the Pisuerga with his left wing, while the right, under Hill, marched direct on Burgos. Reille, who had been outflanked, having regained the Burgos road, appeared determined to retire no farther; and having taken a strong position, with the Hormosa in his front, his right resting on a height above Hormillas and his left on the Arlanzon, he waited for the allies to come up.

Joseph had sent reiterated orders to Foy and Clausel to hasten to his assistance—and in the expectation that these corps would arrive, he calculated on making Burgos the termination of his retreat. Accordingly, with the armies of the south and centre he halted behind Estepar; and in this position, the tidings of Napoleon's victory at Bautzen was communicated to the army. But his hopes were speedily dispelled. On the 12th, Lord Wellington appeared, and promptly

advanced against the range of heights which extend from Hormillas to Estepar. His right flank being turned by the British light troops, Reille was obliged to cross the Arlanzon by the bridge of Baniel, during which operation he was severely cannonaded by the horse artillery, and charged by the 14th Light Dragoons. The French behaved with great steadiness, and by a rapid movement crossed the river, losing, however, a few men, with a gun which had been previously disabled.

Not daring to secure Burgos by risking a battle for its defence, Joseph continued his retreat to Pancorbo, into which place he threw a garrison, after directing that Burgos should be blown up. It was asserted that the city as well as the castle had been doomed to destruction, and the means employed seemed to warrant such a charge. If such were the demoniac intention of the French, it was providentially averted, for the hurry and fear and confusion, with which their preparations were made, defeated this malignant purpose. Several mines failed; some which were primed did not explode; others were so ill managed that they blew the earth inwards; and as the explosion took place some hours sooner than was designed, the destruction which was intended for their enemies fell in part upon themselves. Many of their men, who were lingering to plunder, perished as they were loading their horses with booty in the streets and squares, and three or four hundred were blown up in the fort. Above one thousand shells had been placed in the mines; the explosion was distinctly heard at the distance of fifty miles, and the pavement of the cathedral was covered with the dust into which its windows had been shivered by the shock. The town escaped destruction, owing to the failure of so many of the mines, but the castle was totally destroyed,—gates, beams, masses of masonry, guns, carriages, and arms, lying in one heap of ruins; some of the mines had laid open the breaches, and exposed the remains of those who had fallen during the siege.

Never had a campaign opened with brighter promise, nor proceeded with more continued success. It seemed indeed "the march of victory." Obstacles, from which another

general might have turned, were no sooner presented than overcome; and with slight loss, the Tormes, the Esla, the Douro, the Carrion, the Pisuerga, and the Arlanzon, were crossed as if they had contained no water. Through a country abounding in positions, and with a surface of great natural strength, the French corps had been driven with all the precipitation that attends a beaten army; and a fortress, which unequal means for its reduction had a few months before rendered impregnable, presented nothing but a mass of rubbish, after entailing, like the feast-house of the Philistines, ruin on its possessors. How proud must have been Wellington's feelings as he looked at that place of fallen strength! Once he had receded from its walls; but it was to return with a power of his own creation, which rendered resistance unavailing, and obliged those who had maintained it so well, to level its ramparts in despair. Dubreton's thundering castle had disappeared, and that height which an army could not carry was now defenceless as an open village!

Lord Wellington next turned the Ebro, and the astonishment of the enemy was indescribable when, on the evening of the 18th, information reached their headquarters, announcing the astounding intelligence, that the whole of the allied divisions were established on the left bank of the river. The bold and successful operations of the allied general now seriously endangered the position of the French armies, and Joseph in terror decided to fall back with all his forces to Vittoria.

The valley of Vittoria, in which these armies with all their *matériel*, and a fugitive court and its encumbrances, were soon collected for a final battle, extends, from one extremity at the pass of Puebla to the other at Vittoria, for ten miles over a broken surface. Its extreme breadth is probably about eight. The Zadorra, a narrow stream with steep and rugged banks, winds through this basin in its course towards the Ebro, and passes close to the city. The river enters the valley at the defiles of Puebla, issuing between bold and rocky heights—on the right overhung by that of Puebla, and on the left by those of Morillas. The course of the stream severs the valley into un-

equal parts, the right being the more extensive; but the royal road traverses the left bank. On that side stands the village of Subijana de Morillas, commanding the pass which the army of Portugal disputed, while Gazan and Drouet were receding with the armies of the south and centre.

The position selected by Marshal Jourdan was generally strong, and well chosen to effect the objects for which he risked a battle; still it had one material defect—its great extent would permit many simultaneous efforts to be made by an attacking army; and accordingly, on the following day, the allied leader, with admirable skill, availed himself of this advantage. Before day, on the morning of the 21st, the French army was in position, and the British and their auxiliaries were in march to attack it. In four columns, the allies approached the bridges of the Zadorra; Sir Rowland Hill, with the right wing, marched by Puebla; Wellington, with the right centre, to which the light division had been attached, advanced to Nanclares; the left centre made a circuitous movement to seize the bridges of Tres Puentes and Mendoza; while Graham, with the left wing, marched by the Bilbao road, to gain the bridge which crosses the river between the villages of Abechuco and Ariaga.

The mists still hung upon the mountains, and as yet the movements of both armies were concealed. At nine o'clock the fog cleared, and in brilliant sunshine battle's magnificent array was suddenly and splendidly exhibited.

At dawn of day Joseph placed himself upon a height that overlooked his right and centre. He was attended by a numerous staff, and protected by his own body-guard. Wellington chose an eminence in front of the village of Arinez, commanding the right bank of the Zadorra, and continued there observing the progress of the fight, and directing the movements of his divisions, as calmly as if he were inspecting the movements of a review.

An hour passed—Sir Rowland Hill had not come up—and Wellington's frequent glances towards the Puebla showed how anxiously he was expected. A spattering fire was heard in

that direction—musketry succeeded—smoke-wreaths went curling up the mountain—and announced that the second division had come up, and that the work of slaughter had begun. Vittoria, in Ossian's language, might have been described as "a day of battles"; for the different attacks of the allied columns, though all tending to one grand result, respectively produced close and sanguinary combats. War has its picturesque aspect, and the opening of Vittoria was singularly imposing. "Not a drum was heard"—a wide expanse of rich and varied landscape, on which an artist would have gazed with rapture, was reposing in a flood of sunshine. From a gentle eminence in front of Arinez, the whole array of Joseph's army was visible; and on that height the allied staff were collected. There, Lord Wellington was standing, dressed plainly in a grey frock coat, with nothing to mark commanding rank, excepting a Spanish sash and the hat and feathers of a field officer. His telescope at one moment wandered over the extensive position occupied by the enemy, and the next turned with fixed earnestness upon that point from whence he expected the crash of battle was to burst. The spattering fire of the French light troops opened from the side of the mountain, while Morillo's Spanish corps, debouching from the woods that clothed the bottom of the Sierra, brought on a heavy and sustained fire, which announced that the heights were boldly attacked and as obstinately defended. The Spanish efforts to carry them were brave, but unsuccessful. The fusillade continued, and the enemy remained unshaken. In a few minutes more the smoke-wreaths, which had risen steadily over the summit of the mountain, gradually commenced receding, and Cadogan's British brigade, moving along the ridge, was seen advancing with that imposing steadiness which ever gives assurance of success. The hill was won; but, alas! on its summit lay their chivalrous leader; and till the haze of death had closed his sight, there, at his own request, he remained to look his last upon the battle. For a long time the fight was doubtful, as on each side reinforcements came into action. But when Hill, clearing the defile of La Puebla, seized the

village of Subijana de Alava, the enemy's repeated efforts to win back their lost ground, though vigorously continued, proved unavailing.

Meanwhile, on the extreme left Graham's artillery was faintly heard, and told that there also the conflict had begun, while the light division, under the guidance of a peasant, crossed the Zadorra by Tres Puentes, and boldly established itself under a crested height on which the French line of battle had been formed. Before the bridge of Nanclares, the 4th division was waiting until the 3d and 7th should arrive. Presently, Picton and Lord Dalhousie appeared, and the whole of the allied columns moved rapidly to their respective objects of attack. The 3d division crossed the river by the bridge of Mendoza and a ford—the 7th, with a light brigade, followed closely—the 4th division was ready on the other side—Hill was pushing the enemy back, and on the left the thunder of his gun redoubled, and showed that Graham was advancing rapidly into action.

Nothing could be more beautiful than the military spectacle these simultaneous movements exhibited. The passage of the river—the movement of glittering masses from right to left, far as the eye could range—the deafening roar of cannon—the sustained fusillade of infantry—all was grand and imposing; while the English cavalry, displayed in glorious sunshine, and formed in line to support the columns, completed a *coup d'œil* magnificent beyond description.

As if animated by some glorious impulse, the battalions advanced "not to combat but to conquer." Colville's brigade of "the fighting third" led the attack, and the first enemy's corps that confronted it was gallantly defeated. Pressing on with characteristic impetuosity, and without halting to correct the irregularity a recent and successful struggle had occasioned, the brigade encountered on the brow of the hill two lines of French infantry, regularly drawn up and prepared to receive their assailants. For a moment the result was regarded with considerable apprehension, and means were adopted by Lord Wellington for sustaining the brigade, when, as that event

seemed inevitable, it should be repulsed by the enemy. But valour overcame every disadvantage, and the perfect formation of the French could not withstand the dashing onset of the assailants. Their rush was irresistible; on went these daring soldiers, sweeping before them the formidable array that, circumstanced as they were, appeared calculated to produce annihilation.

Victory was evidently with the allies; but the French, covered by a swarm of skirmishers and the fire of fifty guns, retired on their reserves, which were posted in front of Gomecha. The village of Arinez became now the scene of a desperate conflict, and from its importance, this advanced post was desperately maintained. Checked in his assault after having seized three pieces of artillery and a howitzer, Picton returned lion-like to the charge, and with the 45th and 74th regiments, drove the French at the bayonet's point fairly through the village. Defeated thus in front, and their left flank turned at Subijana de Alava, the wreck of the armies of the south and centre made a last stand between the villages of Ali and Armentia, while that of Portugal still bravely maintained itself on the upper Zadorra. But this final struggle was succeeded by a total rout. The left wing of the allies was furiously engaged; and the heights of Abechuco, the village of the same name, and the bridge at Gamarra Mayor, were all successively attacked, and all carried in splendid style after being desperately defended. The contest now was ended; the southern and central armies were seen in full retreat by the road on the right of Vittoria leading towards Salvatierra; the allies were advancing on every point; every moment the enemy's confusion increased; the guns were abandoned, and the drivers and horses went off at speed. The soldiers pressed wildly through a road already choked with the refugees from the capital, and the countless vehicles which accompanied their flight; and a scene of indescribable disorder ensued.

The sun was setting, and his last rays fell upon a magnificent spectacle. Red masses of infantry were seen advancing steadily across the plain, the horse artillery at a gallop to the

front, to open its fire on the fugitives, the hussar brigade charging by the Camino Real; while the 2d division, having overcome every obstacle and driven the enemy from its front, was extending over the heights upon the right in line, its arms and appointments flashing gloriously in the fading sunshine of departing day.

Never was a victory more complete, nor an army so thoroughly disorganised as the beaten one. Morning rose on three united corps, the armies of the south, of the centre, and of Portugal, perfect in every arm, admirably combined, and disposed in a position leisurely and advisedly selected; night closed upon a helpless rabble, hurrying from the field that had witnessed their defeat, and on which all that renders the soldier formidable and effective was abandoned.

During the progress of the battle, three leagues over a difficult surface had been traversed; and the long summer day was consumed in an unremitting succession of laborious exertions. Night, however, was not to the wearied conquerors a season of repose; for property, in value and variety such as no modern army had abandoned, presented itself at every step, and the work of plunder commenced before the fire of musketry and cannon had ended. The camp of every division was like a fair; benches were laid from waggon to waggon, and there the soldiers held an auction through the night, and disposed of such booty as had fallen to their share to any who were inclined to purchase it. Even dollars became an article of sale; for as they were too heavy to be carried in great numbers, eight were offered for a guinea.

It was, however, reserved for the dawn of morning to display the extent of the spoil which the beaten army had been obliged to leave at the disposal of their conquerors; and the country in front of Vittoria for several leagues exhibited a scene which rarely has been equalled. There lay the wreck of a mighty army; and plunder, accumulated during the French successes, and wrung from every part of Spain with unsparing rapacity, was recklessly abandoned to any who chose to seize it. Cannons and caissons, carriages and tum-

brils, waggons of every description—all were overturned or deserted; and a stranger *mélange* could not be imagined than that which these enormous ambulances presented to the eye. Here was the personal baggage of a king—there, the scenery and decorations of a theatre; munitions of war were mixed with articles of *virtu*, and scattered arms, drums, silks, embroidery, plate, and jewels, mingled in the strangest disorder. One waggon was loaded with money; another, with cartridges; while wounded soldiers, deserted women, and children of every age, everywhere implored assistance, or threw themselves for protection on the humanity of the victors. Here, a lady had been overtaken in her carriage; in the next *calèche* was an actress or fille-de-chambre, while droves of oxen were roaming over the plain, intermingled with an endless number of sheep, goats, mules, horses, asses, and cows.

The siege of San Sebastian was Lord Wellington's next operation, and Pamplona was at the same time blockaded. On the land side part of the left wing, under Sir Thomas Graham, formed the investment of the former city; and on its sea front it was blockaded by a British squadron commanded by Sir George Collier.

A year destined to witness the most glorious displays of England's bravery as the tide of conquest flowed on in a series of unchecked successes, brought to Lord Wellington a well-deserved addition to his honours. On the 1st of January 1813, he was gazetted to the colonelcy of the royal regiment of Horse Guards, and on the 4th of March, elected a Knight of the Garter. On the 22d of July, the Cortes proposed, and the Regency offered, the fine estate of Soto de Roma in Granada, to the commander of their armies, "in the name of the Spanish nation, and in testimony of its sincere gratitude." But from his own sovereign a higher honour was conferred upon the conqueror of Vittoria, and that flattering distinction was intimated to the allied general in the graceful manner that might have been expected from one who, if nothing else, had been pronounced "the most polished gentleman in Europe:"—

"CARLTON HOUSE, *3d July* 1813.

"MY DEAR LORD,—Your glorious conduct is beyond all human praise, and far above my reward. I know no language the world affords worthy to express it. I feel I have nothing left to say, but devoutly to offer up my prayer of gratitude to Providence, that it has in its omnipotent bounty blessed my country and myself with such a general. You have sent me, among the trophies of your unrivalled fame, the staff of a French marshal, and I send you in return that of England.

"The British army will hail it with enthusiasm, while the whole universe will acknowledge those valorous efforts which have so imperiously called for it.

"That uninterrupted health and still increasing laurels may continue to crown you through a glorious and long career of life, are the never ceasing and most ardent wishes of, my dear Lord, your very sincere and faithful friend, G. P. R.

"Field Marshal the Marquis of Wellington, K.G."

Uncertain what turn the negotiations then in progress in Germany between Napoleon and his enemies should eventually take, Lord Wellington with sound judgment prepared for either issue whether favourable or the reverse. To hold the Pyrenees was, in his opinion, the great object of the war, and that could only be effected by reducing Pamplona and San Sebastian. The former he had already blockaded, and the latter he was preparing to besiege. The battering-train was accordingly ordered round from Bilboa to Passages, and such dispositions made of the allied troops as should cover the blockade and the siege from the chance of an interruption.

To achieve this object, difficulties presented themselves at the outset, which none but a superior genius could have conquered. Severed from each other by the great range of mountains trending into Spain in a southerly direction between the sources of the Bidassoa and the Arga, the fortresses were farther from each other than from the advanced posts of the French armies. The close blockade of Pamplona was indispensable to the reduction of San Sebastian, and as the passes through the Pyrenees were numerous, the country rugged and impracticable, the bridges narrow, and

lateral communications between the leading roads circuitous everywhere, and in some places considered impassable for any animal but a mule, to guard these openings in the mountains would require an immense dispersion of the covering army, while the difficulty which a mountainous surface exhibited prevented a rapid concentration, should the enemy advance in strength to relieve their beleaguered garrisons.

Thus circumstanced, and after a careful survey of the country, Lord Wellington made his final dispositions, and the result best told with what ability his different positions had been chosen.

To the 5th division under Major-General Oswald, comprising Hay and Robinson's British, and Spry's Portuguese brigades, the duties of the siege of San Sebastian were intrusted. The division of the Guards, and the brigade under Lord Aylmer, with the Germans, covered the great road leading from Irun to Oyarzun, and supported Freyre's Spanish division, which was in position on the heights of San Marcial, protecting the line of the Bidassoa from the Crown Mountain to the sea. The Spanish corps of Giron and Longa communicated with the left centre at Vera, which consisted of the light division, posted at the pass of Echalar, and the 7th division on the heights of Santa Barbara and Vera. The right centre under Hill remained in the valley of the Bastan, while the brigades of Pringle and Walker (2d division) occupied the pass of Maya. On the right, the passes of Col d'Ariette and Col d'Espegas were guarded by the Conde d'Amarante's Portuguese brigades under Ashworth and Da Costa. Campbell's Portuguese brigade was strongly posted between the valleys of Alduides and Hayra, connecting the troops in the valley of the Bastan with the right wing posted at Roncesvalles. The 6th division, temporarily under the command of Pack, occupied San Estevan, forming a reserve for the allied centre, and supporting the brigades at the passes of Maya and Echalar. The right wing covered the direct approaches from St. Jean Pied de Port to Pamplona, while its front was secured by Byng's brigade of the 2d division, which held the passes of Roncesvalles and Orbaicete.

Morillo's Spanish corps also guarded the latter opening, while the 4th division formed a second line in rear of Roncesvalles. The 3d division was in reserve at Olague, and the mass of the allied cavalry with the heavy artillery were extensively cantoned in the country between Pamplona and Tafalla in rear of the fortress, and in a position from which they could operate if required. Some regiments of cavalry, British and Portuguese, with thirty-six light guns, were attached to the right and centre of the allies. The great hospital had been since the battle established at Vittoria, and commissariat depôts were formed along the coast at the places best adapted for obtaining supplies, and forwarding them to the different divisions.

On the 1st of July, Soult was appointed Lieutenant of the Emperor. His powers were plenary, amounting even to the removal of Joseph, and by force, if such an alternative should be required. That, however, was unnecessary. The fugitive monarch was weary of the mockery of a throne; and he willingly retired from the command of an army, which had always borne his control with dissatisfaction, and under it had experienced nothing but dishonour and defeat.

Soult's first care was to reorganise the beaten armies with the large reinforcements which had joined them since their defeat, into one grand corps, entitled *l'Armée d'Espagne.* According to its new formation, it comprised nine divisions of infantry, divided into a right, centre, and left. The former was commanded by Reille, the centre by Drouet (Comte d'Erlon), the left by Clausel, and the reserve was placed under the orders of Villatte. The cavalry was also organised in three divisions, of which two were of heavy dragoons, commanded by Generals Treilhard and Tilly, with a light division under the marshal's brother, Pierre Soult. The lost artillery had been replaced, and on a scale fully equal to those fine parks which had been abandoned by the French army at Vittoria.

Never had the casualties attendant on a total defeat been more speedily or effectually remedied. On the 21st of June

the armies of Portugal, the centre, and the south were utterly defeated; on the 21st of July, according to the Imperial muster-rolls, Soult had under his immediate command, without including foreign corps and garrisons, 80,000 men, with 90 pieces of artillery. Such was the force collected in front of Wellington when he commenced the siege of San Sebastian.

Operations were commenced on the night of the 11th of July; and the siege opened with more efficient means than Lord Wellington had possessed at any of his former sieges. Upwards of three hundred engineers and five hundred artillerymen were present. Forty pieces, including guns, mortars, howitzers, and carronades, were already collected, which at a subsequent period of the siege were increased to one hundred and seventeen.

Although San Sebastian had been neglected by the French previous to the battle of Vittoria, that unexpected defeat at once rendered the fortress an object of paramount importance. On the 22d of June, a convoy under General Rey had reached the city, and the escort was directed to remain and form its garrison. The new commandant obliged the unfortunate Spanish refugees of the French party to continue their journey into France without protection; and drove every stranger from the city, although the risk of falling into the hands of the Partidas was imminent, and in that event, destruction would have been inevitable, as from the hands of their indignant countrymen no mercy could be expected. Foy, during his retreat, left a reinforcement on the 27th; and on the 1st of July, the garrison was farther increased by that of Guateria, and a detachment of artillery and artificers from St. Jean de Luz. Thus upwards of three thousand men were now collected for its defence. Seventy-six heavy guns were mounted on the works, and subsequently more reached the fortress by sea. Indeed, so imperfect was the coast blockade, that the French not only received supplies, but were enabled to send off their wounded men, unmolested by the British cruisers.

The siege, by Lord Wellington's orders, was vigorously carried on; and on the evening of the 23d the breaches were reported practicable, and the assault was consequently ordered

to be given. In the rear of the great breach, however, the houses had taken fire; and they burned so furiously that it was deemed advisable to defer the storm for another day, and employ the interval in opening another breach between the main one and the half-bastion of St. John.

On the night of the 24th, the storming parties, amounting to about two thousand men of the 5th division, entered the trenches; and on the explosion of a mine formed in the extremity of a conduit that connected an aqueduct with the town, the assailants rushed forward.

At first, the assault promised complete success. The counterscarp and glacis of the horn-work were blown in, and the French abandoned the flank parapet, while those at the main breach also fell back behind the burning houses. The storming parties were nobly led. Major Frazer and the engineer officer topped the breach; and with the greatest gallantry, but in broken order, many of the soldiery followed them. The attack, however, was irregular, and consequently inefficient. The boldest pressed to the summit of the breach; but there a sheer descent presented itself, while flames and smoke burst from the burning houses in their front, and awed the stoutest; but the greater number of the assailants stopped at the demi-bastion, and unwisely opened their musketry fire, and returned the fusillade from the ramparts. That was a fatal error—the enemy rallied—manned the loop-holed houses commanding the great breach, and from front and flank opened a destructive fire on the stormers and their supports, which darkness and local difficulties had paralysed in its advance. With restored confidence, the French from every quarter poured death upon the column. Shells from the citadel—grape from the flank defences—grenades and musketry from the houses, increased the panic and added to the slaughter. The regiments got intermixed, and the confusion became consequently irremediable. In vain the leading officers partially rallied the troops and set them a glorious example. For a while, in one dense mass, confined between the horn-work and the river, unable to advance and unwilling

to retire, the assailants steadily remained—but it was only to be slaughtered—till the chances of succeeding became so desperate, that those who survived reluctantly gave way and returned to the trenches.

Lord Wellington, though much chagrined at the failure, had now to turn his attention to the operations of Soult in front of him, who was certain to make an attempt in force to relieve either San Sebastian or Pamplona.

The blockade of Pamplona was carried on by the Spanish corps of O'Donnel, Conde la Bispal, after the British division, which had first surrounded the fortress, had been moved by Lord Wellington to the front, and subsequently, O'Donnel was joined by the division of Carlos d'España. Their united corps amounted to upwards of eleven thousand men, of whom seven thousand could be spared for field service, while the remainder would be fully sufficient to maintain the blockade effectually. La Bispal, however, dreaded an attack from the side of Aragon, but Lord Wellington felt that from that quarter no danger need be apprehended, as Mina and the Partida chiefs were in such force and activity that it required all Suchet's efforts to ensure the safety of the French corps in the eastern provinces, without attempting any disturbance of the blockade.

A careful reconnaissance convinced Soult that the right of Lord Wellington's position at Roncesvalles was the point of attack best adapted to effect the relief of the fortresses, and most likely, from other circumstances, to prove successful. His own positions were close to those of the allies. He had fully twenty thousand men in front of the Anglo-Spanish infantry of Byng and Morillo, which barely amounted to five thousand bayonets, and while his lateral communications were short and easy, those of the allies were circuitous and difficult. Hence, while Soult from local advantages could readily collect his troops into masses, and with superior numbers press on the allied corps, the latter were in every point isolated from each other by the rugged surface which intervened between the different passes in the mountains; from this cause the divisions in the allied front line could not, for want of roads, make

flank marches to support each other. Each division, therefore, when attacked, had nothing but its own gallantry to depend upon; the rear was the only point from which relief could be expected, and time would be required to obtain it.

The mists hung thickly on the rugged heights which rose in savage grandeur around the post at Altobiscar, when Soult on the 25th of July, covered by a swarm of sharp-shooters, pressed forward with heavy columns, well supported by artillery, to the assault. Noon came; the sun was shining on the mountain battle-ground; and for many an hour had the French general witnessed a deadly and obstinate conflict. The French were fighting with all the confidence which immense physical superiority will produce; while the allies, strong in courage and favourably posted for defence, evinced that stubborn gallantry which numbers cannot shake. Elevated thousands of feet above the lower country, the roar of musketry seemed incessant, as every volley was repeated by the mountain echoes, until, like the grumblings of distant thunder, a louder crash rendered the fainter sounds inaudible. Still, in numbers, the assailants momently increased; the Spanish right was threatened at Orbaiceta; the left, turned at Aizbla; and Morillo, after a bold stand, was eventually obliged to retire on the pass of Ibaneta.

The battle was all but lost. Reille was close to Atalosti; and, interposing between the British brigade of Byng and the Portuguese of Campbell, he had just crowned the summit of the Lindouz, when the head of Ross's column, at the same moment, gained that ridge.

The moment was critical; but Ross, an eager hardy soldier, called aloud to charge, and Captain Tovey of the 20th, running forward with his company, crossed a slight wooded hollow, and dashed with the bayonet full against the front of the 6th French Light Infantry. Brave men fell by that weapon on both sides; but numbers prevailing, these daring soldiers were pushed back again by the French. Ross, however, gained his object; the remainder of his brigade had come up, and the pass of Atalosti was secured, yet with a loss of 140 men of the 20th regiment, and 41 of the Brunswickers.

A sudden fog rose from the valley, and consequently long before night the battle ceased. Cole had held his ground most gloriously, and with only 10,000 bayonets he sternly checked the French marshal, who had now 35,000 men collected in his front. Aware of the immense superiority of the enemy, the English general judiciously withdrew his brigades, and, shrouded in darkness, receded silently from the presence of an overwhelming enemy, on whom, through a long day's combat, he had inflicted a heavy loss. Soult, the next morning, occupied the abandoned positions; but yet, and by desperate fighting, he had only gained three leagues, and seven still separated him from Pamplona. The intermediate surface was studded with strong positions; and that each would be desperately held, the experience of his opening efforts left him no reason to disbelieve.

Nor were the next day's operations more satisfactory. The mists were heavy; and while the march of the French columns was delayed, at evening the allies were so well united, that on the ridge which severs the valley of Urroz from Zubiri, Cole took a position and boldly offered battle. At dark, the junction of the allies was completed; and Soult's initial movements, in all essential consequences had failed. The French marshal's confidence had undergone a striking change; and those immediately around him perceived in his altered bearing that his hope of success had evidently abated.

Drouet's attack on the pass of Maya had been attended with even more slaughter than Soult's effort against the right, and the success was equally indecisive. Having assembled two strong divisions on the morning of the 25th, he made the necessary dispositions under cover of some heights, and at noon he commenced his operations.

Many circumstances promised success. Some feints against the smaller passes of Espagne and Lareta had deceived the British general, and led him to suspect that the first onset would be made on the Portuguese troops that defended them. But Drouet's real object was the pass of Maya; and, by a pathway that enters that pass from Espelette, he was enabled

to fall on the advanced picket and some supporting light companies so suddenly, and in such strength, that nothing but the superior bravery of these noble soldiers could have maintained their ground for a moment against such an overwhelming force.

From the unavoidable dispersion of the British regiments, they came to the support of the light troops separately; and consequently, in some cases, they were opposed to tenfold numbers. As might have been expected, they were obliged at last to yield ground; but every position was obstinately held, until General Barnes's brigade of the 7th division came to their assistance, and checked the enemy's advance. The fighting lasted for seven hours; and 1600 men were lost in this desperate and successful resistance.

On the 26th, Picton joined Cole, and took command of the 3d and 4th divisions. He retired slowly as Soult advanced; and next day took a position up to cover Pamplona, and offered battle. Lord Wellington, on the 27th, left Hill's headquarters in the Bastan; and, anxious to ascertain how matters went, he crossed the mountain ridge into the valley of the Lanz, and was proceeding to Ostiz, when he learned that Picton had fallen back from Linzoain to Huarte. Riding at full speed, he reached the village of Sorauren, and his eagle glance detected Clausel's column in march along the ridge of Zabaldica. Convinced that the troops in the valley of the Lanz must be intercepted by this movement, he sprang from his saddle, and pencilled a note on the parapet of the bridge, directing those troops to take the road by Lizasso to Oricain, and gain the rear of Cole's position. The scene that followed was highly interesting. Lord Fitzroy Somerset, the only staff-officer who had kept up with him, galloped with these orders out of Sorauren by one road, the French Light Cavalry dashed in by another, and the English general rode alone up the mountain to reach his troops. One of Campbell's Portuguese battalions first descried him and raised a cry of joy, and the shrill clamour caught up by the next regiments swelled as it run along the line into that stern and appalling shout which the British soldier is wont to give

upon the edge of battle, and which no enemy ever heard unmoved. Lord Wellington suddenly stopped in a conspicuous place; he desired that both armies should know he was there; and a double spy who was present pointed out Soult, then so near that his features could be plainly distinguished. The English general, it is said, fixed his eyes attentively upon this formidable man, and speaking as if to himself, said, "*Yonder is a great commander, but he is a cautious one, and will delay his attack to ascertain the cause of these cheers; that will give time for the 6th division to arrive, and I shall beat him.*" And certain it is that the French general made no serious attack that day.

Before Lord Wellington's arrival, Soult had been repulsed in an effort made against a hill occupied by a Spanish brigade, and the height had been reinforced by a British battalion. Some desultory skirmishing succeeded; but a violent tempest ended the contest for the day; and, no unusual occurrence in Peninsular warfare, a stormy night proved the forerunner of a bloody morrow.

Twelve British regiments were embattled on the Pyrenees who had fought at Talavera; and there were present not a few who might recall an incident to memory, that would present a striking but amusing contrast. Cuesta, examining his battle-ground four years before in lumbering state, seated in an unwieldy coach, and drawn by eight pampered mules; Wellington, on an English hunter, dashing from post to post at headlong speed, and at a pace that distanced the best mounted of his staff.

At noon the French columns were formed for attack; and Clausel's first division, covered by a swarm of sharp-shooters, rushed boldly down the valley of the Lanz, and turned Cole's left. But they were instantly and severely repulsed by the Portuguese brigade attached to the 6th division, and driven down the height, while almost at the same instant the main body of the 6th division, emerging from behind the same ridge, near the village of Oricain, formed in order of battle across the front. It was the counter-stroke of Salamanca! The

French, striving to encompass the left of the allies, were themselves encompassed; for two brigades of the 4th division turned and smote them from the left, the Portuguese smote them from the right; and while thus scathed on both flanks with fire, they were violently shaken and pushed back with a mighty force by the 6th division, yet not in flight, but fighting fiercely, and strewing the ground with their enemies' bodies as well as their own.

The two remaining divisions of Clausel's and Reille's corps now came into action; and while their attack was better combined, it was as impetuous as that of the division which had been defeated. A hermitage on the crest of a detached height on the left of the 4th division was of great importance to the security of the position; and with a most enduring gallantry, a column of the enemy mounted to the crest, and under a terrible fire drove back the caçadore regiment posted round the chapel. Reinforced, however, by General Ross, the Anglo-Portuguese returned furiously to the charge, and the French were bayoneted down the hill. Again they rallied—advanced, and the allies were in turn driven back. Lord Wellington marked the deadly struggle, brought Byng's brigade forward at a running pace, and sent the 27th and 48th British regiments belonging to Anson's brigade down from the higher ground in the centre against the crowded masses, rolling them backward in disorder, and throwing them one after the other violently down the mountain side,—and with no child's play. The two British regiments fell upon the enemy three separate times with the bayonet, and lost more than half their own numbers.

To carry the hill on the right of the position was the next object of the enemy; and there two Spanish regiments had been posted, supported by the British 40th. The attack was confident and daring, as with imposing numbers the enemy circled the base of the height, mounted most gallantly, and drove the regiment of El Pravia from the plateau. For a few minutes the 40th stood on that mountain height alone and unsupported; but a Portuguese regiment bravely rushed up

to its support, and formed on that flank which the recession of the Spanish battalion had left uncovered. In fourfold numbers the assailants, in the meantime, were pressing up; and presently, their column topped the summit. The calm and steady attitude of the 40th, as contrasted with the clamorous advance of the French, might have been mistaken for the sullen devotion of a band that felt itself overmatched, but still scorned to seek its safety ingloriously. But never was silence more deceptive. The tiger's spring is preceded by an ominous tranquillity—the tempest's lull only tells that its fury is about to burst again. Not a murmur passed through the ranks of the British regiment, and yet the leading files of the attacking column rose rapidly over the crest of the sierra, and confronted the defenders. Another minute passed—the head of the column was developed—the enemy were lodged upon the plateau—and then the tempest burst.

The word to advance was given; and with a thrilling hurrah on rushed the 40th with the bayonet. In a moment the leading sections of the French column were annihilated, the supporting ones torn and disordered by a shattering volley, and the whole driven rudely from the height. In vain they were re-formed, and again and again led forward; the cheer, the charge, the volley smote them on the summit, rent their array to pieces, and sent them down the hill. Four times they were urged on, and as often were they bloodily repulsed. At last, heart and strength failed together; and they sullenly receded from a position which the bravery of one glorious regiment had made impregnable.

Thus foiled in his first project, Soult now determined to attempt the allied left, which was in a new position to cover San Sebastian; Hill's corps having reached Lizasso, and Lord Dalhousie's Marcalain, on the 28th. For his new operation the French marshal reinforced Drouet Comte d'Erlon with a division; and early on the 30th occupied in force a mountain ridge opposite the 6th and 7th divisions of the allies; while from the heights, in front of the 3d division, he brought the troops closer to his left.

These movements were penetrated by his opponent; and Lord Wellington determined to dislodge the enemy from the main position, which they held in strength. Picton was accordingly directed to turn its left, by passing the heights recently abandoned by the French marshal, and marching by the road of Roncesvalles; while Lord Dalhousie should manœuvre against the right, by carrying the mountain in front of the 7th division. The 4th division was to assail Foy's position; but owing to its great strength the attack was to be measured according to the effect produced on the flanks. Meanwhile Byng's brigade and the 6th division, the latter having a battery of guns and some squadrons of cavalry, were combined to assault Sorauren. La Bispal's Spaniards followed the 6th division. Fane's horsemen were stationed at Berioplano with a detachment pushed to Irurzun, and the heavy cavalry remained behind Huarte.

If the British fighting had been hitherto remarkable for the lion-like ferocity with which it repelled aggression, its vigour of attack and daring intrepidity as strongly distinguished its irresistibility when assailing. Everywhere the advance against the French position was brilliant and successful. General Inglis, by a daring effort, broke and dispersed, with a much inferior force, two regiments on the right of Clausel's division. Dalhousie cleared the mountain in his front. The 6th division, under Clinton, turned the French position at Sorauren; while Byng's brigade carried the village itself by storm. On perceiving the flank attacks succeed, Cole assaulted the front. There, too, the enemy gave way; and all fell back, followed vigoriously by Lord Wellington, until darkness closed the pursuit at Olague.

That night Soult found himself most critically committed; and it was evident that no chance of extricating his beaten army was left but by falling back on San Estevan, by the pass of Doña Maria, a movement fraught with danger, and most disastrous should it not succeed. A night march was accordingly made; but early on the 31st, the French rear-guard was overtaken, and it formed on the summit of the pass. The

ground was amazingly strong, and the enemy held it with determination; but the impetuous advance of the 2d and 7th divisions could not be checked, and again the beaten army was dislodged. Wellington had pressed on towards Irurita by the pass of Vellatte. Byng had already reached Elisondo, and taken a large convoy of ammunition and provisions, with most of the regiment that formed the escort; and Soult's situation was now so critical, that a terrible disaster was likely to close an expedition that had been marked by a succession of defeats, and accident alone averted it. He was in a deep narrow valley, and three British divisions with one of Spaniards were behind the mountains overlooking the town; the 7th division was on the mountain of Doña Maria; the light division, and Sir Thomas Graham's Spaniards, were marching to block the Vera and Echalar exits from the valley; Byng was already at Maya, and Hill was moving by Almandoz, just behind Wellington's own position. A few hours gained, and the French must surrender or disperse. Wellington gave strict orders to prevent the lighting of fires, the straggling of soldiers, or any other indication of the presence of troops; and he placed himself amongst some rocks at a commanding point, from whence he could observe every movement of the enemy. Soult seemed tranquil, and four of his "gens d'armes" were seen to ride up the valley in a careless manner. Some of the staff proposed to cut them off; the English general, whose object was to hide his own presence, would not suffer it; but the next moment three marauding English soldiers entered the valley, and were instantly carried off by the horsemen. Half an hour afterwards the French drums beat to arms, and their columns began to move out of San Estevan towards Sumbilla. Thus the disobedience of three plundering knaves, unworthy of the name of soldiers, deprived one consummate commander of the most splendid success, and saved another from the most terrible disaster.

From a great calamity fortune had delivered him, but Soult's position was still pregnant with danger. The French had chosen the route leading from the bridge of Yanzi in pre-

ference to the road from Sumbilla to Echalar; and on the latter the light division, now under the command of Baron Alten, had been directed to head their retreat, or elsewhere to cut in upon the column; and Alten, to do this, crossed the Sierra of Santa Cruz, and hurried on to seize the bridge.

The division had already made a distressing march, and to scale a precipitous mountain on a day of intolerable heat, was an attempt almost beyond human perseverance. Famed for its former marches, the light division pressed forward with a courage not to be subdued, but the effort was as splendid as distressing. Many men fell, and died in convulsions and frothing at the mouth, while others, whose spirit and strength had never before been quelled, leaned on their muskets, and muttered in sullen tones that they yielded for the first time.

Late in the day, the leading companies reached the crest of a precipice overhanging the narrow road by which Reille's brigades were seen advancing through the defiles; and as they approached the pass, from the beetling cliff and the underwood below it, the fire of the British riflemen opened with fatal precision, and a scene of suffering and slaughter but rarely witnessed ensued.

"We overlooked," says Captain Cooke, in his narrative, "the enemy at a stone's throw, and from the summit of a tremendous precipice. The river separated us, but the French were wedged in a narrow road, with inaccessible rocks on one side, and the river on the other. Confusion, impossible to describe, followed: the wounded were thrown down in the rush and trampled upon; the cavalry drew their swords, and endeavoured to charge up the pass of Echalar, but the infantry beat them back, and several, horses and all, were precipitated into the river; some fired vertically at us, the wounded called out for quarter, while others pointed to them, supported as they were on branches of trees, on which were suspended greatcoats clotted with gore, and blood-stained sheets, taken from different habitations to aid the sufferers."

The loss of the retreating division was very heavy, although the greater number effected their escape by the road of

Echalar. The bridge, the road, and the ravine were all heaped with the dead and dying; many of the latter having, as it was asserted, been thrown into the river, when every hope of carrying them off seemed desperate.

That night the French marshal halted his wearied and dispirited soldiers round Echalar, and early next morning took a position on the Puerto, with the remnant of Clausel's fine divisions, now reduced to barely six thousand men, posted on a connecting hill between him and the town. Lord Wellington, with three divisions, at once determined to attack the latter, and accordingly the light troops were put in march from Yanzi to turn his right, the fourth moved on Echalar, while the seventh advanced against his left from Sumbilla.

Before either the front or flank attack was made, or even the 4th and light divisions were seen in march, a singular occurrence brought the battle to a close. General Barnes's brigade, alone and unsupported, boldly ascended the mountain, and driving the skirmishers fiercely back, not only continued their advance, but actually forced the French from their position. In war, that exploit remains without a parallel; six thousand veteran soldiers defeated by fifteen hundred men, and in a position so steep and rugged, that there would have been little to boast of if the numbers had been reversed, and the defence made good.

Clausel rallied on a mountain ridge in rear of Echalar. There was much that might have rendered his position tenable for a time, but in the dusk of evening, a part of the light division won the summit of the hill—the last Frenchman was driven, for the second time, across the frontier—and Spain again was free from the invaders.

For nine days the armies had been in each other's presence, and for severe operations and desperate fighting, these days were unexampled. The allied casualties exceeded seven thousand men—and the French, doubling that number by some estimates, and trebling it according to others, might be taken at a mean, and safely set down at fifteen thousand. This was, in a military view, a serious calamity, but in a moral

one, it was still greater. The Spaniards had already gained a reputation for efficiency at Vittoria, and in the combats of the Pyrenees it was gallantly sustained. The Portuguese had long since been accounted "worthy to stand side by side with a British regiment," and they vindicated that character most gloriously. With the English, a superiority over every Continental army was established—for assaulting or assailed, they had proved themselves unconquerable. Well might Wellington afterwards declare, that "with the army which had crossed the Pyrenees, he could do anything, or go anywhere."

After his disastrous failure, Soult cantoned his army in positions best fitted for effecting its reorganisation. His left was placed upon the heights of Ainhoüé, the centre in front of Sarre, the right wing extended from the Bidassoa to the sea, and the reserve was behind the Nivelle. Foy's division was round St. Jean Pied de Port; and the cavalry spread themselves loosely over those parts of the country where forage was most readily obtained.

To Wellington, victory had opened a new line of operations, and many expected that he would have at once adopted it. To carry the war into France was practicable, and that would have given an additional éclat to his recent successes; but he saw that such an attempt would be premature, and that, in case of failure, nothing but an impregnable position could enable him to retain his footing in the Peninsula. With these views the reduction of the frontier fortresses was of paramount importance, and he resumed the siege of San Sebastian, while the blockade of Pamplona was rigorously maintained.

In accordance with this determination, Lord Wellington, with some immaterial changes, resumed his old positions, taking up a line of country extending from Roncesvalles to the mouth of the Bidassoa.

Nothing could be more magnificent than the positions of the British brigades. For many a mile along the extended line of occupation, huts crowning the heights or studding the deep valleys below them, showed the rude dwellings of the mighty mass of human beings collected in that Alpine

country. At night the scene was still more picturesque. The irregular surface of the sierras sparkled with a thousand watch-fires, and the bivouacs of the allies exhibited all the varieties of light and shadow which an artist loves to copy. To the occupants themselves the views obtained from their elevated abodes were grand and imposing. At one time obscured in fog, the hum of voices alone announced that their comrades were beside them, while at another the sun bursting forth in cloudless beauty displayed a varied scene, glorious beyond imagination. At their feet the fertile plains of France presented themselves—above, ranges of magnificent heights towered in majestic grandeur to the skies, and stretched into distance beyond the range of sight. Where it was deemed necessary, the posts were strengthened by field-works, and connected by lateral roads improved by military labour. The left of the allied line was now the vulnerable point, and the reserve was moved accordingly from San Estevan to Lesaca. To the Spanish troops under Carlos d'España the blockade of Pamplona was confided, and the 5th division again invested San Sebastian.

Lord Wellington pressed the siege of the latter fortress with unremitting vigour, and on the 30th of August he was so satisfied with the appearance of the breaches, that he gave orders for their being assaulted next morning; the routes for the troops were prepared, and as the tide would have ebbed sufficiently by eleven o'clock, that hour was named for the storm.

The garrison expected the assault, and they had prepared to receive it. The appearance of the sea-front was deceptive; behind it was a sheer descent of twenty feet, and among the burned houses in its rear, a wall fifteen feet high and loop-holed for musketry, with traverses at each extremity, completely isolated the whole extent of the breaches. The tower of Los Hornos, standing in the centre of the greater breach, was mined and charged with twelve hundred-weight of powder, and at the salient angle of the covered way, close to which the column of attack must pass, two counter-mines were formed and charged for an explosion. Several guns flanked the breaches, and the Mirador battery commanded the whole

space over which the assailants must move to the attack. The column of attack was formed of the 2d brigade of the 5th division, commanded by Major-General Robinson, with an immediate support of detachments of volunteers, and having in reserve the remainder of the 5th division, consisting of Major-General Spry's Portuguese brigade, and the 1st brigade under Major-General Hay, as also the 5th battalion of caçadores of General Bradford's brigade, under Major Hill; the whole under the direction of Lieutenant-General Sir James Leith, commanding the 5th division.

The morning was wet and gloomy, the devoted city was shrouded in mist, and for want of light, the thunder of the British batteries was silent. About eight o'clock the fog cleared away, the roar of artillery was heard, and it was continued with unabated violence until the signal was given for the assault, and the storming parties rushed forward to the breaches.

The assault differed from those of Badajoz and Rodrigo, as it was effected in open day; and it would be difficult to assign the palm to those who held the works or to those who carried them. Never was a place of strength more admirably defended, nor, under more desperate circumstances, more daringly assailed and won.

The besieged had powerful advantages; their littoral communications were uninterrupted to the last; and while the besiegers supposed that the works had been ruined by their artillery, and that the sea-front was naked and defenceless, it had been so strongly retrenched that an assault was nearly hopeless. Fortune, on the other hand, favoured the attack. The counter-mines were prematurely blown up—that under the great breach was never fired, an accidental shot having cut the saucisson, and prevented an explosion which must have annihilated half the column—while the powder-barrels, live shells, and combustible materials which the French had accumulated behind the traverses for their defence, caught fire, a bright consuming flame wrapped the whole of the high curtain, a succession of loud explosions were heard, hundreds of the French grenadiers were destroyed, the rest were thrown into confusion,

and while the ramparts were still involved with suffocating eddies of smoke, the British soldiers broke in at the first traverse. The defenders, bewildered by this terrible disaster, yielded for a moment, yet soon rallied, and a close desperate struggle took place along the summit of the high curtain; but the fury of the stormers, whose numbers increased every moment, could not be stemmed. The French colours on the cavalier were torn away by Lieutenant Gethin of the 11th regiment. The horn-work and the land-front below the curtain, and the loop-holed wall behind the great breach, were all abandoned; the light division soldiers who had already established themselves in the ruins on the French left, immediately penetrated to the streets, and at the same moment the Portuguese, at the small breach, mixed with British who had wandered to that point seeking for an entrance, burst in on their side.

San Sebastian was won. Would that its horrors had ended with its storm, but the scenes that followed were terrible. The sky became suddenly overcast, thunder was heard above the din of battle, and mortal fury mingled with the uproar of the elements. Darkness came on; but houses wrapped in flames lighted the licentious soldiery to plunder, and to acts of violence still more horrible. The storms of Badajoz and Rodrigo were followed by the most revolting excesses, yet they fell infinitely short of those committed after San Sebastian was carried by assault. Some order was at first maintained, but the resolution of the troops to throw off all discipline was quickly made manifest. A British staff-officer was pursued with a volley of small arms, and escaped with difficulty from men who mistook him for the provost-marshal of the 5th division; a Portuguese adjutant who endeavoured to prevent some atrocity was put to death in the market-place, not with sudden violence from a single ruffian, but deliberately by a number of English soldiers. Many officers exerted themselves to preserve order, many men were well conducted, but the rapine and violence commenced by villains soon spread, the camp-followers crowded into the place, and the disorder continued until the

flames, following the steps of the plunderers, put an end to their ferocity by destroying the whole town.

The loss sustained by the victors in the storm of San Sebastian exceeded two thousand men, and had the mines been properly exploded it would no doubt have been twice that amount. The garrison, at the moment of assault, mustered two thousand effective bayonets, of whom many were killed and wounded, and hundreds made prisoners who could not gain the castle after the town had fallen.

It is hardly possible to describe the difficulties which presented themselves to the assailants; for even after the breaches, and the walls and traverses behind them, were carried, the most formidable obstacles were still to be overcome. The principal square and every street presented a succession of retrenchments; but the garrison, dispirited at their previous loss, and being instantaneously attacked in every direction with vigour and determination, were scarcely able to make a momentary stand on any point; and seven hundred having been made prisoners, the remainder took refuge in the castle and the convent of St. Teresa.

The new and daring application of the besiegers' artillery, by which, when all other chances were desperate, the fortress was reduced, is the most striking event attendant on the storm of San Sebastian. The fire of forty-seven heavy guns and howitzers passed over the heads of the assailants, and yet the practice was so beautiful that scarcely a casualty occurred. The effects of this cannonade were terrible. On inspecting the defences it was found that the tremendous enfilade fire on the high curtain, though only maintained for twenty minutes, had dismounted every gun but two. Many of these pieces had their muzzles shot away, and the artillerymen lay mutilated at their stations. Farther, the stone parapets were much damaged, the cheeks of the embrasures knocked off, and the terre-plein cut up and thickly strewed with headless bodies. In short, the whole land-front had, from the effects of the cannonade, been rendered a scene of destruction, desolation, and ruin.

Three days after the assault the interior of the city exhibited a fearful spectacle of the horrors which war and wickedness will produce. The streets were blazing, the troops plundering, and the people of the surrounding country flocking to profit by the spoils of their countrymen. The few inhabitants who were to be seen seemed stupefied with horror; they had suffered so much that they looked with apathy at all around them, and when the crash of a falling house made the captors run, they scarcely moved. Heaps of dead were lying everywhere,—English, Portuguese, and French, one upon another; with such determination had the one side attacked, and the other maintained its ground. Very many of the assailants lay dead on the roofs of the houses which adjoined the breach. The bodies were thrown into the mines and other excavations, and there covered over so as to be out of sight, but so hastily and slightly that the air far and near was tainted; and fires were kindled in the breaches to consume those which could not be otherwise disposed of. The hospital presented a more dreadful scene—for it was a scene of human suffering; friend and enemy had been indiscriminately carried thither, and were there alike neglected;—on the third day after the assault many of them had received neither surgical assistance, nor food of any kind.

Lord Wellington immediately repaired in person to San Sebastian, to adopt the promptest measures for ensuring the reduction of the castle. In the first instance, a powerful bombardment was to be resorted to, in the hope that its garrison would be induced to capitulate, while at the same time breaching batteries were ordered to be erected on the works of the town, to ruin the defences of the place, and render hopeless all chances of success, should the governor push matters to extremity, and venture to abide an assault. The mortar fire was accordingly opened, and it continued with unabated fury until noon on the 3d of September, when General Rey sent out a flag of truce, and made propositions to surrender. The terms he demanded were considered by Lord Wellington inadmissible, and the bombardment was consequently renewed.

On the 4th a quantity of combustibles and gunpowder accidentally exploded; and as the town had been fired during the assault, and the flames had never been got under afterwards, the houses blazed now with such increased violence, that it was difficult to carry forward the approaches. A moderate mortar fire, however, was kept up on the castle, with occasionally a general salvo from all the mortars.

On the 5th, the convent of Santa Teresa was taken; and as the conflagration raged with unabated fury, the troops were obliged to fall back to the ramparts. On the night of the 7th, the breaching batteries being completed and armed, such of the steeples and houses that remained unburned were loop-holed for musketry, and all was prepared for an assault—and at ten o'clock next morning, the fire of fifty-nine pieces of artillery opened with an appalling crash. By a preconcerted signal, the fire commenced from every point at the same moment, and was so extremely rapid and well directed, and of so overpowering a nature, that the castle scarcely returned a single shot. After about two hours' firing, a great impression being made on the wall of the Mirador and of battery De-la-Reyna, the governor beat the *chamade*, and after some negotiation agreed to surrender his garrison prisoners of war.

On the morning of the 10th the garrison accordingly filed out of the castle; and the scene was painfully interesting. The British regiments were drawn out upon the ramparts, the Portuguese formed in the streets, the bands occasionally played, the sun shone brilliantly, and yet, in effect, the spectacle was melancholy. All around told too faithfully the horrors that attend a siege. Crumbling walls and falling roofs nearly blocked up the streets; and fire and rapine seemed to have gone hand in hand in ruining this unfortunate city. Other appearances silently indicated the extent to which military licentiousness had arisen—for a gallows was standing in the Plaza, the halberts were erected, and the provost's guard was in attendance.

At noon, the French garrison marched out of the castle gate with the customary honours of war. At its head, with

sword drawn and firm step, appeared General Rey, accompanied by Colonel Songeon and the officers of his staff; as a token of respect, he was saluted as he passed. The old general dropped his sword in return to the civilities of the British officers, and leading the remains of his brave battalions to the glacis, there deposited their arms, with a well-founded confidence of having nobly done his duty, and persevered to the utmost in an energetic and brilliant defence.

The fortress had been most ably defended—held out even when a hope was over that any accident could relieve it, and until the last pound of horse-flesh had been consumed. Yet the terrible repulse which the garrison had inflicted upon the assailants in the first storm, inspired a confidence that continued unshaken, until the *chamade* was beaten, and the terms of an almost unconditional surrender were carried into execution.

Many of the French soldiers wept bitterly; there was a marked sadness in the countenances of all, and they laid down their arms in silence. The commandant of the place had been uniformly attentive to the officers who had been prisoners. When this kindness was now acknowledged, he said that he had been twice a prisoner in England; that he had been fifty years in the service, and on the 15th of the passing month he should have received his dismission; he was now sixty-six, he said, an old man, and should never serve again; and if he might be permitted to retire into France instead of being sent into England, he should be the happiest of men. Sir Thomas Graham wrote to Lord Wellington in favour of the kind-hearted old man; and it may be believed that the application was not made in vain.

CHAPTER XI.

PASSAGE OF THE BIDASSOA—BATTLES OF THE NIVELLE AND THE NIVE—BATTLES OF ORTHES AND THOULOUSE—RETURN TO ENGLAND.

NO better proof could be adduced to establish the military talents of Lord Wellington than his success in executing the daring and difficult operation of crossing the Bidassoa, in the presence of an opponent like Marshal Soult, whose circumspection was equal to his ability. The passage of the Douro had always been considered as ranking among the foremost exploits of the allied general; but that of the Bidassoa equalled it in boldness of conception, and probably surpassed it, if the superior style is recollected in which its beautiful combinations were carried into execution.

By the assistance of Spanish fishermen, Lord Wellington ascertained that below the bridge the river could be forded at low water, and that, too, at three different points. These sands were broad; the tide rose sixteen feet; the whole left bank of the Bidassoa was overlooked by the enemy's position, and therefore, the difficulty of collecting troops close to the river unobserved was manifest. Success depended on the rapid execution of the attack; and a check would have been tantamount to a terrible defeat, because in two hours the returning tide would come with a swallowing flood upon the rear.

The daring of the design, the hazard attendant on the slightest failure, the unlikelihood that a commander, having a

better line of operations, would pass such a river as the Bidassoa at its mouth, deceived the French general. Meanwhile his lieutenants were negligent. Of Reille's two divisions, La Martinière's, now commanded by General Boyer, was at the camp of Urogne, and on the morning of the 7th was dispersed as usual to labour at the works; Villatte's reserve was at Ascain and Serres; the five thousand men composing Maucune's division were indeed on the first line, but unexpectant of an attack; and though the works on the Mandale were finished, and those at Biriatu in a forward state, from the latter to the sea they were scarcely commenced.

While Wellington's combinations were sufficiently marked to excite suspicion, they were so admirably confused with false movements, that Soult was completely misled. As if fortune had determined to smile upon the bold attempt, at nightfall a storm was seen collecting on the Haya, the Alpine height which overlooked the low grounds where the columns for the assault were to be collected. Thunder rolled, and drowned with its louder peals the noise of bringing artillery into position; and at daylight it burst with all its fury upon the right bank of the river, and the columns remained undiscovered. From the contiguity of the opposite bank, the French pickets were occasionally overheard; and although an enemy, in imposing force, was immediately in their front, their presence was unknown, and their object unsuspected.

Nothing could be more perfect than Lord Wellington's dispositions. The tents were standing, and every camp seemed quiet. At last the hour arrived when the tide had fallen sufficiently, and two heavy columns issued simultaneously from their concealment—one taking the ford pointing towards the heights of Andaya, and the other moving in rapid march directly against the French position at Sans Culottes. The astonishment of the enemy was great. The columns in safety had crossed the centre of the river; then rose a rocket from the steeple of Fuentarabia, and the thunder of the guns already in position on San Marcial answered the preconcerted signal. Another column advanced

by the ford of Jonco; others crossed by the upper ones; and from the mountain ridges, the grand movement of attack at seven distinct points was visible; the troops above the bridge plunging at once into the fiery contest, and those below it appearing in the distance like huge sullen snakes winding over the heavy sands.

The combats which followed prove that to determined valour no difficulties are insurmountable. Nature had provided her strongest means of defence; everywhere rocks, and torrents, and ravines, barred the progress of the assailants; and if an easier surface occasionally presented itself, art had been skilfully employed to render it impracticable. Nothing, however, could stay the victorious attacks of the Allies; and partial checks seemed only to act as stimulants to more desperate exertions. The success with which the allied divisions had held their own mountain posts against the troops who now confronted them, told them what desperate resistance might be expected in assaulting veteran soldiers, established on Alpine heights, and fighting on their native soil. Day after day, for more than a month, entrenchment had risen over entrenchment, covering the vast slopes of mountains which were scarcely accessible from their natural steepness and asperity. This they could see, yet cared neither for the growing strength of the works, the height of the mountains, nor the breadth of the river with its heavy sands, and its mighty rushing tide; all were despised, and while they marched with this confident valour, it was observed that the French fought in defence of their dizzy steeps with far less fierceness than when, striving against insurmountable obstacles, they attempted to storm the lofty rocks of Sorauren. Continual defeats had lowered their spirit, but the feebleness of the defence on this occasion may be traced to another cause. It was a general's, not a soldier's battle. Wellington had with overmastering combinations overwhelmed each point of attack. Taupin's and Maucune's divisions were each less than five thousand strong; and they were separately assailed, the first by eighteen, the second by fifteen thousand men; and at neither point were

Reille and Clausel able to bring their reserves into action before the positions were won.

Never had the allied troops fought better. They had immense difficulties to overcome; but the combinations of their general were masterly, and the subordinate officers led their battalions to each assault with that brave determination which inspires soldiers with such confidence that nothing can bar their success. Many displays of heroism were exhibited; and there was one of ready boldness, which gained the good fortune it deserved. The French garrison had abandoned a strong field-work which covered the right of the Bayonette ridge, and were observed by Colonel Colborne hurrying off in evident confusion. He galloped forward, attended by his own staff and a handful of the 95th, intercepted them in their retreat, and desired them to surrender. Believing that the colonel was in advance of a force too strong to be resisted, the order was instantly obeyed, and three hundred men threw down their arms, and were made prisoners by a body not exceeding twenty. Officers of every rank and age showed to their followers an example of dauntless intrepidity.

The Bidassoa crossed, all was ready for an immediate invasion of France, but the cautious English general would not advance until the event so long expected at last occurred, and a despatch from Carlos d'España announced the surrender of Pamplona. For four months that fortress had been resolutely defended; and although the sound of Soult's artillery had been heard by the garrison he had been so anxious to relieve, the diversion was utterly unavailing. Cassan's sorties were boldly made and boldly repelled; and at the cost of above an hundred men, a trifling quantity of corn was with difficulty obtained. In October, the garrison were put upon an allowance of four ounces of horseflesh to each man. In a week that too failed; every domestic animal had been consumed; rats were eagerly sought for, and weeds supplied the place of vegetables. A feeble sally was made upon the 10th, but it was repulsed with a loss of eighty men. Disease generally accompanies famine —scurvy broke out—a thousand men were reported to be in

the hospital, as many were wounded, and death and desertion had lessened the garrison by six hundred. In these desperate circumstances, Cassan, the governor, sent out to offer to surrender, provided he was allowed to retire into France with six pieces of artillery. A peremptory rejection of this condition was followed by a proposition that the soldiers should not serve for a year. This, too, being refused, it was intimated to the Spanish general, that after blowing up the works, Cassan would imitate Brennier at Almeida, and trust to fortune and gallantry for the deliverance of his exhausted garrison. This proceeding on the part of the French governor was so repugnant to the rules of war, that a letter was conveyed to his advanced post, denouncing the attempt as inhuman, involving in a desperate experiment the destruction of unfortunate beings who had already borne the horrors of a siege, with an assurance that should it be attempted, the governor and officers would be shot, and the private soldiers decimated. Most probably the threat of mining the city had been merely used to obtain more favourable terms, and neither was the abominable experiment made, nor the terrible retaliation which would have followed required. On the 31st of October the garrison surrendered, and the finest fortress on the Peninsula became thus a bloodless conquest.

Winter rapidly came on; and to remain upon those Alpine heights, indifferently sheltered, and more insecurely supplied, was almost impossible. Already the hardships of the season were painfully experienced; and men and horses at times were threatened with actual starvation. Communications between distant posts, difficult in good weather, were now almost impracticable; and bivouacs, in summer agreeable enough, became every day more dreary and uncomfortable.

The wearisome duties of guard and fatigue, and the sufferings from frost and sleet, tried the patience, and shook the constancy, of the worst soldiers. Oftentimes as the chill mist upon the mountains was for a few hours dissipated by the sun or wind, the plains of France were seen spread below; and the eye of the longing sentinel, freezing at his post, could discern

the smoke of towns and villages, and scattered homesteads, lying in pleasant and warm valleys, all green with verdure, or golden with corn. Thus many an idle rover, without principle to endure to the end, was tempted away, and deserted to the plains below.

No trial is more severe upon the moral character of the soldier, than a state of inaction in the field, when accompanied by tiresome duties and severe privations. Many a brave man, who in the presence of an enemy would only abandon his colours with his life, under these circumstances loses spirit and principle, and alike regardless of the impulses of honour and the obligation of his oath, adopts a desperate resolution, and in despair goes over to the enemy. Desertion at this period had risen to an alarming height; and every exertion of Lord Wellington to arrest the crime had been tried and found unavailing.

The severity of the weather and the protracted defence of Pamplona obliged the allied general to suspend an attack, originally designed to have been made on the 29th of October, upon the enemy's fortified positions; and Soult, already apprised of the intention, employed the interval until the 10th of November in strengthening his camp by additional field-works and abattis. On the 6th and 7th the weather cleared, and the 8th was named for the attack; but as usual the Spanish divisions were unprepared—their commissariat had failed—and Lord Wellington was obliged to spare from his own stores 40,000 rations of flour for them. On the 9th, heavy rains rendered the roads impassable; but on the 10th a beautiful morning opened on a glorious day, and 90,000 combatants of all arms and ranks, above 74,000 being Anglo-Portuguese, descended to the battle, and with them went ninety-five pieces of artillery, which, under the command of Colonel Dickson, were all with inconceivable vigour and activity brought into action.

Never were Lord Wellington's dispositions more fortunate in conception and effect. Before daybreak, the columns were within pistol-shot of the works they were to assault, and the enemy were ignorant that any force was in their front more formidable than the ordinary pickets. The darkness gradually gave place to morning. Three guns pealed from the mountain

heights of Atchubia; and before their smoke had cleared away, the columns of attack issued from their concealment,—and the battle of the Nivelle commenced.

"The attack began at daylight," wrote Lord Wellington; "and Lieutenant-General Sir Lowry Cole having obliged the enemy to evacuate the redoubt on their right in front of Sarre by a cannonade, and that in front of the left of that village having been likewise evacuated on the approach of the 7th division under General Le Cor to attack it, Lieutenant-General Sir Lowry Cole attacked and possessed himself of the village itself, which was turned on its left by the 3d division, under Major-General the Hon. C. Colville; and on its right, by the reserve of Andalusia under Don P. A. Giron; and Major-General C. Baron Alten carried the positions on La Petite Rhune. The whole then co-operated in the attack of the enemy's main position behind the village. The 3d and 7th divisions immediately carried the redoubts on the left of the enemy's centre, and the light division those on the right, while the 4th division with the reserve of Andalusia on their left, attacked their positions in their centre. By these attacks the enemy were obliged to abandon their strong positions which they had fortified with much care and labour; and they left in the principal redoubt on the height the 1st battalion 88th regiment, which immediately surrendered.

"While these operations were going on in the centre, I had the pleasure of seeing the 6th division, under Lieutenant-General Sir H. Clinton, after having crossed the Nivelle, and having driven in the enemy's pickets on both banks, and having covered the passage of the Portuguese division under Lieutenant-General Sir John Hamilton on its right, make a most handsome attack upon the right of the enemy's position behind Ainhoüé and on the right of the Nivelle, and carry all the entrenchments, and the redoubt on that flank. Lieutenant-General Sir John Hamilton supported, with the Portuguese division, the 6th division on its right; and both co-operated in the attack of the second redoubt, which was immediately carried.

"Major-General Pringle's brigade of the 2d division, under

the command of Lieutenant-General Sir W. Stewart, drove in the enemy's pickets on the Nivelle and in front of Ainhoüé, and Major-General Byng's brigade of the 2d division carried the entrenchments and a redoubt farther on the enemy's left, in which attack the Major-General and these troops distinguished themselves. Major-General Morillo covered the advance of the whole to the heights behind Ainhoüé, by attacking the enemy's posts on the slopes of Mondarrain, and following them towards Itsassu. The troops on the heights behind Ainhoüé were, by these operations under the direction of Lieutenant-General Sir Rowland Hill, forced to retire towards the bridge of Cambo, on the Nive, with the exception of the division on Mondarrain, which by the march of a part of the 2d division, under Lieutenant-General Sir William Stewart, was pushed into the mountains towards Baygorry.

"As soon as the heights were carried on both banks of the Nivelle, I directed the 3d and 7th divisions, being the right of our centre, to move by the left of that river upon St. Pé, and the 6th division by the right of the river on the same place, while the 4th and light divisions, and General Giron's reserve, held the heights above Ascain, and covered this movement on that side, and Lieutenant-General Sir Rowland Hill covered it on the other. A part of the enemy's troops had retired from their centre, and had crossed the Nivelle at St. Pé; and as soon as the 6th division approached, the 3d division, under Major-General the Hon. C. Colville, and the 7th division, under General Le Cor, crossed that river, and attacked, and immediately gained possession of, the heights beyond it. We were thus established in the rear of the enemy's right; but so much of the day was now spent, that it was impossible to make any further movement; and I was obliged to defer our further operations till the following morning.

"The enemy evacuated Ascain in the afternoon, of which village Lieutenant-General Don Manuel Freyre took possession, and quitted all their works and positions in front of St. Jean de Luz during the night, and retired upon Bidart, destroying all the bridges on the lower Nivelle. Lieutenant-General Sir

John Hope followed them with the left of the army as soon as he could cross the river; and Marshal Sir W. Beresford moved the centre of the army as far as the state of the roads, after a violent fall of rain, would allow; and the enemy retired again on the night of the 11th into an entrenched camp in front of Bayonne."

Covered by the night, the Duke of Dalmatia fell back to a position in front of Bidart; and the French division at Ascain retired also, abandoning that place to the Spaniards, who immediately occupied it with Longa's corps. The allied pursuit commenced early next day; but Sir John Hope was delayed by heavy rains and broken bridges, while the dreadful state of the roads completely impeded Marshal Beresford's advance, who had pushed forward after Soult from St. Pé, with a corps from the centre of the Allies.

Soult's escape in the recent conflict from far greater losses than he had sustained, was entirely owing to the badness of the roads, which had rendered rapid movements on the part of the Allies impossible. Had Lord Wellington been enabled to push his successful operations with his customary rapidity, the French right wing must have been compromised, and it would have been either taken or cut to pieces. Nor, with this fortunate deliverance from a great calamity, was Soult's danger at an end. The entrenched camp at Bayonne was unfinished; and at Cambo, the bridge-head on the left was ill constructed, and on the right it was scarcely traced out. Hence, though he reinforced Foy with D'Erlon's division, the Nive would have proved a feeble barrier, and Wellington, with an army in high condition and flushed with recent victories, would have borne down any opposition which dispirited soldiers and an inferior force could have offered him. But the country and the weather favoured the regressive movements of the French marshal. The two great roads were still commanded by the French; and the bye-roads were so terribly cut up that the cavalry were knee-deep, and no exertions could get artillery forward. On the 11th the rain came down in torrents; and the morning of the 12th was foggy—the

advance of the Allies was, consequently, interrupted; and the beaten army had thus ample time allowed them to take up positions on the Nive, and occupy the camp at Bayonne.

Lord Wellington had felt considerable inconvenience from the narrow space afforded for the occupation of his army, as a surface far more extended than that which he possessed, was requisite for the subsistence of nearly nine thousand horsemen and one hundred pieces of artillery; and he had consequently determined to force the passage of the Nive, although to establish an army on both sides of a navigable river, whose communications were at all times bad, and occasionally totally interrupted by winter floods, with an enemy in front possessing excellent roads and well-fortified positions, was certainly a daring resolution. From the 11th to the 20th of November incessant rains prevented the intended movements; but Hill's threatening advance on the 16th, having alarmed the enemy and caused them to destroy the bridge of Cambo, Lord Wellington brought forward his left wing to those heights between Bidart and Biarritz, which cross the Bayonne road in front of the Chateau de Barouillet. Half a league to the right, the plateau and village of Arcangues were occupied by the light division—and farther on, the 6th division were posted at Arauntz, with their right upon the river. The remaining divisions were placed *en potence* on the left of the Nive, and occupied Ustaritz and Cambo.

During the short term of inaction which the inclemency of the weather had occasioned, one of those periods of conventional civility, which not unfrequently occurred during the Peninsular campaigns, took place between the French and allied outposts. "A disposition," says Quartermaster Surtees, "had for some time been gaining ground with both armies, to mitigate the miseries of warfare, as much as was consistent with each doing their duty to their country; and it had by this time proceeded to such an extent, as to allow us to place that confidence in them that they would not molest us even if we passed their outposts."

Lord Wellington, however, discountenanced those friendly

relations, where the arrangements were so perfectly amicable, that the parties not only took charge of love-letters, but even "plundered in perfect harmony."

"Before this order was issued, the most unbounded confidence subsisted between us, and which it was a pity to put a stop to, except for such weighty reasons. They used to get us such things as we wanted from Bayonne, particularly brandy, which was cheap and plentiful; and we in return gave them occasionally a little tea, of which some of them had learnt to be fond. Some of them also, who had been prisoners of war in England, sent letters through our army-post to their sweethearts in England, our people receiving the letters and forwarding them."

On the 7th of December orders were issued to the generals of division for forcing the passage of the Nive, and the 9th was named for its execution.

"I had determined to pass the Nive," Lord Wellington wrote, "immediately after the passage of the Nivelle, but was prevented by the bad state of the roads, and the swelling of all the rivulets occasioned by the fall of rain in the beginning of that month; but the state of the weather and roads having at length enabled me to collect the materials, and make the preparations for forming bridges for the passage of that river, I moved the troops out of their cantonments on the 8th, and ordered that the right of the army, under Lieutenant-General Sir Rowland Hill, should pass on the 9th at and in the neighbourhood of Cambo, while Marshal Sir William Beresford should favour and support this operation by passing the 6th division, under Lieutenant-General Sir H. Clinton, at Ustaritz. Both operations succeeded completely. The enemy were immediately driven from the right bank of the river, and retired towards Bayonne by the great road of St. Jean Pied de Port. Those posted opposite Cambo were nearly intercepted by the 6th division; and one regiment was driven from the road, and obliged to march across the country.

"On the 10th in the morning the enemy moved out of the entrenched camp with their whole army, with the exception

only of what occupied the works opposite to Sir Rowland Hill's position, and drove in the pickets of the light division and of Sir John Hope's corps, and made a most desperate attack upon the post of the former at the chateau and church of Arcangues, and upon the advanced posts of the latter on the high road from Bayonne to St. Jean de Luz, near the mayor's house of Biarritz. Both attacks were repulsed in the most gallant style by the troops, and Sir John Hope's corps took about 500 prisoners. The brunt of the action with Sir John Hope's advanced post fell upon the 1st Portuguese brigade, under Major-General A. Campbell, which was on duty, and upon Major-General Robinson's brigade of the 5th division, which moved up to its support.

"When the night closed, the enemy were still in large force in front of our posts, on the ground from which they had driven the pickets. They retired, however, during the night from Lieutenant-General Sir John Hope's front, leaving small posts, which were immediately driven in. They still occupied in force the bridge on which the pickets of the light division had stood, and it was obvious that the whole army was still in front of our left; and about three in the afternoon, they again drove in Lieutenant-General Sir John Hope's pickets, and attacked his post. They were again repulsed with considerable loss. The attack was re-commenced on the morning of the 12th, with the same want of success. The 1st division, under Major-General Howard, having relieved the 5th division, the enemy discontinued it in the afternoon, and retired entirely within the entrenched camp on that night. They never renewed the attack on the post of the light division after the 10th."

To particularise the gallantry of the divisions severally engaged, would be to detail again the battles as they progressed. Never had Lord Wellington more cause to eulogise the matchless bravery of his troops, nor better reason to bear an honourable testimony to the merits of his lieutenants. Throughout these protracted combats Sir John Hope not only exhibited the prompt resources which meet every con-

tingency incident to a battle, but when an unexpected pressure required additional exertion to encourage troops, few in number and unsupported for a time, to maintain their ground against an overwhelming force that threatened them, the British general was foremost in the fight, and the marvel was how one, whose person was so distinguished and exposed, could have survived that sanguinary contest. Sir John Hope was slightly wounded in the leg and shoulder, had two horses disabled, his clothes were cut with bullets, and his hat four times struck. No wonder that Lord Wellington, when alluding in one of his letters to the ability of his favourite general, added —"But we must lose him; he exposes himself so terribly."

Lord Wellington, perceiving the cessation of attacks on his left, guessed that Marshal Soult was concentrating all his forces for an attack on General Hill, and ordered the 6th division to his assistance, but the victory was won before it arrived.

Had Sir Rowland Hill been still a nameless soldier, the battle of the 13th would have established him at once as an officer of high pretensions. On the heights of St. Pierre, he found himself, with 13,600 men, and fourteen pieces of artillery; in his front assailed by seven infantry divisions, mustering 35,000 bayonets; in his rear, threatened by the corps of General Paris and the cavalry under Pierre Soult. Never did a general fight a battle against greater odds, or achieve a bolder victory!

Ashworth's Portuguese brigade bore the brunt of the opening attack; and although the 71st, with two guns, and afterwards the 50th, were sent to their support, the whole were driven back, and their position won.

Under the brow of the height the 92d were formed. Instantly General Barnes led them forward, scattered the light troops who would have checked him, and charged and repulsed the column. But the French guns opened—their horse artillery commenced a close fire—a second column came forward with imposing steadiness—and the 92d fell back, and re-formed behind the high ground.

Happily, a thick hedge covered the front of the Portuguese, and the wood upon the right was occupied by some companies of their caçadores with a wing of the 50th, who held it against every effort of the enemy. The French had already put their grand column in march; and when the occurrence might have been fatal, two British colonels compromised the safety of their posts, and withdrew their regiments out of fire!

Hill observed that Foy's and Maransin's divisions, after clearing the deep roads which had impeded them, were about to come to the assistance of Abbé, and therefore the battle must be won or lost upon a cast. He quitted the height where he had been posted; halted the Buffs—sent them again into action—and led back the 71st himself. Promptly employing his reserve, he directed one brigade of Le Cor's against D'Armagnac, and led the other in person against Abbé. In the meantime the wood was bravely held, and the 92d again formed behind the village of St. Pierre, and again came on to dare a combat with a column in numbers five times its superior. But, strange to say, the challenge was declined. A mounted officer who headed the enemy waved his sword, and turned the French about; there was no pursuit; and the column retired across the valley, and resumed the position from which it had originally advanced.

The action of St. Pierre lasted but a few hours; and on a space not exceeding a square mile, five thousand men were lying, killed and wounded. When Lord Wellington rode up, one rapid glance across the battle-ground told how furiously the attack had been made, and with what stern bravery it had been repelled on every point; and seizing his lieutenant's hand, he exclaimed, while his eyes sparkled with delight, "My dear Hill, the day's your own!" Never was a compliment more happily paid to skill and courage. It was delivered upon a field heaped with the corpses of the beaten enemy—the columns of attack were seen receding from a last effort, as vainly made, and as bloodily repulsed, as those desperate trials with which Soult throughout the day had hoped to shake the enduring valour of the Allies—and prouder honour!

it issued from the lips of him on whose breath the fate of battles hung, and whose footsteps victory had attended.

Lord Wellington had determined not to rest, and to recommence his operations so soon as the weather would permit his troops to move. After his last defeat, Marshal Soult had established the centre of his army on the right of the Adour, reaching to Port de Lande. His left extended along the right bank of the Bidouze to St. Palais, on the left of which place two cavalry divisions were posted, while St. Jean Pied de Port was strongly garrisoned, partly by regular troops, and partly by national guards. The right wing, under Reille, occupied the entrenched camp at Bayonne; Drouet commanded on the Adour, Clausel on the Bidouze, and Harispe at St. Jean Pied de Port.

In the interval of inaction which the severity of the weather rendered unavoidable, Soult had received large reinforcements; and the strength and composition of the army of the south was considered so formidable by Napoleon, as to warrant his removing two divisions of infantry, Treilhard's cavalry, and several batteries, to enable him the better to withstand the threatened march of the allied monarchs on the capital. Towards the end of December, some slight affairs occurred on the Joyeuse and the Arran, ending, as those attacks usually do, by both parties remaining in the possession of the ground they had before held, with little loss on either side. The weather still continued wet and stormy; the rivers were full—the roads impracticable—and while it was impossible for Lord Wellington to move, his opponent employed himself in securing, by artificial defences, a country whose natural strength was remarkable. Protected on his right flank by the entrenched camp and fortress of Bayonne, and on his left by St. Jean Pied de Port, the French marshal secured the bridges at Guiche, Bidache, and Came, by *têtes-de-pont*. In the rear, was the fortress of Navarreins on the Gave d'Oleron; and, still more retired, Hastingues and Oyergave on the Gave de Pau, were placed in a condition of defence. Peyrehorade was also fortified—while in the rear of all, Dax was carefully intrenched, and made the grand depot for the army.

The position occupied by Soult's army was in every respect well chosen, whether for aggression or defence. His wings were well advanced; but their respective flanks were safely rested, and each upon a fortress; while, in the centre, the command of the Adour and Gave de Pau enabled the French marshal to concentrate there in force, thus giving him a mass of troops in hand, ready for an offensive movement when any opportunity might occur; while from his lateral communications, he could repel a flank attack with celerity and effect.

That the French marshal should have remained on the defensive, at least until Suchet joined him from Catalonia, was undoubtedly the best course he could have adopted. The blockade of Bayonne would necessarily require a large detachment from the allied army — and to the remainder, Soult was still numerically equal. Hence, had the allied general endeavoured to force the French centre, he would have had the bulk of Soult's army, everywhere intrenched, to overcome; while, if he ventured a flank movement, his own communications with St. Jean de Luz must have been seriously endangered.

These considerations induced Lord Wellington to threaten the right of the French army on the Adour, while, by one of his own bold and admirable efforts, he should force their left from the base of the Pyrenees, and thus compromise the security of the whole position, and cause Bayonne to be left to its fate.

On the 14th January 1814, he therefore moved forward his right under the command of Sir Rowland Hill, and on the 15th drove General Harispe from his strong position at Garris. The combat at Garris was obstinately maintained; Harispe being anxious to hold his position in advance of the Bidouze, while Lord Wellington was equally determined to force that river before Soult could strengthen its defences. The brunt of the action fell upon Pringle's brigade. Evening had set in. The French were in force upon a bold hill in front, and Lord Wellington briefly intimated that it must be carried before dark.

[illegible] was gallantly obeyed. The 29th, headed by Colonel O'Callaghan, and led by General Pringle, plunged into a wooded ravine which wound round the crest of the mountain, and on which 4000 Frenchmen were embattled. The 28th regiment followed closely in support, and the wild cheering of both apprised Harispe that the storm of war was coming. The 29th gained the height, wheeled into line, and prepared to sweep the mountain of the enemy, while they, perceiving with surprise the inferior numbers of their assailants, charged resolutely back, and, unchecked by the volley which received them, came boldly forward with the bayonet. Twice they tried that formidable weapon, and twice they experienced its deadly effect when wielded by a British arm. O'Callaghan fought at the head of his regiment, received two wounds, and on each occasion laid his opponent dead. Seeing that his centre was threatened by the Portuguese, and the Spaniards were moving to cut off his retreat, Harispe declined a further contest, and crossing the Bidouze, broke the bridges, and favoured by darkness and the heavy marching of Morillo's corps, he succeeded in gaining St. Palais.

When Lord Wellington found that a passage of the Adour was not practicable, owing to the stormy weather which prevailed, he confided that important operation to Sir John Hope, and rapidly returned to the right to force the Gaves, an attempt that proved eminently successful, and led to one of his noblest victories—that of Orthes.

As Bayonne was left to its own strength, preparations had been completed for establishing a bridge below the town, and investing the citadel immediately the passage of the river should be effected. A bend in the course of the Adour concealed one part of the stream, about three hundred yards in width, from the view of the city; and though the river had a strong current, subject to sudden floods, with a strong tide-way, exposed to the heavy swell that crossed its shifting sand-bar, by the skill of the engineers and the daring gallantry of British sailors, the bridge was rapidly thrown across a stream, dangerous in itself and overlooked by a camp and fortress,

with but slight loss, and on the following morning the city of Bayonne was regularly invested.

While the operations of the allied left wing were thus fortunately executed, those of the right and centre proved equally successful.

The preparatory movements of the corps under Beresford, Hill, and Picton, had rendered the strong positions taken by the French marshal on the Gave d'Oleron and Gave de Pau untenable; and as it was indispensable for the preservation of his magazines that Soult should abide a battle, he determined to hold the Bordeaux road, and accordingly concentrated his army at Orthes.

The position had every advantage for defence. The left and centre were particularly strong—the former, indeed, almost unassailable; while the right, although it could be turned, would require extended movements, which must of necessity be dangerous in their execution, both from the difficulty of the ground the troops must traverse, and from the facility with which an army well in hand could be brought to bear on any point that accident might weaken.

The left wing of the Allies commenced the battle seriously about nine o'clock, although from daylight a partial fusillade had been kept up between the light troops, occasionally varied by the booming of artillery. While the 3d and 6th divisions carried the lower grounds against which they had been directed, the 4th had won the village of St. Boes, and endeavoured by desperate fighting to gain a footing on the open ground behind it.

Five times breaking through the scattered houses did Ross carry his battle into the wider space beyond; yet, ever as the troops issued forth, the French guns from the open hill smote them in front, and the reserved battery on the Dax road swept through them with grape from flank to flank. And then Taupin's supporting masses rushed forwards with a wasting fire, and lapping the flanks with skirmishers, which poured along the ravines on either hand, forced the shattered columns back into the village. It was in vain that with

desperate valour the Allies, time after time, broke through the narrow way, and struggled to spread a front beyond. Ross fell dangerously wounded; and Taupin, whose troops were clustered thickly and well supported, defied their utmost efforts. Nor was Soult less happy on the other side. The nature of the ground would not permit the 3d and 6th divisions to engage many men at once, so that no progress was made; and one small detachment which Picton extended to his left, having made an attempt to gain the smaller tongue jutting out from the central hill, was suddenly charged, as it neared the summit, by Foy, and driven down again in confusion, losing several prisoners.

Finding that the left attack had not succeeded, Lord Wellington detached a caçadore battalion to clear Ross's right flank from the skirmishers that had annoyed it. But the Portuguese brigade was already broken and driven back, and the village cleared of the British troops, and again occupied by the enemy. On every side the attack had failed, for beyond a given point the assailants had never been able to advance—and now, disordered and repulsed, nothing appeared wanting but for the French marshal to push forward his reserves, and seize a decisive victory.

But the lion was in the path. Wellington had galloped forward to direct the movements of his left wing personally; and now, in the thickest of the fire, he suddenly changed the plan of attack, and with that rapidity of conception which, with him, had turned the fortunes of so many fields, he instantly changed his dispositions.

Directing Walker's division (the 7th) and Barnard's light brigade against the left of the height, where the French right united with the centre, he supported their attack by an advance of the 3d and 6th divisions, which previously had remained unengaged, until Beresford's operations should be demonstrated. In a moment, the face of the battle was changed. The furious assault of the light brigade bore down resistance, and gained the crest of the hill. The 52d bore right against a French battalion which connected the

divisions of Foy and D'Armagnac, and at the same time Picton and Clinton were moving on their flank. On both sides the musketry was close and destructive. Two generals, Bechand and Foy, were carried from the field; and troops, so lately confident of victory, as suddenly became shaken and discouraged. Indeed, the storm had so strangely burst from an unexpected quarter, for the march of the 52d had been hardly perceived save by the skirmishers, that the enemy got into confusion, and the disorder spreading to Reille's wing, he also was forced to fall back and take a new position to restore his line of battle. The narrow pass behind St. Boes was thus opened, and Wellington, seizing the critical moment, thrust the 4th and 7th divisions, Vivian's cavalry, and two batteries of artillery through, and spread a front beyond.

Instantly D'Armagnac's position was crowned by a British battery, whose fire swept through the columns exposed to their cannonade, and rent these heavy masses into pieces. In vain the French cavalry charged the English guns. The fire of the 42d repulsed them—the 3d division fought with its customary determination—Inglis's brigade charged with the bayonet; and Soult, seeing the ground was not to be recovered, commenced an orderly retreat, although but a brief space before his movements had indicated the advance that leads to victory.

How rapidly the fortunes of a battle alter! Immediately after he had changed his dispositions for attack, Lord Wellington ordered Hill's corps to force the bridge of Orthes, an order which was promptly executed. Comprehending in a moment how matters went, Hill, when he crossed the Gave, pushed rapidly forward by a parallel ridge, to that by which Soult must retire his beaten army to Sault de Navailles. The French retreat had already commenced, and nothing could be more soldierly than the steadiness with which it was conducted, as the whole *corps d'armée* fell back by échelons of divisions, each covering the movements of the other, and holding by turns the different positions which the ground they crossed presented.

In this manner the French yielded, step by step, and without confusion, the allies advancing with an incessant deafening musketry and cannonade, yet losing many men, especially on the right, where the 3d division were very strongly opposed. However, as the danger of being cut off at Salespice by Hill became more imminent, the retrograde movements were more hurried and confused; Hill seeing this, quickened his pace, until at last both sides began to run violently, and so many men broke from the French ranks, making across the fields towards the fords, and such a rush was necessarily made by the rest to gain the bridge of Sault de Navailles, that the whole country was covered with scattered bands. Sir Stapleton Cotton then breaking through, with Lord Edward Somerset's hussars, a small covering body opposed to him by Harispe, sabred two or three hundred men; and the 7th Hussars cut off about two thousand who threw down their arms in an enclosed field; yet, some confusion or mismanagement occurring, the greatest part recovering their weapons escaped, and rallied again at the Luy of Bearn.

Never did a beaten army escape the worst consequences of a rout more narrowly. Had the British cavalry been enabled to get forward with more celerity, a large portion of the French infantry must have been unavoidably cut off. To another circumstance, also, the comparatively low amount of the French casualties may be attributed. A defeat, complete as that of Orthes, would have most probably entailed upon the vanquished army a terrible disaster, had not Lord Wellington been prevented from following up his success, and pressing his advantages by personal direction. At the very moment when the confusion in the enemy's ranks was increasing, a spent shot struck the pommel of his sword, and caused a painful contusion. Lord Wellington with difficulty kept his saddle, and an intersected country, which otherwise he would have crossed at speed, was therefore slowly traversed. Had he been allowed to urge it on, the pursuit would have been ardently and successfully continued; but it ceased at Sault de Navailles —and night closed upon the victors and the vanquished.



The losses sustained on both sides were considerable. On the allied part they fell upon the Anglo-Portuguese alone, for no Spanish troops took share in these sanguinary and brilliant operations. The casualties of the enemy were, however, immensely greater. Besides six guns, Soult lost in killed, wounded, and prisoners, at least five thousand men, exclusive of thousands of conscripts, who flung away their arms, and disbanded themselves the moment that the rout began. This will account for the high estimate to which the French casualties were raised even by themselves; the total loss having been variously stated, by some writers at ten thousand, by others at fourteen thousand—an immense number in a single action to be thus placed *hors-de-combat.*

During the night the beaten army fell back to Hagetnau, was joined there by the garrison of Dax with two conscript battalions, and halting behind the Adour, it took up a position at St. Sever. This, however, was abandoned on the approach of the allied centre; and the French divisions continued their retreat to Agen, breaking down the bridges in their rear. The pursuit was as rapidly continued by the Allies as bad roads and bad weather would permit.

The easterly line chosen by the French marshal for his retreat had left the Bordeaux road uncovered, and thus enabled Beresford, with the light division and Vivian's cavalry, to reach Mont de Marsan, where he captured an immense magazine, while the centre moved on Caceres, and the right marched on Aire. Early on the 2d of March, Hill found himself in presence of the enemy, who were strongly posted on a ridge of hills half a league in front of this town, with their right resting on the Adour.

Sir Rowland, with his usual decision, instantly ordered an attack. Sir William Stewart, with the second division, advanced against the right of the French line, and Da Costa, with his brigade, attacked the centre.

The combat of Aire was equally creditable to the commander as to the British regiments engaged. From the promptness with which Sir Rowland made his attack, both skill and

courage were required to render it effective. Da Costa's brigades were, however, brought clumsily into action, and the Portuguese battalions did not display their usual spirit; their fighting was feeble and irregular, and Harispe's division easily repulsed them; but Stewart detached Barnes, with the 50th and 92d, to remedy the mischief; and the impetuous charge of these splendid regiments at once decided the fortune of the day. When night came, Harispe was forced back upon the Lees, Villatte driven from the town, while Roguette's division, which had come from Barcelona to his support, covered the retreat, but failed to restore the battle.

On the 8th of March, Beresford marched towards Bordeaux, and on his route he was joined by Vandeleur's cavalry brigade, thus increasing his corps to 12,000 men. On the 12th he entered the city unopposed, Cornudet, the imperial commissioner, having first burned some ships upon the stocks, and L'Huillier, the commandant, crossing the river with his garrison, and occupying some strong posts upon the right bank of the Garonne, together with the fortress of Blaye.

On entering Bordeaux, Marshal Beresford was joyfully received by the Bourbonists. The mayor and municipality were in attendance to bid him welcome, and the tricoloured flag gave place to the white banner of the royalists. On the same afternoon the Duc d'Angoulême made his entry, and Louis XVIII. was immediately proclaimed with the customary formalities.

Soult's retreat across the plains of Ger might have been seriously endangered, could the British cavalry have been promptly employed; but a thickly-wooded country and strong rear-guards prevented its operations. A wooded height, commanding the great road, was evidently occupied by the enemy, and Lord Wellington could not determine the force in which the enemy held it, for the fire of a cloud of skirmishers prevented a reconnaissance. By the daring address of an English officer, however, this difficulty was overcome. He rode forward as if he would force his way through the French skirmishers, but when in the wood dropped his reins, and leaned back as if badly

wounded; his horse appeared to canter wildly along the front of the enemy's light troops, and they, thinking him mortally hurt, ceased their fire and took no further notice. He thus passed unobserved through the wood to the other side of the hill, where there were no skirmishers, and ascending to the open summit above, put spurs to his horse and galloped along the French main line, counting their regiments as he passed. His sudden appearance, his blue undress, his daring confidence, and his speed, made the French doubt if he was an enemy, and a few shots only were discharged; while he, dashing down the opposite declivity, broke from the rear through the very skirmishers whose fire he had first essayed in front. Reaching the spot where Lord Wellington stood, he told him there were but five battalions on the hill.

At Tarbes there was an exceedingly sharp, though short combat. The centre being attacked by the rifle brigade, induced the French to believe that from their green uniforms their assailants were Portuguese troops; and it was only after a close conflict, "muzzle to muzzle," that the error was discovered; and to darkness and a thickly cultivated country, Harispe's division were indebted for its ultimate escape.

That night, Soult retreated in two columns. D'Erlon and Reille reached St. Gaudens the following day, while Clausel rejoined Pierre Soult at Monrejean. It was a long and harassing march, but the French marshal was apprehensive that his retreat on Thoulouse might have been cut off by Trie and Castlenau, towards which places the march of the 4th division and Vivian's Light Cavalry had been directed. Accordingly, he fell back upon a city which, at the same time, was his principal depôt, the knot of all his future combinations, and the only position where he could hope to make a successful stand.

The rate of marching had been very different, the French army accomplishing in four days what the allied took seven to perform. For such very opposite methods of executing their respective movements, each commander had sufficient reasons. Soult, aware of the importance of Thoulouse, was

anxious to reach that city without delay, and secure a strong position before his opponent could disturb him. Wellington was more solicitous to bring his army efficiently than rapidly forward, and by husbanding their strength, and keeping his corps well together, be ready for the crisis when it came. In their relative movements, both generals evinced a sound discretion. Every moment gained by Soult enabled him to become more formidable, and important advantages compensated the fatigue he inflicted upon his soldiers; while with Lord Wellington all considerations gave way before one great object, that of placing the Allies on their battle ground in fresh and vigorous condition, and trusting the result to that discipline and valour, which had been so often depended on, and never been found wanting.

On the 28th, Lord Wellington proceeded to lay down his bridge; but the water surface on the sheer line being stretched over, was found too extensive to be covered by the pontoons. This failure elicited a remark from a staff officer, that "until the river fell a passage would not be effected." Lord Wellington observed instantly, with cheerful animation, but with strong decision, "If it will not do one way, we must try another; for I never in my life gave up anything I once undertook."

On the 31st, the pontoons were laid down, and Hill crossed the Garonne; but from the state of the roads it was found impossible to reach Thoulouse in that direction, and consequently the right wing countermarched and recrossed to the left bank of the river. A better situation was found for laying the bridge, and on the 4th of April it was removed, and thrown across a bend of the Garonne, half a league above Grenade. Beresford crossed immediately with the 4th and 6th divisions and a cavalry brigade, but a sudden rising of the river prevented the light division and Freyre's Spaniards from following, for the pontoons were obliged to be taken up to prevent their being swept away by the flood; and consequently Beresford's position was isolated, and open to an overwhelming attack. Soult, however, did not avail himself

of the advantage that accident had placed in his way, and on the 8th, the flood had sufficiently abated to allow the bridge to be replaced, and Freyre crossed and joined Beresford. On the 9th the pontoons were carried up the stream to Ausonne, and on the 10th the 3d and light divisions passed the river at daylight, and Lord Wellington formed his divisions for his attack on Thoulouse.

The Spanish corps loosely assailed the height of Calvinet, and were repulsed with heavy loss. They were rallied and again led on, but the second effort was still more unfortunate, for now a regular rout ensued, and the disaster was only checked by Lord Wellington covering their flight, by interposing Ponsonby's dragoons, and under a heavy fire of the reserve artillery, and a threatened advance of a wing of the light division, obliging their pursuers to retire to their own entrenchments.

But a more serious repulse was inflicted on the 3d division. Picton had been directed to make a false attack upon the bridge of Jumeau—but heedless of an order distinctly given, and with the very worst military judgment, he rashly attempted to carry works approached over a dead flat, exposed necessarily to a withering fire, and which when reached could only be surmounted by escalade. His noble division sustained a heavy loss. Four hundred officers and men were uselessly sacrificed; and thus, through the unsteadiness of the Spaniards, and the rashness of Picton, the allied attacks, from the height of Calvinet to the river, had proved sanguinary failures.

The battle was apparently lost; and there is little doubt that the means of victory were in Soult's hands, had they been promptly exercised. The repulse of Picton, the utter dispersion of the Spaniards, and the strength of the second line of entrenchments at St. Cyprien, enabled him to draw, first Taupin's whole division, and then one of Maransin's brigades, from that quarter, to reinforce his battle on the Mont Rave. Thus three divisions and his cavalry, that is to say, nearly fifteen thousand combatants, were disposable for an offensive

movement without in any manner weakening the defence of his works on Mont Rave or on the canal.

Beresford, in the meantime, was executing a flank movement, and struggling over a marshy surface two miles in extent, always within range of the French guns, and occasionally exposed to their musketry. After driving the enemy from the village of Mont Blanc, the marshal left his guns there for a double purpose—assisting the operations of Freyre's corps, by cannonading the French works at La Pugade, and facilitating his flank march, which the encumbrance of artillery must have seriously delayed. Indeed, the movement was imminently dangerous; and fortune offered chances to the French commander which, if vigorously employed, must have produced results very different from those on which Soult afterwards rested a claim to victory.

On the left of Beresford's march, the Ers flowed parallel to the fortified heights upon his right—and the swamp narrowed as he advanced, and its surface became every step more difficult. Headed, by a division of dragoons—one flank, shut in by a river—the other, overlooked by heights bristling with artillery and crowned by 14,000 infantry, Beresford pushed forward without a gun, gained the point he aimed at, and formed at the foot of the position.

The line was scarcely completed when the French vigorously attacked it—but a flight of rockets went roaring through their ranks; and that arm of war, so lately introduced, terrified and disordered troops who never before had witnessed their effect, nor heard the appalling noise that accompanies their discharge. Lambert's and Anson's brigades rushed forward with a deafening cheer. The charge of Vial's cavalry on the right flank was repulsed; and on the left, it was anticipated by the rapid advance of the 4th division. Nothing could check that conquering movement. The plateau was gained—two redoubts carried at the bayonet's point—and Taupin killed in a vain attempt to rally his flying troops, who hurried off in the greatest disorder to Sacarin and Cambon.

For a brief space the battle ceased. Soult employed the interval in reinforcing his right from his reserves, while Beresford got his artillery from Mont Blanc. About two o'clock the action was renewed—and Pack and Douglas, the former with the Highland, the latter with a Portuguese brigade, rushed from the hollow ground which had previously sheltered them, and mounting the heights, carried the whole French defences, including the redoubts of Colombette and Calvinet.

Sustained by the reserves pushed freely into action, and covered by a tremendous fire of artillery, the French with superior numbers returned to the attack, and a terrible contest ensued. One redoubt was recovered; but still, though sadly reduced, the remnant of the Highlanders held the hill; and the 6th division having steadily advanced, the enemy were again driven from the hardly contested eminence—Colombette a second time taken—and the French finally retired, carrying with them Generals Harispe and Baurot, both severely wounded in encouraging a desperate but vain resistance.

The tide of battle turned; and it was hopeless to expect that the allies could be dislodged by any fresh effort that Soult could make. Beresford had got his artillery into line; and already master of the greater portion of Mont Rave, he was marching along its crest to renew the action. Picton was threatening the bridge from which he had been previously repulsed—the Spaniards had rallied and re-formed—and the light division was ready to support their new attack.

Soult, under all these circumstances, declined the contest, abandoned the northern portion of the plateau and redoubt at Calvinet; and contenting himself with retaining the fortified posts at Sacarin and Cambon, fell back behind the canal, leaving the whole line of works and the heights of Mont Rave in the undisputed possession of the Allies.

In this sanguinary battle the allied loss exceeded four thousand six hundred men, including four generals, Brisbane, Pack, Mendizabel, and Espelette, wounded. The French casualties might probably have been less by a thousand; but

they lost a gun, and had five generals placed *hors-de-combat.* It was a lamentable contest, because it was a useless one. Much blood had been unnecessarily—and some assert—wantonly spilled; for Napoleon was already hurled from his throne, and a provisional government had been appointed.

Soult swiftly retreated in the night, his corps defiling within range of the English artillery; and although Hill's division and the Light Cavalry pursued, his losses were confined to some fifty dragoons which were overtaken and cut off. On the same day, Lord Wellington entered Thoulouse amid the acclamations of the Bourbon party, who immediately upon Soult's departure, raised the white flag, and declared for Louis XVIII. That evening, two officers, Colonels Cooke and St. Simon, reached the city after a vexatious delay near Blois, bearing authenticated intelligence that the reign of Napoleon had ended—and St. Simon was despatched to Soult, at whose headquarters he arrived early next day.

Thus was the war concluded, happily for all parties, even for the French, whom nothing but such a series of defeats could have delivered from the tyranny which their former victories had brought upon themselves. It was by the national spirit which had first shown itself in the Peninsula, by the persevering efforts of Great Britain in the Peninsular war, the courage of her troops, and the skill of her great commander, that Napoleon's fortune had been checked at its height, and successfully resisted, till other governments were encouraged, and other nations roused by the example; and that power, the most formidable which had ever been known in the civilised world, was then beaten down. The independence of Spain and Portugal had been triumphantly vindicated and secured; and if the civil liberties of both countries were not restored, and firmly established upon a sure foundation, the cause is to be found, not in any foreign influence exercised ill, but in old evils which time had rendered inveterate.

As the representative of Great Britain, Lord Castlereagh hastened to the convention of the great powers, and recommended to the Prince Regent that the office of ambassador

to the court of France should be given to Lord Wellington; and on the 21st, Sir Charles Stewart was despatched to Thoulouse to apprise the allied commander of the appointment, and request his presence in the French capital to assist in the important deliberations that were about to take place.

Finding that he might now safely quit the army, to whose discipline he had previously borne an honourable testimony, he set out for the French capital on the night of the 10th of April, and arrived in Paris on the 4th of May. From all his reception was enthusiastic; and each of the allied sovereigns expressed, in unqualified praise, how much the glorious issue of the long and doubtful struggle for the restoration of European liberty had been indebted to his talents and enduring constancy. From Ferdinand, the restored king of Spain, he had recently received a letter expressing the deepest gratitude and esteem; and the Order of the Sword had been sent him by the Crown Prince of Sweden. But a higher distinction awaited him—a dukedom was conferred upon himself, and peerages on his most distinguished lieutenants, Sir John Hope, Sir Thomas Graham, Sir Stapleton Cotton, Sir Rowland Hill, and Sir W. C. Beresford.

The Duke of Wellington's stay in Paris was necessarily brief; and from the French capital he proceeded to Madrid, where his presence was ardently expected. The country was threatened with a political convulsion, which Ferdinand's early display of unamended despotism and cruelty seemed calculated to hurry to a crisis. From the commanding influence which the Duke possessed over every party, it was considered possible that the spirit of the contending factions might be sufficiently moderated to lead to such practicable alterations as might restore national tranquillity; and, anxious for its accomplishment, he left Paris, and reached Madrid on the 24th of May.

On the 10th of June, the Duke rejoined the army at Bordeaux, and the peace having been signed by the allied powers in Paris, nothing remained but to break up the armies in the south, and despatch the troops under orders for America, with the least possible delay. In a letter to Earl Bathurst,

the Duke of Wellington announced that the necessary arrangements for these purposes had been completed:—and on the same day he took leave of the finest army, for its number, that had ever been embattled.

"GENERAL ORDER.

"BORDEAUX, *14th June* 1814.

"1. The Commander of the Forces, being upon the point of returning to England, again takes this opportunity of congratulating the army upon the recent events which have restored peace to their country and to the world.

"2. The share which the British army has had in producing these events, and the high character with which the army will quit this country, must be equally satisfactory to every individual belonging to it, as they are to the Commander of the Forces; and he trusts that the troops will continue the same good conduct to the last.

"3. The Commander of the Forces once more requests the army to accept his thanks.

"4. Although circumstances may alter the relations in which he has stood towards them, so much to his satisfaction, he assures them that he shall never cease to feel the warmest interest in their welfare and honour; and that he will be at all times happy to be of any service to those to whose conduct, discipline, and gallantry, their country is so much indebted."

Immediately afterwards, the Duke of Wellington proceeded to England; and on the 23d, he reached Dover. His reception, after a long absence of five years, was thus described in a periodical of that day:—"About five o'clock this morning, his Majesty's sloop-of-war, the 'Rosario,' arrived in the roads, and fired a salute. Shortly afterwards, the yards of the different vessels of war were manned; a salute took place throughout the squadron, and the launch of the 'Nymphen' frigate was seen advancing towards the harbour, with the Duke of Wellington: at this time the guns upon the heights and from the batteries commenced their thunder upon the boats leaving the ship; and on passing the pier-heads his lordship was greeted

with three distinct rounds of cheers from those assembled; but upon his landing at the Crosswall, nothing could exceed the rapture with which his Grace was received by at least ten thousand persons; and notwithstanding it was so early, parties continued to arrive from town and country every minute. The instant his grace set his foot on shore, a proposition was made, and instantly adopted, to carry him to the Ship Inn; he was borne on the shoulders of our townsmen, amidst the reiterated cheers of the populace."

The allied sovereigns had preceded him to England on their memorable visit to the Regent; and being at Portsmouth to witness the grand spectacle of a naval review, the Duke set out the following morning to pay his duty to his prince. Wherever he appeared the most enthusiastic greetings marked the attachment of the people towards the great captain of the age; and on the 28th he appeared for the first time in the House of Lords since his well-merited elevation to the peerage of Great Britain.

"Shortly after three o'clock, the Lord Chancellor having taken his seat, the Duke of Wellington was introduced, supported by the Dukes of Richmond and Beaufort, in military uniform, and in their ducal robes. Being arrived in the body of the house, the Duke made the usual obeisance to the Lord Chancellor, and showed his patent and right of summons: these noblemen then approached the table, where his Grace's various patents, as baron and viscount, earl, marquis, and lastly as duke, were each read by the clerks. The oaths were then administered, and the Test Rolls were signed by him. He then, accompanied by his noble supporters, took his seat on the dukes' bench, and saluted the house in the usual manner, by rising, taking off his hat, and bowing respectfully.

"The Lord Chancellor then rose, and, pursuant to their lordships' order, addressed his Grace.

"'My Lord Duke of Wellington,—I have received the commands of this house, which, I am persuaded, has witnessed with infinite satisfaction your Grace's personal introduction into this august assembly, to return your grace the thanks and

acknowledgments of this house, for your great and eminent services to your king and country.

"'In the execution of these commands, I cannot forbear to call the especial attention of all who hear me to a fact in your Grace's life, singular, I believe, in the history of the country, and infinitely honourable to your Grace, that you have manifested, upon your first entrance into this house, your right, under various grants, to all the dignities in the peerage of this realm which the crown can confer. These dignities have been conferred at various periods, but in the short compass of little more than four years, for great public services, occurring in rapid succession, claiming the favour of the crown, influenced by its sense of justice to your Grace and the country; and on no one occasion in which the crown has thus rewarded your merits have the houses of parliament been inattentive to your demands upon the gratitude of the country. Upon all such occasions they have offered to your Grace their acknowledgments and thanks, the highest honours they could bestow.

"'I decline all attempts to state your Grace's eminent merits in your military character; to represent those brilliant actions, those illustrious achievements, which have attached immortality to the name of Wellington, and which have given to this country a degree of glory unexampled in the annals of this kingdom. In thus acting, I believe I best consult the feelings which evince your Grace's title to the character of a truly great and illustrious man.

"'My duty to this house cannot but make me most anxious not to fall short of the expectation which the house may have formed as to the execution of what may have been committed to me on this great occasion; but the most anxious consideration which I have given to the nature of that duty, has convinced me that I cannot more effectually do justice to the judgment of the house, than by referring your Grace to the terms and language in which the house has so repeatedly expressed its own sense of the distinguished and consummate wisdom and judgment, the skill and ability, the prompt energy, the indefatigable exertion, the perseverance, the fortitude, and

the valour, by which the victories of Vimeiro, Talavera, Salamanca, and Vittoria were achieved; by which the sieges of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz were gloriously terminated; by which the deliverance of Portugal was effectuated; by which the ever-memorable establishment of the allied armies on the frontiers of France was accomplished; armies pushing forward, in the glory of victory at Orthes, to the occupation of Thoulouse.

"'These achievements, in their immediate consequence infinitely beneficial to the common cause, have, in their final results, secured the peace, prosperity, and glory of this country, whilst your Grace's example has animated to great exertions the other nations of Europe, exertions rescuing them from tyranny, and restoring them to independence, by which there has been ultimately established among all the nations of Europe that balance of power, which, giving sufficient strength to every nation, provides that no nation shall be too strong.

"'I presume not to trespass upon the house by representing the personal satisfaction which I have derived from being the honoured instrument of conveying to your Grace the acknowledgments and thanks of this house upon every occasion upon which they have been offered to your Grace, or by endeavouring to represent the infinite gratification which I enjoy in thus offering, on the behalf of the house, on this day, to your Grace in person, those acknowledgments and those thanks. Your Grace is now called to aid hereafter, by your wisdom and judgment, the great council of that nation, to the peace, prosperity and glory of which your Grace has already so essentially contributed; and I tender your Grace, now taking your seat in this house, in obedience to its commands, the thanks of the house in the words of its resolution:—That the thanks of this house be given to Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington, on his return from his command abroad, for his eminent and unremitting service to His Majesty and to the public.'

"The Duke answered the address to the following effect:—

"'My Lords,—I have to perform a duty to which I feel

myself very inadequate, to return your lordships my thanks for this fresh mark of your approbation of my conduct, and of your favour.

"'I assure your lordships that I am entirely overcome by the honours which have been conferred upon me; and by the favour with which I have been received in this country by the Prince Regent, by your lordships, and by the public.

"'In truth, my lords, when I reflect upon the advantages which I enjoyed in the confidence reposed in me, and the support afforded by the government, and by His Royal Highness the Commander-in-chief, in the cordial assistance which I invariably received upon all occasions from my gallant friends, the general officers of the army, who are an honour to their country, the gallantry and discipline of the troops, and in the manner in which I was encouraged and incited to exertion by the protection and gracious favour of the prince, I cannot but consider that, however great the difficulties with which I had to contend, the means to contend with them were equal to overcome them; and I am apprehensive that I shall not be found so deserving of your favour as I wish.

"'If, however, my merit is not great, my gratitude is unbounded; and I can only assure your lordships that you will always find me ready to serve his Majesty to the utmost of my ability in any capacity in which my services can be at all useful to this great country.'

"His Grace then retired to unrobe. He wore a field marshal's uniform, with his insignia of the Garter. On his return into the house, he sat for a few minutes on the extremity of one of the benches, and then retired for the evening.

"In addition to the pecuniary remuneration voted by parliament to the Duke of Wellington for his distinguished services, the House of Commons resolved to pay him the highest tribute of respect and applause that it was possible to bestow on a subject, that of its thanks, accompanied with a deputation of its members to congratulate him on his return to this country. Lord Castlereagh rose in the house on June 27th, to make a motion for this purpose, which was unanimously agreed to;

and a committee was appointed to wait on his Grace, to know what time he would name for receiving the congratulations of the house. Lord Castlereagh having reported from the committee that it was the Duke's desire to express to the house his answer in person, the following day, July 1st, was appointed for the solemnity.

"At about a quarter before five, the Speaker being dressed in his official robes, and the house being crowded with members, some of them in military and naval uniforms, and many in the court dresses in which they had been attending the Speaker with an address to the Prince Regent on the peace, the house was acquainted that the Duke of Wellington was in waiting. His admission being resolved, and a chair being set for him on the left hand of the bar towards the middle of the house, his Grace entered, making his obeisances, while all the members rose from their seats. The Speaker then informing him that a chair was placed for his repose, he sat down in it for some time covered, the serjeant standing on his right hand with the mace grounded, and the members resumed their seats. He then rose, and spoke, uncovered, to the following effect:—

"'MR. SPEAKER,—I was anxious to be permitted to attend this house, in order to return my thanks in person for the honour they have done me in deputing a committee of their members to congratulate me on my return to this country; and this, after the house had animated my exertions by their applause upon every occasion which appeared to merit their approbation, and after they had filled up the measure of their favours by conferring upon me, at the recommendation of the Prince Regent, the noblest gift that any subject has ever received.

"'I hope it will not be deemed presumptuous in me to take this opportunity of expressing my admiration of the great efforts made by this house and the country at a moment of unexampled pressure and difficulty, in order to support the great scale of operations by which the contest was brought to so fortunate a termination. By the wise policy of parliament,

the government was enabled to give the necessary support to the operations which were carried on under my direction; and I was encouraged, by the confidence reposed in me by His Majesty's ministers, and by the Commander-in-chief, by the gracious favour of His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, and by the reliance which I had on the support of my gallant friends, the general officers of the army, and on the bravery of the officers and troops, to carry on the operations in such a manner as to acquire for me those marks of the approbation of this house, for which I have now the honour to make my humble acknowledgments.

"'Sir, it is impossible for me to express the gratitude which I feel; I can only assure the house that I shall always be ready to serve His Majesty in any capacity in which my services can be deemed useful, with the same zeal for my country which has already acquired for me the approbation of this house.'

"This speech was received with loud cheers, at the end of which the Speaker, who had sat covered during its delivery, rose, and thus addressed his Grace:—

"'My Lord,—Since last I had the honour of addressing you from this place, a series of eventful years has elapsed; but none without some mark and note of your rising glory.

"'The military triumphs which your valour has achieved upon the banks of the Douro and the Tagus, of the Ebro and the Garonne, have called forth the spontaneous shouts of admiring nations. Those triumphs it is needless on this day to recount. Their names have been written by your conquering sword in the annals of Europe, and we shall hand them down with exultation to our children's children.

"'It is not, however, the grandeur of military success which has alone fixed our admiration, or commanded our applause; it has been that generous and lofty spirit which inspired your troops with unbounded confidence, and taught them to know that the day of battle was always a day of victory; that moral courage and enduring fortitude, which, in perilous times, when gloom and doubt had beset ordinary minds, stood nevertheless unshaken; and that ascendancy of character, which, uniting

the energies of jealous and rival nations, enabled you to wield at will the fate and fortunes of mighty empires.

"'For the repeated thanks and grants bestowed upon you by this house, in gratitude for your many and eminent services, you have thought fit this day to offer us your acknowledgments; but this nation well knows that it is still largely your debtor. It owes to you the proud satisfaction, that, amidst the constellation of great and illustrious warriors who have recently visited our country, we could present to them a leader of our own, to whom all, by common acclamation, conceded the pre-eminence; and when the will of Heaven, and the common destinies of our nature, shall have swept away the present generation, you will have left your great name and example as an imperishable monument, inciting others to like deeds of glory, and serving at once to adorn, defend, and perpetuate the existence of this country amongst the ruling nations of the earth.

"'It now remains only that we congratulate your Grace upon the high and important mission on which you are about to proceed, and we doubt not that the same splendid talents, so conspicuous in war, will maintain, with equal authority, firmness, and temper, our national honour and interests in peace.'

"His Grace then withdrew, making the same obeisances as when he entered; and all the members rising again, he was reconducted by the serjeant to the door of the house. After he was gone, Lord Castlereagh moved, that what the Duke had said on returning thanks to the house, together with the Speaker's answer, be printed in the votes, which was agreed to *nem. con.*"

Early in February 1815, the Duke of Wellington repaired from Paris to Vienna to replace Lord Castlereagh, whose presence was deemed so indispensable at home before the meeting of the British parliament, that, though the Congress of Vienna was still engaged, as it had been since the preceding October, in settling the affairs of Europe, he was obliged to absent himself from its deliberations, and nominate a suc-

cessor. Months had passed, the manifold and conflicting interests of the several European powers required so much consideration, that the progress of the general settlement was necessarily slow. The attitude of the Continent presented the appearance of an armed peace, for each state maintained a war establishment, and seemed to be preparing rather for the field, than seeking the repose to which, for a quarter of a century, Europe had been a stranger. This delay, however, in resuming peaceful relations proved most fortunate, for one of the most singular events which history records suddenly and unexpectedly occurred, Napoleon's escape from Elba, his enthusiastic reception by his old soldiers, and his immediate advance at the head of a great French army to the frontiers of Belgium. The great powers at once determined to again set their armies on foot, and reconquer their formidable adversary.

On the 28th of March the Duke of Wellington was placed over the armies in the Netherlands; the Prince of Orange resigning the chief command, and accepting a subordinate appointment. Early on the morning of the 5th of April the Duke reached Brussels; and startling events, "each in itself a history," followed in quick succession.



CHAPTER XII.

BATTLE OF QUATRE BRAS—BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

IN strength and composition the hostile armies differed essentially from each other; and the numerical estimates given by military writers are so irregular and conflicting, that a careful examination of their various statements is required, before an accurate conclusion can be arrived at.

Of the armies now collected on the French frontier, that commanded by the Duke of Wellington was the weakest and the worst. It was, with few exceptions, a "green army," formed of a mixed force, comprising British, Hanoverian, and Belgian troops, with the contingents of Nassau and Brunswick Oels. Its effective strength on the 15th of June was 78,500 men, of whom 53,000 only were British, Germans, and Hanoverians. On the 18th its numbers were considerably reduced, for by that morning's returns, the grand total of the force under the immediate orders of the Duke of Wellington, was 74,040 men.

The general distribution of the army, previously to the commencement of hostilities, was as follows: the right wing, under Lord Hill, was near Ath; the left, under the Prince of Orange, at Braine-le-Comte and Nivelles; a strong corps of cavalry, under the Earl of Uxbridge, was quartered near Grammont; while a reserve, of all arms, occupied the city and vicinity of Brussels, where the Duke had fixed his headquarters.

The Prussian army was considerably stronger than that

termed British; and on the 25th of May it was fully concentrated on the Meuse—the 1st corps, commanded by Von Ziethen, being at Charleroi; the 2d, under Von Pirch, at Namur; the 3d, under Thielman, near Ciney; and the 4th under von Bulow, at Liege. Its total strength was returned at 115,000 men.

The French army, previous to the opening of hostilities, comprised the five grand corps which formed the armies of the North and the Moselle, and amounted, on a low calculation, to 150,000 men. The 1st corps was commanded by Drouet (Count D'Erlon); the 2d, by Reille; the 3d, by Vandamme; the 4th, by Gérard; and the 6th, by Lobau. To these were attached four divisions of cavalry under Pajol, Excelmans, Kellerman, and Milhaud, the whole forming a distinct corps, commanded by Marshal Grouchy. There were, besides, two divisions of the guard, under Friant and Morand, making, according to a French return, a grand total of 154,370 men; of whom 24,750 were cavalry, 7520 artillery, and 122,100 infantry, with 296 pieces of cannon.

While the French army exceeded the Duke of Wellington's in number, in its composition it was still more superior. The elements for its construction were ready for Napoleon's use, for the country was overrun with soldiers—men, according to Davoust's term, "whose trade was war, and whose battles were as many as their years." From the moment the return of the Emperor was announced, these veterans hurried to his standards. To organise a practised soldiery was comparatively an easy task; and hence the army with which Napoleon crossed the frontier, as far as numbers went, was equal to any that he had ever directed on a battle-field. That commanded by Lord Wellington was formed of very different materials. A mixed force, hastily collected, and imperfectly put together, what unity of operation could be expected in the hour of trial from men whose languages were unknown to each other, whose dresses were unfamiliar to the eye, whose efficiency was untried, and whose courage and fidelity were doubtful? The greater portion of the Peninsular soldiers had been unfortu-

nately removed beyond recall. Half the regiments in Belgium were, therefore, second battalions, composed of militiamen and recruits; and of the contingent troops, many were but recently embodied, and few had ever been under fire; and yet, with this indifferent army, inferior in numbers, in discipline, in equipments, and in artillery, did the Duke of Wellington accomplish a triumph, unparalleled even in the series of his own great achievements.

At daylight on the 15th of June Napoleon commenced hostilities. His 2d corps crossed the Sambre near Thuin, and drove in Ziethen's outposts, who fell back on Fleurus to concentrate with the Prussian corps. On both sides the fighting was determined. Charleroi was obstinately maintained; and although vigorously pressed by the French cavalry, Ziethen retreated with perfect steadiness. That evening Napoleon's headquarters were at Charleroi.

The night of the 15th was employed by the Emperor in passing his remaining divisions to the left bank of the Sambre, and by Blucher in taking up a position on which he might accept a battle. The 1st Prussian corps was posted at St. Amand; the 3d, at Brie; the 4th, at Ligny; and the 2d, in reserve. The attack on Ziethen was communicated to the Duke of Wellington in Brussels at half-past four in the afternoon; but it was merely intimated that a sharp affair of outposts had occurred—for as yet the more serious operations of Napoleon were wrapped in mystery—and whether he would actually become assailant was uncertain.

Convinced that the Emperor was determined to enter Belgium, the Duke of Wellington made the necessary dispositions to concentrate his army on the extremity of a position, immediately connecting his own left flank with the right wing of the Prussian army.

The point on which Wellington's detached corps were directed to unite was a hamlet called Quatre Bras, standing on the intersection of the great road from Charleroi to Brussels by that running from Namur to Nivelles. The village is small, and the adjacent country presents a surface

in which woodlands and cornfields are intermixed. The Bois de Bossu is close to the hamlet; and its distance from Brussels is about twenty English miles.

The prudence of Napoleon's attack has been, and will ever be, a doubtful question. If judged by military rules, it was a dangerous experiment; and the whole operations appear to have been rather conceived in the spirit of desperate adventure than under the sounder calculations which should influence the decision of a commander. His plans were beyond his power. One battle he might have delivered with effect—for two, his means were totally insufficient; his success at Ligny had therefore no results, and his repulse at Quatre Bras left him in a worse position than when he commenced hostilities. Finally, the issue proved that he dared much, did much—risked a desperate game—failed—and was ruined irretrievably.

Brussels, from its immediate contiguity to the frontier, and being the headquarters of the Commander-in-Chief, was at the period filled by an influx of strangers. On the 15th, no unusual excitement was discernible — the streets were crowded—and although it was believed that Napoleon had joined the army, and consequently was within a few marches of the city, the capital of Belgium appeared gay and undisturbed, as if that dreaded man had still remained an inmate of the Tuilleries. The day passed, and rumour was busy; but until the arrival of the Prince of Orange in the evening, nothing was known beyond there having been an affair between the outposts. The Duke, after receiving his illustrious visitor, resumed his place at the dinner-table; when shortly afterwards, General Muffling, the Prussian general attached to the British army, came into the room with evident marks of having proceeded hastily, when a chair was fetched, and he was placed next to his Grace, with whom he entered into close conversation, and delivered some official despatches. The Duke occasionally addressed himself to Sir T. Picton. The movements of the enemy created no surprise—all was quiet and regular, the decisive moment for action was not yet come.

The second courier arrived from Blucher before twelve o'clock on the night of the 15th, and the despatches were delivered to the Duke of Wellington in the ball-room of the Duchess of Richmond. While he was reading them, he seemed to be completely absorbed by their contents; and after he had finished, for some minutes he remained in the same attitude of deep reflection, totally abstracted from every surrounding object, while his countenance was expressive of fixed and intense thought. He was heard to mutter to himself—"Marshal Blucher thinks,"—"It is Marshal Blucher's opinion;"—and after remaining thus abstracted a few minutes, and having apparently formed his decision, he gave his usual clear and concise orders to one of his staff-officers, who instantly left the room, and was again as gay and animated as ever; he stayed supper, and then went home.

But before the ball had ended, the strains of courtly music were drowned in the louder note of preparation. The drum had beat to arms, the bugle sounded "the assembly," and the Highland bagpipe added its wild and martial summons to the field. All were already prepared, all were promptly under arms—and the 5th division filed from the Parc with the corps of Brunswick Oels, and directed their march through the forest of Soignies.

Eight o'clock pealed from the steeple clocks; all was quiet—the brigades, with their artillery and equipages, were gone—the crash of music was heard no longer—the bustle of preparation had ceased—and an ominous and heart-sinking silence succeeded that noise and hurry which ever attends a departure for the field of battle.

While Napoleon with his right and centre was attacking the front of the Prussian position, Grouchy manœuvered by the Namur road upon its flank, and simultaneously the 1st and 2d corps, with four cavalry divisions, under Ney, were turned against the British positions. When Blucher on the evening of the 15th had been driven from Charleroi, the advanced corps of the Prince of Orange had also been driven back from

Frasnes; but a fresh brigade was promptly moved up, and before the morning of the 16th, the greater portion of the ground had been recovered.

Early in the afternoon, Ney's attack was made with the vigour and determination which superior numbers encourage, and it was gallantly and successfully repulsed. But physical force gradually prevailed—the Hanoverians fell back, the Bois de Bossu was occupied by the enemy; and when the leading regiments of the 5th division reached Quatre Bras, with reduced strength the Prince of Orange was bravely but feebly opposing assailants, encouraged by success, and whose superiority could no longer be resisted.

A march of more than twenty miles, executed in sultry weather, and over a country where little water was procurable, had abated the vigour of the British brigades, but their spirit was indomitable. The Duke of Wellington had overtaken the column in its march; and when he reached Quatre Bras, at a glance he saw the critical position of the day, and instantly directed that the Bois de Bossu should be regained.

Ney, whose infantry doubled that of his opponent, sustained by a proportionate artillery, and the fine cavalry division under Excelmans, was pushing his advantages to their crisis. Checked, however, by the arrival of the British battalions, he strove to crush them before they could deploy, and under a withering fire of artillery, to which the weak Hanoverian batteries ineffectively replied, he launched his cavalry against the regiments as they reached their battle-ground. All was in his favour—his horsemen were in hand—the rye-crop, reaching breast high, covered their advance, and the charges were made before the regiments were established. But English discipline and courage rose superior to the immense advantages which circumstances conferred upon their assailants, and in every effort the enemy was roughly repelled. Lancers and cuirassiers were driven back with desperate slaughter, while whole squadrons, shattered in their retreat, and leaving the ground covered with their dead and dying, proved with what fatal precision the British squares sustained their fusillade.

The efforts of the French to break the squares were fierce and frequent. Their batteries poured upon these unflinching soldiers a storm of grape, and when an opening was made by the cannon, the lancers were ready to rush upon the devoted infantry. But nothing could daunt the lion-hearted English, nothing could shake their steadiness. The dead were coolly removed, and the living occupied their places. Though numbers fell, and the square momentarily diminished, it still presented a serried line of glittering bayonets, through which lancer and cuirassier vainly endeavoured to penetrate.

But numbers were certain to prevail. The regiments fought with devoted heroism, and though miserably reduced, they still held their ground with a desperate tenacity. Far overmatched, the result was tottering in the balance, and nothing but the bull-dog courage of English soldiers could have resisted the desperate pressure. The contest was at its height, the incessant assaults of the enemy were wasting the British regiments, but with the exception of the Bois de Bossu, not an inch of ground was lost. The men were falling by hundreds, death was busy everywhere, but not a cheek blanched and not a foot receded! The courage of these undaunted soldiers needed no incitement, but on the contrary, the efforts of their officers were constantly required to restrain the burning ardour, which would, if unrepressed, have led to ruinous results. Maddened to see their ranks thinned by renewed assaults, which they were merely suffered to repel, they panted for the hour of action. The hot blood of Erin was boiling for revenge, and even the cool endurance of the Scotch began to yield, and a murmur was sometimes heard of, "Why are we not led forward?"

At this juncture, the division of the Guards under General Maitland arrived from Enghien, and after a march of fifteen hours, without anything to eat or drink, they gallantly advanced to the charge, and in half an hour completely cleared the wood. Though they became masters of the Bois de Bossu, they found difficulty in emerging from its shelter. As often as they attempted to come out, a tremendous fire of round and grape-

shot was opened by the French batteries, followed by a charge of cavalry. When they retired, and the enemy endeavoured to penetrate the wood, they were received in turn with a steady and well-directed volley of musketry, which compelled them also to return. These alternate attacks continued for nearly three hours. At one time, the enemy was furiously encountered by a square of Black Brunswickers, while the British, rapidly lining the ditches, kept up a most destructive fire, but the loss was very severe, and the men found great difficulty in forming line again. The undismayed gallantry of the Guards was the more remarkable, as they were composed chiefly of young soldiers and volunteers from the militia, who had never been in action. Some of these noble fellows were so overcome with fatigue, that when they entered the wood they sank down, and had only sufficient strength to cheer their comrades to the onset. The carnage was dreadful, the conflict obstinately maintained on either side, the French, from their superiority in cavalry and artillery, committing a slaughter which was well repaid by the terrible fire of the British musketry.

Evening was now closing in, the attacks of the enemy became fewer and feebler, a brigade of heavy cavalry and horse artillery came up, and worn out by the sanguinary struggle of six long hours, the assailants ceased their attack, and the 5th division with the 3d and the Guards took up a position for the night on the ground their unbounded heroism had held through this bloody day.

Ney fell back upon the road to Frasnes. The moon rose angrily, still a few cannon-shot were heard after daylight had departed, but gradually they ceased. The fires were lighted, and such miserable provisions as could be procured were furnished to the harassed soldiery, and while strong pickets were posted in the front and flanks, the remnant of the British and their brave allies piled arms and stretched themselves on the battlefield.

The loss sustained by the British and their allies in this glorious and hard-contested battle amounted to 3750 *hors-de-combat*. Of course the British suffered most severely, having

316 men killed and 2156 wounded. The Duke of Brunswick fell in the act of rallying his troops, and an immense number of British officers were found among the slain and wounded. During an advanced movement the 92d, after repulsing an attack of both cavalry and infantry, was retreating to the wood, when a French column halted and turned its fire on the Highlanders, already assailed by a superior force. Notwithstanding, the regiment bravely held its ground until relieved by a regiment of the Guards, when it retired to its original position. In this brief and sanguinary conflict, its loss amounted to 28 officers and nearly 300 men.

The casualties, when compared with the number of combatants, will appear enormous. Most of the battalions lost their commanding officers, and the rapid succession of subordinate officers on whom the command devolved told how fast the work of death went on. Trifling wounds were disregarded, and men severely hurt refused to retire to the rear, and rejoined their colours after a temporary dressing.

Like that at Quatre Bras, the conflict at Ligny only closed with daylight. For five hours the struggle had been obstinately continued. Men fell by hundreds, and 200 pieces of artillery were turned against the devoted villages, for whose possession Napoleon and Blucher were contending. Both generals pushed their reserves freely into action; and as soon as one battalion was destroyed, another came forward, and mounting over the dead and dying, charged through the blazing houses of Ligny and St. Amand. At four o'clock the fortune of the day was so doubtful, that Napoleon hastily called up the 1st corps, while Ney had also despatched an aide-de-camp to hurry to his assistance at Quatre Bras. Night came on—no decisive advantage had been gained; and Blucher, like a wounded lion, although with feebler strength, seemed to fight with additional ferocity.

Darkness, however, enabled Napoleon to carry a village which he had assailed throughout the evening so frequently and furiously, but in vain. In the gloom, a division of French infantry, by a circuitous march, gained the rear of the Prussian

corps, while a mass of cuirassiers forced a road at the other side of Ligny. These movements obliged the Prussians to fall back, and they retired leisurely towards Tilly, repelling every attack, and leaving nothing to the enemy but a ruined village, some wounded men, and a few disabled guns, which the state of the roads prevented them from removing.

At daybreak of the 17th, the whole of the allies were up and ready to accept battle; but as the Duke of Wellington had been apprised during the night that Blucher had retreated to unite himself with his 4th corps and concentrate his army on the Wavre, it was necessary for the allied commander to maintain his communication with the Prussians, and make a corresponding movement; and accordingly he determined to fall back on a position already chosen in front of the village of WATERLOO.

Napoleon was mistaken in supposing that Blucher intended to rally his *corps d'armée* round Namur, for the marshal, with a sounder judgment, took a line of retreat parallel to what he considered must be that of the Duke of Wellington, who he knew would fall back from Quatre Bras on ascertaining the retrogressive movements of his Prussian ally. Uncertain as to the route which Blucher had selected, Grouchy's corps, with the cavalry of Pajol and Excelmans, were detached in pursuit, while Napoleon in person hastened his march to bring Wellington to action, and reached Frasnes at nine o'clock on the morning of the 17th.

The non-arrival of his 6th corps and reserve, however, obliged Napoleon to delay his intended attack until the whole of his corps were on the ground, and his able opponent was in the interval eluding a combat which he had determined to refuse, and retreating leisurely to the position on which he had resolved to accept a battle. This operation in open day was difficult, as the Dyle was in the rear of the allies, and the long and narrow bridge at the village of Genappe the only means by which the *corps d'armée* could effect its passage. Wellington disposed some horse artillery and dismounted dragoons upon the heights, and leaving a strong rear-guard in front of

Quatre Bras, he succeeded in masking his retreat until when discovered, it was too late to offer any serious interruption to the regressive movement of the allies.

Napoleon had already made the necessary dispositions, and his columns were formed for attack, when from the heights above Frasnes he discovered that nothing was in front but a rear-guard. His cavalry were instantly ordered to pursue, and at Genappe the rival horsemen came in contact. The 7th Hussars and some squadrons of the 11th and 23d Light Dragoons charged without success. Lord Uxbridge, however, repeated the attack with the Life Guards, and the French cavalry were so roughly repelled, that, with the exception of a partial cannonade, too distant to produce effect, the allied columns fell back to their position without further interruption.

Throughout the day, rain had fallen heavily at times, and as evening closed, the weather became wild and stormy. The wind was violent, the rain increased, thunder rolled and lightning flashed vividly; and a more cheerless bivouac than that of the allied troops was never occupied by an army before a fearful conflict.

While the troops reposed on the battlefield, the Duke of Wellington, with his general officers and their respective staffs, occupied the village of Waterloo. On the doors of the several cottages the names of the principal officers were chalked, and frail and perishing as was the record, it was found there long after many of those whom it designated had ceased to exist!

The position which Wellington took up was most judiciously selected. It extended along the front of the forest of Soignies, near the point where the Brussels road is intersected by that from Nivelles. At this point stands the hamlet of Mont St. Jean; and at the head of the forest, the village of Waterloo is built. The French adopted the former as their designation of the battle of the 18th of June; the latter, however, was chosen by the conqueror to give a name to his last and his most glorious victory.

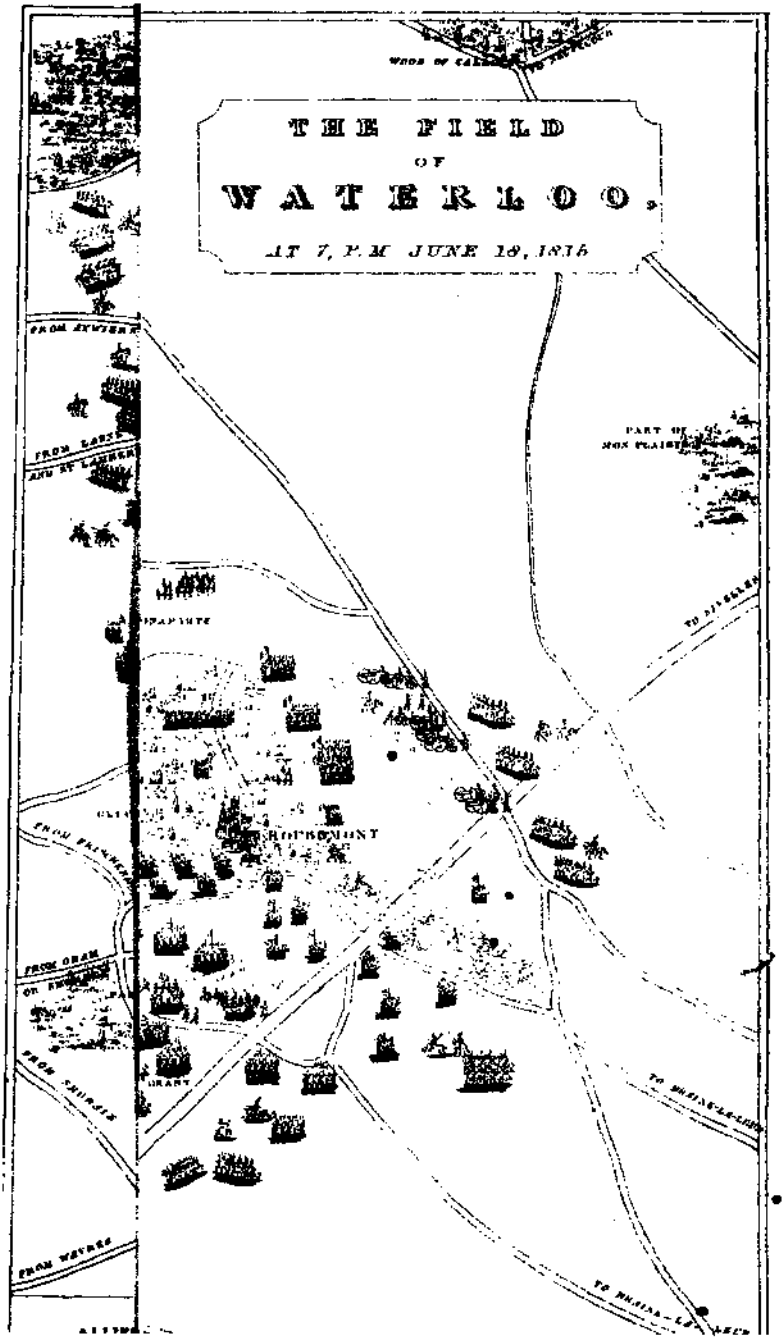
Early in the morning the dispositions of the Allies were completed. The British right rested on a ravine near Merke Braine, and the left upon a height above Ter la Haye. The whole line was formed on a gentle acclivity, the flanks partially secured by small hollows and broken grounds. The farmhouse of La Haye Sainte, in front of the left centre, was defended by a Hanoverian battalion, and the chateau of Hougomont, in advance of the right centre, was held by a part of the Guards and some companies of Nassau riflemen. Wellington considered this to be the key of his position, and great attention was bestowed upon its defence. In addition to its natural advantages, the walls were crenellated to afford perfect facility for the musketry and rifles of its defenders.

Behind this chain of posts the first line, composed of Wellington's finest battalions, was formed. The second was rather in a hollow, and partially sheltered from the enemy's artillery. The third, composed of cavalry, was in the rear, extending nearly to Ter la Haye.

At the extreme right, the British army turned back to Merke Braine, and defended the road to Nivelles. The extreme left was in communication with the Prussians by the road to Ohain, leading through the passes of St. Lambert. A corps of observation, under Sir Charles Colville, comprising a large portion of the 4th division, was stationed at Hal, to defend the British right, if attacked, and cover Brussels if it should be turned.

Cooke's division (the Guards) occupied a rising ground beside Hougomont, with its right rested on the Nivelles road. Alten's division was formed behind La Haye Sainte, with its left on the road of Charleroi. The Brunswickers were partly in line with the Guards and partly in reserve; and one of their battalions was extended in the wood of Hougomont *en tirailleur*.

On the left, Picton's division, Lambert's brigade, a Hanoverian corps, and some Dutch troops, extended along the lane and hedge which traverse the undulating ground between Ter la Haye and the road to Charleroi; and the village itself, that


THE FIELD
OF
WATERLOO,
AT 7, P.M. JUNE 18, 1815
HOUGOUMONT
TO BRAINE-LE-LEUD

of Smohain, and the farm of Papelotte, adjoining the wood of Frischermont, was garrisoned by Nassau troops under the command of the Prince of Weimar.

No part of the allied position was remarkable for natural strength; but where the ground displayed any advantages, they had been made available for defence. The surface of the field of Waterloo was perfectly open, the acclivities of easy ascent, and the whole had an English appearance of unenclosed cornfields, in some places divided by a hedge. Infantry movements could be easily effected, artillery might advance and retire, and cavalry could charge. On every point the British position was assailable; and the island soldier had no reliance but in "God and his Grace," for all else depended on his own stout heart and vigorous arm.

The morning of the 18th was wet and gloomy, but as the day advanced, the weather gradually improved. From the allied position the French were distinctly seen as they came up, forming columns and making other preparatory dispositions for a battle. The British divisions were equally exposed to the enemy's view; and when the different brigades were discovered getting into battle order, Napoleon exhibited mingled feelings of satisfaction and surprise, exclaiming to one of his staff, "*Ah! je les tiens donc ces Anglais!*"

About nine o'clock the French dispositions were commenced, and at half-past eleven they were completed. The 1st corps (D'Erlon's) was formed in front of La Haye Sainte, its right extended towards Frischermont, and its left resting on the Brussels road. The 2d corps, leaving its right on D'Erlon's left, extended itself in the direction of Hougomont with a wood in front. Behind these corps was the cavalry reserve of cuirassiers, the grand reserve consisting of the Imperial Guard occupying the heights of La Belle Alliance. The 6th corps, under Count Lobau, with the cavalry of D'Aumont, were left in the rear of the French right to observe the Prussians in the event of their debouching by the Ohain road through the defiles of Saint Lambert.

Napoleon's own position was with his reserve. There, with

his hands behind him, he paced back and forward, issuing orders, and observing the progress of his attack. As the battle became more doubtful, he approached nearer the scene of action, and betrayed increased impatience to his staff by violent gesticulation, and using immense quantities of snuff. At three o'clock he was on horseback in front of La Belle Alliance; and in the evening, just before he made his last attempt with the Guard, he had reached a hollow close to La Haye Sainte. Wellington, at the opening of the engagement, stood upon a ridge immediately behind La Haye, but as the conflict thickened, where difficulties arose and danger threatened, there the Duke was found. He traversed the field exposed to a storm of balls, and passed from point to point uninjured, and on more than one occasion, when the French cavalry charged the British squares, the Duke was there for shelter.

From daybreak occasional shots had been interchanged between the light troops; but when two mighty armies, and each commanded by the "meteors of an age," were preparing for a terrible and decisive contest, a desultory fusillade scarcely attracted attention. At noon, Jerome Bonaparte directed the 2d corps to advance against Hougomont. The British batteries opened on the French masses as they debouched; their own guns covered their advance, and under the crashing fire of two hundred pieces of artillery, a fitting overture for such a field, Waterloo opened, as it closed, magnificently!

After a careful reconnaissance, Napoleon determined that the centre of the Allies was the most vulnerable point of the allied position; and he directed his 2d corps to advance and carry the important post of Hougomont.

This place, destined to obtain a glorious celebrity, was an old-fashioned country-house, and had once been the residence of a Flemish nobleman. It stood on low ground about three hundred yards in front of the right centre of the allied line, and close to where it leaned upon the road leading from Nivelles to Waterloo. On one side there was a large farmyard and out-buildings; on the other, a garden

surrounded by a high brick wall. An open wood, covering an area of some three or four acres, encircled the chateau; but as it was free from copse, and the trees stood apart from each other, it only masked the post without adding much to its strength. In this wood some Nassau riflemen were stationed. The house and garden were occupied by the light companies of the Coldstream and 3d Foot Guards. A detachment of the first battalion was posted in the wood upon the left, and the remainder on a small eminence immediately in the rear of the chateau, as a support to the troops who garrisoned the house and defended the enclosures. The whole force to which the key of the Duke's position was intrusted did not exceed 1800 men, of whom 300 were Nassau sharpshooters. The troops in the house were commanded by Lieut.-Col. Macdonnel, and those in the wood by Lieut.-Col. Lord Saltoun.

Shortly before eleven o'clock the enemy's columns were put in motion against Hougomont and the battle of Waterloo began. Comprising three divisions, nearly thirty thousand strong, the French attack was made in close columns, supported by the fire of numerous batteries, and the effect was grand and imposing beyond description. As the heads of the enemy's masses rose above the hollow ground which had hitherto concealed their movement, the British artillery opened with round and case shot; and the French and Nassau light troops commenced a sharp and rapid fusillade. But the latter was forced to yield to numbers—the wood was carried, and the chateau and its dependencies were vigorously and resolutely assaulted.

But the defence was as able as it was obstinate. On the French masses the fire of the English musketry fell with rapid precision, and the perseverance of the enemy only produced a bloodier discomfiture. The French gave ground—the Guards charged from the enclosures; part of the wood was recovered, and the fire of the British howitzers cleared the remainder of it from the enemy.

The repulse of Jerome's corps was followed by a tremendous cannonade, for on both sides every gun which would bear

had opened. The fire was furiously continued. Heavy bodies of cavalry were seen in motion, and it was easy to foresee that this terrible cannonade would be followed by more desperate and more extended efforts.

On perceiving the French cavalry displayed, the Duke ordered his centre divisions to form squares by battalions; but as this formation exposed them to the fire of the French artillery, they were withdrawn to the reverse of the slope, and there found shelter from a cannonade still fiercely kept up, and as fatally returned from the allied batteries, whose service all through that trying day was remarkable for its precision and rapidity.

The French attacks were again renewed against Hougomont, but they were as unavailing as they had proved before. Their artillery fire, however, had become too oppressive to be sustained; the Duke ordered fresh batteries forward to keep it under, and every new effort of the enemy increased the slaughter, but failed in either abating the spirit or the obstinacy of the defence.

At last, despairing of success, the French artillery opened with shells upon the house; the old tower of Hougomont was quickly in a blaze; the fire reached the chapel, and many of the wounded, both assailants and defenders, there perished miserably. But still, though the flames raged above, shells burst around, and shot ploughed through the shattered walls and windows, the Guards nobly held the place, and Hougomont remained untaken.

While these terrible attacks were continued against the right centre, the left of the allied position was also furiously assailed. The withdrawal of the English regiments behind the crest in front of which they had previously been formed appears to have misled Napoleon, and a movement intended only to shelter the infantry from the French guns was supposed to have been made with an intention of retreating. Under this belief Napoleon ordered his 1st corps forward, to fall on that part of the position extending between La Haye Sainte and Ter la Haye.

Shortly before two, D'Erlon advanced, drove a Belgian

brigade roughly back, and the head of his columns reached the broken hedge which partially masked the 5th division. After repulsing the cavalry, Picton formed line, and moved Kempt's and Pack's brigades forward to meet the anticipated attack. The heads of the enemy's columns were already within forty yards, when the musketry of the 5th division delivered a rolling volley that annihilated the leading sections and produced a visible confusion. Picton saw and seized the crisis, and thundered the word "Charge!" It was the last he uttered, for the next moment a musket bullet perforated his forehead, and he dropped from his saddle a dead man.

The division, however, obeyed the order of their fallen chief, charged through the hedge, and routed their assailants. It was one of those moments which a battle presents, and which, when seized on, restores the fortunes of a doubtful field, and not unfrequently snatches an unexpected victory. The Union Cavalry Brigade was immediately behind the 5th division, forming a line of 1300 broadswords. Lord Uxbridge observing that the French cuirassiers and lancers were preparing for a flank attack upon the British infantry, led on the heavy cavalry, and the Royals, Scots Greys, and Enniskilleners charged with a vigour and effect that bore down every opposition. In vain mailed cuirassier and formidable lancer met these splendid horsemen. They were overwhelmed, and the French infantry, already broken and disorganised by the 5th division, fell in hundreds beneath the swords of the English dragoons. The eagles of the 45th and 105th regiments, and upwards of two thousand prisoners, were the trophies of this brilliant exploit.

In cavalry encounters, whether success or defeat attend the charge, to a greater or a less degree the assailants must be disorganised; and acting as the Union Brigade did at Waterloo, against an arm immeasurably superior, the splendid onset of the British dragoons was eventually repulsed, and in turn they were obliged to yield to the attack of horsemen whose order was unbroken. Many gallant officers and soldiers fell, and none more regretted than their chivalrous leader, Sir William Ponsonby. Having cut through the first column,

he passed on to where Colonel Dorville was hotly engaged, and found himself outflanked by a regiment of Polish lancers, in a newly ploughed field, the ground of which was so soft, that his horse could not extricate itself. He was attended by only one aide-de-camp. At that instant a body of lancers approached him at full speed. His own death he knew was inevitable, but supposing that his aide-de-camp might escape, he drew forth the picture of his lady and his watch, and was in the act of delivering them to his care to be conveyed to his wife and family, when the enemy came up, and they were both speared upon the spot. His body was afterwards found lying beside his horse, and pierced with seven wounds. It is said, however, he did not fall unavenged, for the brigade he commanded had an opportunity before the battle ceased of again encountering the Polish lancers, almost every one of whom was cut to pieces.

An attack had been simultaneously made by part of D'Erlon's division on the farmhouse of La Haye Sainte, which had been repelled by the Germans under Baron Alten, and they, in turn, were charged by Milhaud's cuirassiers. But forming square, steadily and rapidly, their assailants galloped on without breaking a battalion, and suffered a heavy loss from the musketry of some regiments diagonally placed, whose fire was closely and coolly delivered.

Passing the intervals between the squares, the French cuirassiers topped the crest behind the British infantry. This chivalrous act was recompensed by nothing but its daring; for, before a splendid charge of the Life Guards, Blues, and 1st Dragoon Guards, that celebrated cavalry, whose prowess had turned the tide of many a doubtful field, gave way, and in the *mêlée*, hand to hand, steel helmet and cuirass proved no protection against the stalwart arm of the English trooper. The conflict was short and severe, and Milhaud's cavalry were beaten and driven into the valley.

Farther to the left, an opportunity of charging an unsteady regiment of French infantry was seized by Colonel Ponsonby.

With the 12th Light Dragoons and a Belgian corps the attack was gallantly made, but in turn these regiments were assailed by the French lancers, and driven back with serious loss.

Another and more determined attack was made about this period of the battle upon Hougomont, but the Duke had reinforced the weakened garrison, and favoured by the cover which the houses and enclosures afforded, the fresh assault failed totally. The obstinacy with which Napoleon endeavoured to win this important post may be best estimated by the terrible expenditure of life his repeated attacks occasioned. Eight thousand men were rendered *hors-de-combat* in these attempts; and when evening and defeat came, the burning ruins were still in the possession of those gallant soldiers who had held them nobly against so many and so desperate attacks.

It was strange that throughout the sanguinary struggle but one success crowned the incessant efforts of Napoleon—the temporary possession of the farmhouse of La Haye Sainte. Its defence had been intrusted to Colonel Baring, with a detachment of the German Legion, amounting to about three hundred men, subsequently reinforced by two hundred more. The attack began at one o'clock, and continued above two hours. Several guns were brought to bear upon the house, but the conflict was chiefly maintained by heavy columns of infantry, who advanced with such fury, that they actually grasped at the rifles of the besieged as they projected through the loopholes. Four successive attempts were thus made, and three times the assailants were gallantly beaten off. Twice the enemy succeeded in setting fire to a barn or outhouse, contiguous to the main building, but both times it was fortunately extinguished. The numbers of the garrison at length began to diminish; many were either killed or wounded, and at the same time their ammunition was failing. It became impossible to supply the one or reinforce the other, for there was no practicable communication with the rest of the army. The men, reduced to five cartridges each, were enjoined to be not only sparing of their fire, but to aim well.

A fourth attack was now made by two columns, stronger than either of the preceding, and the enemy soon perceived that the garrison could not return a shot. Emboldened by this discovery, they instantly rushed forward, and burst open one of the doors; but a desperate resistance was still made with the sword-bayonet through the windows and embrasures. They then ascended the walls and roof, whence they securely fired down upon their adversaries. This unequal conflict could not long continue, and after a heroic defence the post was surrendered. It is affirmed that the French sacrificed to their revenge every man whom they found in the place. It is at least certain that some individuals were most barbarously treated. The shattered and dilapidated state of the house after the battle conspicuously evinced the furious efforts which the enemy made for its possession, and the desperate courage displayed in its defence. The door was perforated by innumerable shot-holes; the roof destroyed by shells and cannon-balls; there was scarcely the vestige of a window discernible, and the whole edifice exhibited a melancholy scene of ravage and desolation. Yet, when obtained, it afforded no advantage commensurate to the loss with which it had been purchased; for the artillery on an adjacent ridge continued to pour down such a destructive and incessant fire, that Napoleon could make but little use of the conquest to promote his subsequent operations.

Still the situation of the allied army became every moment more critical, its own glorious efforts exhausting its strength, and every noble repulse rendering it less capable of continuing what seemed to prove an endless resistance. Though masses of the enemy had fallen, thousands came on anew. With desperate attachment, the French army pressed forward at Napoleon's command; and while each advance terminated in defeat and slaughter, fresh battalions crossed the valley, and mounting the ridge with cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" exhibited a devotion which has never been equalled. Wellington's reserves had gradually been brought into action; and the left, though but partially engaged, dared not, weakened as it was,

send assistance to the right and centre. Many battalions were miserably reduced, and presented but skeletons of what these beautiful brigades had been when they left Brussels two days before. The loss of individual regiments was prodigious. One, the 27th, had 400 men mowed down in square without drawing a trigger: it lost almost all its officers, and a subaltern commanded it for half the day. Another, the 92d, when not 200 men were left, rushed into a French column and routed it with the bayonet; a third, the 33d, when nearly annihilated, sent to require support: none could be given, and the commanding officer was told that he must "stand or fall where he was!"

No wonder that Wellington almost despaired. He calculated, and justly, that he had an army who would perish where they stood; but when he saw the devastation caused by the incessant attacks of an enemy who appeared determined to succeed, is it surprising that his watch was frequently consulted, and that he prayed for night or Blucher?

Never did a battle demand more stoic courage than Waterloo from its commencement to its close. Nothing is more depressing to a soldier than the passive endurance of offence—nothing so intolerable as to be incessantly assailed, and not permitted in turn to become assailant. The ardent struggle for a hard-fought field differs immeasurably from the cheerless duty of holding a position, and repelling, but not returning, the constant aggressions of an enemy.

In an attacking body there is an excited feeling that stimulates the coldest and blunts the thoughts of danger. The tumultuous enthusiasm of the assault spreads from man to man, and duller spirits catch a gallant frenzy from the brave around them. But the enduring and devoted courage which pervaded the British squares when, hour after hour, mowed down by a murderous artillery, and wearied by furious and frequent onsets of lancers and cuirassiers; when the constant order, "Close up!—close up!" marked the quick succession of slaughter that thinned their diminished ranks; and when the day wore later, when the remnants of two, and even three regiments were necessary to complete the square, which one

of them had formed in the morning—to support this with firmness, and 'feed death,' inactive and unmoved, exhibited a calm and desperate bravery which elicited the admiration of one to whom war's awful sacrifices were familiar.

Knowing that to repel these desperate and sustained attacks a tremendous expenditure of human life was unavoidable, Napoleon, in defiance of their acknowledged bravery, calculated on wearying the British into defeat. But when he saw his columns driven back in confusion—when his cavalry receded from the squares they could not penetrate—when battalions were reduced to companies by the fire of his cannon, and still that 'feeble few' showed a perfect front, and held the ground they had originally taken, no wonder that his admiration was expressed to Soult, 'How beautifully these English fight! But they must give way.'

Evening came, and yet no crisis. Napoleon, astounded by the terrible repulses which had attended his most desperate attacks, began to dread that the day would have an unfavourable issue, and that Soult's estimate of the stubborn endurance of the English infantry might prove fatally correct. Wellington, as he viewed the diminished numbers of his brave battalions, still presenting the same fearless attitude that they had done when the battle opened, still felt that to human endurance there is a limit, and turned his glass repeatedly to that direction, from which his expected support must come. At times, also, the temper of the troops had nearly failed; and particularly among the Irish regiments, the reiterated question of "When shall we get at them?" showed how ardent the wish was to avoid inactive slaughter, and, plunging into the columns of the assailants, to avenge the death of their companions. But the "Be cool, my boys!" from their officers was sufficient to restrain this impatience, and, cumbering the ground with their dead, they waited with desperate intrepidity for the hour to arrive when victory and vengeance should be their own!

At last the welcome sound of distant artillery was heard in the direction of St. Lambert, and a staff officer reported that the head of the Prussian column was already in the Bois de

Paris. Advised, therefore, that his gallant ally would presently come into action, the Duke made fresh preparations to repel what he properly anticipated would be the last and most desperate effort of his opponent.

Satisfied that his right flank was secure, Lord Hill was directed to send Clinton's division, with Mitchell's brigade, and a Hanoverian corps from the extreme right, towards the centre, which the reinforcement of Hougomont, by the removal of Byng's brigade, had weakened. Chassé's Dutch division was also moved to the lower ground from Braine la Leude as a support to the right of the position; and, subsequently, the light cavalry of Vandeleur and Vivian were both brought forward; and where danger was apprehended, care was taken to have a sufficient force in hand to meet the storm which was presently about to burst.

It is said that Napoleon felt assured that the cannonade which announced Blucher's advance was only the fire of Grouchy's guns, who, in obedience to his repeated orders, had reached the battle-ground alone, or was advancing *pari passu*, and holding Bulow's corps in check. This intelligence was rapidly conveyed along the line; and, to a soldiery easily exhilarated, victory appeared certain, and preparations were made for what was believed to be a final and triumphant attack.

But the illusion was brief. The Prussians debouched from the wood at Frischermont, and half Napoleon's right wing was thrown back *en potence* to check their attack, while his last grand movement should be executed against the allied army in his front.

While Napoleon directed that great effort which he anxiously hoped might prove decisive, the British infantry, who held the threatened point, were laid down on the reverse of the crest they occupied, to obtain shelter from the enemy's artillery. With its proverbial intrepidity, the Imperial Guard, in close column, came on to the assault, and nothing could be more imposing than the steadiness with which they ascended the slope of the position, although the fire of the English guns fell

upon their dense masses with ruinous precision. Presently the English Guards moved forward to the crest of the height; and the finest infantry in the world confronted each other at the distance of fifty paces. The cheers of the French formed a striking contrast to the soldier-like silence with which the English received the attack; and shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" were only answered by a rolling volley. The first steady fire of the British Guards disorganised the crowded column—and the fusillade was rapidly and steadily sustained. Vain efforts were made by the French officers to deploy, and the feeble fire of their leading files was returned by a stream of musketry, that carried death into ranks in close formation, and every moment increased their disorder. The word to charge was given—the Guards cheered, and came forward—but the enemy declined the contest, and the shattered column hurried down the hill, with the precipitate confusion attendant on a severe repulse. After routing their opponents, the victorious infantry halted, re-formed, fell back, and resumed their former position.

Nor was the attack of Napoleon's second column more fortunate. After repelling the attack of the first column of the Imperial Guard, Maitland's brigade brought its left shoulders forward to meet the second column, which was now advancing, while Adam's brigade, pivoted on its left, moved its right wing rapidly on, having Bolton's troop of artillery in the angle, where the right of the Guards touched the left flank of the light brigade. Undismayed by the repulse of the first column, the second topped the height in perfect order, and with a confidence which bespoke the certainty of success. But the musketry of Maitland's left wing smote the column heavily in front; and the fire of the light regiments fell, with terrible effect, on the flank of a mass already torn aud disordered by the close discharge of grape and case shot from the English battery. The ground in a few minutes was covered with dead and wounded men—the confusion increased—the disorder became irremediable. To stand that intolerable fire was madness; they broke, and, like the first column, endeavoured to



reach the low ground, where, sheltered from this slaughtering fusillade, they could have probably reorganised their broken array. But this was not permitted. Pressed by the Guards—charged by the 52d—retreat became a flight, and Wellington completed the rout by launching the cavalry of Vivian and Vandeleur against the mass, as it rushed down the hill in hopeless disorder.

This, indeed, was the crisis of the battle. The Prussian demonstration, slight at first, had latterly become more dangerous and decided. The whole of the 4th corps had now got up, with Von Pirch's division of the 2d, and Ziethen's column appeared on the right flank of the French, and rendered Count Lobau's position still more critical. The discomfiture of Ney's attack had produced over the French corps a general unsteadiness; and before it was possible to rally and renew the fight, one grand and general attack decided the doubtful field, and consummated the ruin of Napoleon.

As the French right gradually receded, the allied line, converging from its extreme points at Marke Braine and Braine la Leude, became compressed in extent, and assumed rather the appearance of a crescent. The marked impression of Blucher's attack—the approach of Ziethen by the Ohain road and the bloody repulse inflicted on the Imperial Guard—all told Wellington that the hour was come, and that to strike boldly was to secure a victory. The word was given to advance. The infantry, in one long and splendid line, moved forward with a thrilling cheer—the horse artillery galloped up, and opened with case shot on the disordered masses, which, but a brief space before, had advanced with such imposing resolution. Instantly, the allied cavalry were let loose; and charging headlong into the enemy's columns, they turned retreat into rout, and closed the history of one of the bloodiest struggles upon record.

For a short time, four battalions of the old guard, comprising the only reserve which Napoleon had left unemployed, formed square, and checked the movements of the cavalry. But, panic-stricken and disorganised, the French resistance

was short and feeble. The Prussian cannon thundered in their rear; the British bayonet was flashing in their front; and, unable to stand the terror of the charge, they broke and fled. A dreadful and indiscriminate carnage ensued. The great road was choked with equipages, and cumbered with the dead and dying; while the fields, as far as the eye could reach, were covered with a host of helpless fugitives. Courage and discipline were forgotten. Napoleon's army of yesterday was now a splendid wreck. His own words best describe it—"It was a total rout!"

The last gleam of fading sunshine fell upon the rout of Waterloo. The finest army, for its numbers, that France had ever embattled in the field was utterly defeated; and the dynasty of that proud spirit, for whom Europe was too little, was ended.

Night came: but it brought no respite to the shattered army of Napoleon; and the moon rose upon the "broken host" to light the victors to their prey. The British, forgetting their fatigue, pressed on the rear of the flying enemy; and the roads, covered with the dead and dying, and obstructed by broken equipages and deserted guns, became almost impassable to the fugitives—and hence the slaughter from Waterloo to Genappe was frightful. But, wearied with blood (for the French, throwing away their arms to expedite their flight, offered no resistance), and exhausted with hunger and fatigue, the British pursuit relaxed, and between Rossome and Genappe it ceased altogether. The infantry bivouacked for the night around the farm-houses of Caillou and Belle Alliance, and the light cavalry halted one mile farther on, abandoning the work of death to their fresher and more sanguinary allies. Nothing indeed, could surpass the desperate and unrelenting animosity of the Prussians towards the French. Repose and plunder were sacrificed to revenge: the memory of former defeat, insult and oppression, now produced a dreadful retaliation, and overpowered every feeling of humanity. The *væ victis* was pronounced, and thousands, beside those who perished in the field, fell that night beneath the Prussian lance and sabre.



In vain a feeble effort was made by the French to barricade the streets of Genappe, and interrupt the progress of the conquerors. Blucher forced the passage with his cannon; and so entirely had the defeat of Waterloo extinguished the spirit, and destroyed the discipline, of the remnant of Napoleon's army, that the wild hurrah of the pursuers, or the very blast of a Prussian trumpet, became the signal for flight and terror.

It was a singular accident, that near La Belle Alliance the victorious generals met; for thither, Blucher, on forcing the French right, had urged forward his columns in pursuit. Comparatively fresh, the Prussians engaged to follow up the victory, and the allies left the great road open, and bivouacked on the field.

By moonlight, Wellington recrossed the battle-ground, and arrived for supper at Brussels—an honour which Napoleon had promised to confer upon that ancient city. The excited feelings which such a victory must have produced are said to have suffered a reaction, and given way to deep despondency, as he rode past "the dying and the dead." God knows, it was "a sorry sight;" for on a surface, not exceeding two square miles, fifty thousand dead or disabled men and horses were extended.

Many of Wellington's victories were as decisive, but he had never inflicted a defeat so terrible as that of Waterloo. At Salamanca, after the dispersion of Marmont's rear-guard on the heights of La Serna, scarcely a prisoner was made; and in a few days, every French soldier, save those left upon the battlefield, had returned to their colours, and the army, reorganised anew, was ready for immediate service. At Vittoria, the enemy were utterly routed, and not a gun nor an equipage was saved; but the men and horses, which constitute the most valuable portion of a park, escaped—the scattered soldiers rallied in the rear—and Soult's subsequent operations gave a convincing proof how rapidly his losses had been replaced, and his army had been made effective. But at Waterloo, the disaster went beyond a remedy. That matchless corps, whose prowess had decided many a doubtful day, was almost annihi-

lated—the cavalry completely ruined—the artillery abandoned—and if the number be computed, including those left upon the battle-ground, sabred in the pursuit, captured on the field, or made prisoners by the Prussians, with the still greater portion of fugitives who disbanded on entering France, and returned to their respective homes—the total losses sustained by Napoleon and consequent on his defeat at Waterloo, cannot in round numbers amount to less than forty thousand men.

The victory of Waterloo was decisive, and every exertion was subsequently made to follow up its success, and secure the advantages which skill and courage had obtained. The Prussian corps pressed the retreat with a spirit and alacrity that prevented any immediate rally from being attempted; and on the 19th Wellington was moving in excellent order upon the French capital—a wonderful military exploit, after such a conflict as that of Waterloo,—and on the 6th of July Paris was occupied by the Allies.



CHAPTER XIII.

POLITICAL LIFE—CLOSING YEARS—DEATH.

THE life of the Duke of Wellington, after the battle of Waterloo, divides itself into three distinct epochs. The first a period of twelve years, in which he rested on his laurels as the greatest general of his time, and allowed his military knowledge and his personal acquaintance with the sovereigns of Europe and their ministers to be used for the advantage of England and the support of the ministry then in power. The second was a period of political strife, in which he displayed the same great qualities as he had manifested in the Peninsula and at Waterloo, but was unsuccessful, and lost the popularity he had previously won. The last period of his life was spent in rest alike from political struggles and from service in the field, when he regained his old popularity, won the lasting favour of his young sovereign, and represented the glory of England, till the tears of the whole nation accompanied his remains to rest in St. Paul's Cathedral.

After the signing of the second Peace of Paris, the Duke of Wellington was appointed by the allied sovereigns to command the troops of each nation which were to occupy the northern and eastern provinces of France until the war indemnity was paid. In fulfilling this function he received enormous pay, and kept great state at Paris, but he never became popular with the French people. It may have been

that they regarded him as the personification of the power which had humbled them, but he never could, from his temperament, have become popular among them, for he had none of the winning qualities, of the theatrical magnanimity, which attracts them. His conduct with regard to Ney has always been a reproach to him. A representation from him in favour of his gallant though defeated foe would never have been disregarded, but no representation was ever made. This unpopularity showed itself in two attempts upon his life, one by blowing up his house, and the other by shooting at him as he drove by, both of which, fortunately, were quite unsuccessful. Nevertheless, it was upon the strong representation of the Duke himself, that it was determined at the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle to abridge the period of the occupation of France, and in 1818 all the troops were withdrawn, and for the first time for many years the Duke was left unemployed. But not for long; the government, which, though nominally headed by Lord Liverpool, was virtually directed by Lord Castlereagh, much needed strengthening, and the Duke of Wellington lent it the strength of his popularity in England, by on January 1 becoming Master-General of the Ordnance, and a member of the Cabinet. The Duke gave a cordial support to all Lord Castlereagh's measures, and had his reward in being his closest intimate, and his natural successor to the headship of the old Tory party. He served as Lord High Constable at the coronation of George IV., in 1821, and was quietly performing the duties of his office as Master-General of the Ordnance, when the suicide of Lord Castlereagh made it necessary to nominate some one in his stead to represent England at the Congress to be held at Verona to deliberate on the affairs of Spain, and the proposed French intervention in the affairs of that country. The Duke was nominated, and performed the duties of his mission to the satisfaction both of the Government and the English people. For the next six years the Duke kept as much aloof from active politics as a member of the Cabinet could do, for he disapproved entirely of Mr. Canning's liberal policy, and was

rightly regarded as leading the opposition to it in the Cabinet. His duties at the Ordnance Office were chiefly confined to directing the artillery and engineers, and so satisfactorily were they performed, that on the death of the Duke of York, in January 1827, he was made Commander-in-Chief of the army. This high office he, however, resigned in May 1827, on the retirement of Lord Liverpool from the premiership. He had long opposed Mr. Canning and his policy when in Lord Liverpool's Cabinet, and he would not now serve under him. He therefore, together with Lord Eldon and other Tories of the older or Castlereagh school, now resigned office. It has been generally believed that his resignation was rather dictated by personal dislike of Mr. Canning, as the avowed and inveterate enemy of his dead friend, Lord Castlereagh, than by political motives, and it was probably true that he had only held office for the last five years out of respect for Lord Liverpool. Yet it cannot be denied that his resignation had a bad effect upon his popularity, and has impaired his reputation. For during those five years he had to all appearance acquiesced in Canning's policy, and it was only to his intimate friends that his dislike of that policy was well known. His resignation had then very much the appearance of faction, and laid him open to the imputation of piqued pride and personal rancour. Had he resigned in '22, when Mr. Canning became the practical leader of the Cabinet, instead of remaining to support by his name the old Premier, his political fame would have shone much more brightly. On the lamented death of Mr. Canning, who had with much difficulty formed a government of his own personal supporters and a few Whigs, in August 1827, Lord Goderich attempted to carry on the government, and the Duke consented to become again Commander-in-Chief, but without a seat in the Cabinet. This makeshift ministry of Canningites without Canning could not last long, and in January 1828 the king determined to recall the old Tories, and the Duke of Wellington became First Lord of the Treasury and Prime Minister.

A thorough discussion of the events of the Duke's administra-

tion would be out of place, for although he was prime minister, Sir Robert Peel, who led in the House of Commons, was the real originator of all the principal measures carried. The Repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, and the passing of the Catholic Emancipation, were the most noticeable features of this administration, but the Duke's part in them was confined to getting them passed in the House of Lords. He had acquired by this time a wonderful ascendency over the Upper House, not by any powers of eloquence, but from his numerous aristocratic connections, his profound Toryism, and his great reputation. With regard to these measures of Peel's, he disliked them as much as the rest of the House of Lords, but Peel convinced him that they were necessary, and when he declared this conviction the majority voted accordingly. The foreign policy of his administration was, however, entirely his own, and deserves a few words of notice. As the successor to Castlereagh's ideas, he was firmly convinced that the settlement of Europe made at the Congress of Vienna was the best that could be made, and ought to be final. He had none of that sympathy with oppressed nationalities which Canning had spread through the very heart of the English people, but, on the contrary, preferred the old monarchical system, which he had by his victories made once more possible. With such ideas it need hardly be said that he did not look with favour on the insurrection of the Greeks against the tyranny of the Turks, on the rebellion of 1830 in France, which overthrew the Bourbon dynasty, which he had been instrumental in re-establishing, or on the revolt of the Belgians against his old comrade-in-arms the Prince of Orange, now King of the Netherlands. He called the victory of Navarino, in which Sir E. Codrington had destroyed the Turkish fleet and made a kingdom of Greece possible, an "untoward event," and did his best that the new kingdom of Greece should be but very small, and should weaken Turkey as little as possible. With regard to Belgium, he distinctly reprobated the very natural insurrection, and had he remained in power there can be little doubt that English bayonets would have re-established

the hated Dutch rule over the gallant little kingdom. One strange incident of his ministry must be noticed. In 1829 he demanded an apology from Lord Winchelsea for a statement he had made imputing to the Duke an intention to introduce Popery into all departments of the public service; and when it was refused, he challenged Lord Winchelsea, and fought a duel with him, happily with no effect, in Battersea Park. In 1830 George IV. died, but his brother, William IV., preserved the same high regard for the Duke of Wellington, and kept him in office until the results of the elections made it necessary for him to resign, when Lord Grey's government of reform came into office. Now came the Duke's hour of bitterest unpopularity. He opposed the Reform Bill with all his might, and got the House of Lords to reject it in 1831. The exasperated people hooted him through the streets, and smashed the windows of Apsley House. In 1832 the Duke saw it was necessary to yield. The government had determined to create a sufficient number of peers to swamp the opposition in the Lords, and the Duke therefore advised his friends to withdraw from the House, and allow the bill to be carried—advice which probably saved the existence of the House of Lords, and certainly saved the country many riots, if not actual civil war. In November 1834, the King suddenly determined to dismiss his ministers, and summoned the Duke of Wellington. The Duke advised that Sir Robert Peel should be sent for, and made prime minister, but while he was being fetched from Italy, the Duke for a month was First Lord of the Treasury, and also held the seals of the three secretaryships of state till Sir Robert Peel returned, when he was intrusted with the Foreign Secretaryship. This ministry did not last more than four months, and then the Duke of Wellington left Cabinet office for ever. He gradually withdrew himself from politics, and when the young Queen Victoria came to the throne in 1837, he became, after the death of Lord Melbourne, her most trusted personal adviser.

From the Queen's accession the Duke of Wellington began to take upon him a different appearance to the eyes of his

countrymen. He now represented to them the great captain, who had conquered in the Peninsula and at Waterloo, and not the violent opponent of the Reform Bill, and the unpopular politician. In 1842 he became once more Commander-in-Chief, but no longer treated it as a political office, but rather, like Lord Hill, regarded it solely from a military point of view. His popularity steadily increased; his face was well known round Walmer Castle, where he generally resided, as Warden of the Cinque Ports, an appointment given to him in 1829, and in London he was always received with profound respect. He steadily attended in his place at the debates in the House of Lords, and his immense influence in that Assembly, if anything, increased after his abstention from political controversy. He was treated as an intimate friend by the Queen and the Prince Consort, and in 1850 acted as godfather to the present Duke of Connaught, who was called Arthur after him. Surrounded with universal honour and love from highest to lowest throughout England, the greatest soldier that England has produced since Marlborough passed quietly away at Walmer Castle, on September 14, 1852. His services had been great, his reward was great also: The poor young Irish cadet, third son of an embarrassed Irish nobleman, died Duke of Wellington, in the peerage of England, Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo in that of Spain, Duke of Vittoria in that of Portugal, and Prince of Waterloo in that of Netherlands; Field Marshal Commanding-in-Chief the English army, a Knight of the Garter and of the Golden Fleece, Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, Constable of the Tower of London, Lord-Lieutenant of the county of Hampshire, and Chancellor of the University of Oxford.

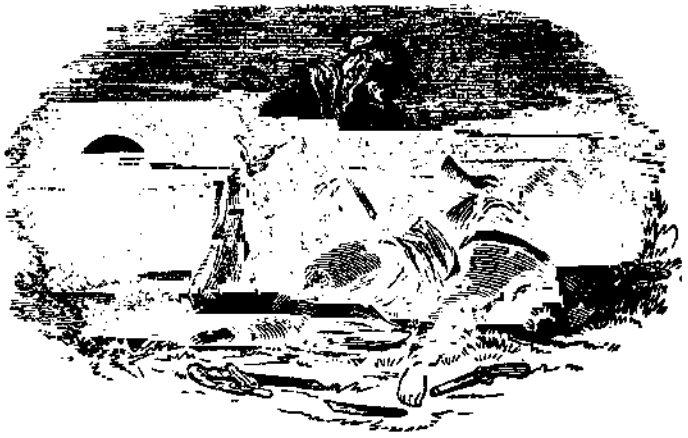
He was buried with great pomp in St. Paul's Cathedral, on November 18, 1852, where a magnificent monument has been erected over him, but a greater monument is contained in Tennyson's magnificent ode on the death of the Duke of Wellington:—

"Mourn for the man of amplest influence,
Yet clearest of ambitious crime,
Our greatest, yet with least pretence,
Great in council and great in war,

Foremost captain of his time,
Rich in saving common sense,
And, as the greatest only are,
In his simplicity sublime.

* * * *

Such was he; his work is done.
But while the races of mankind endure,
Let his great example stand
Colossal, seen of every land,
And keep the soldier firm, the statesman pure;
Till in all lands, and through all human story,
The path of duty be the way to glory;
And let the land, whose hearths he saved from shame,
For many and many an age proclaim
At civic revel and pomp and game,
And when the long-illumined cities flame,
Their ever-loyal iron leader's fame,
With honour, honour, honour, honour to him,
Eternal honour, to his name."



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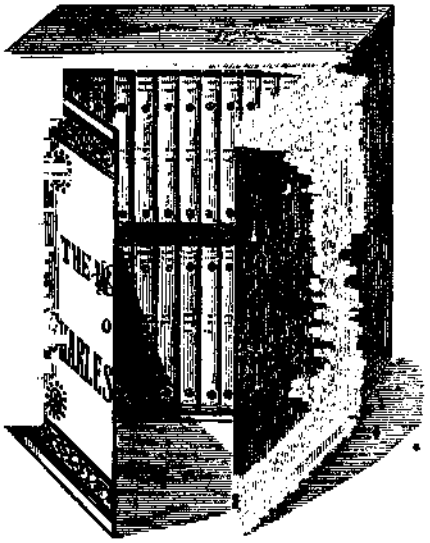
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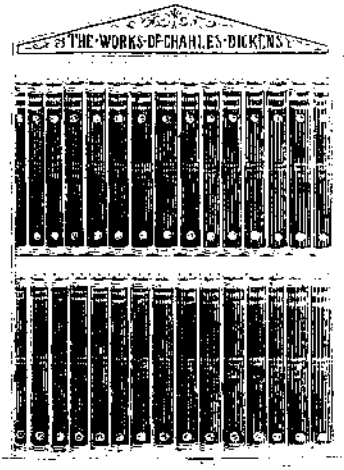
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